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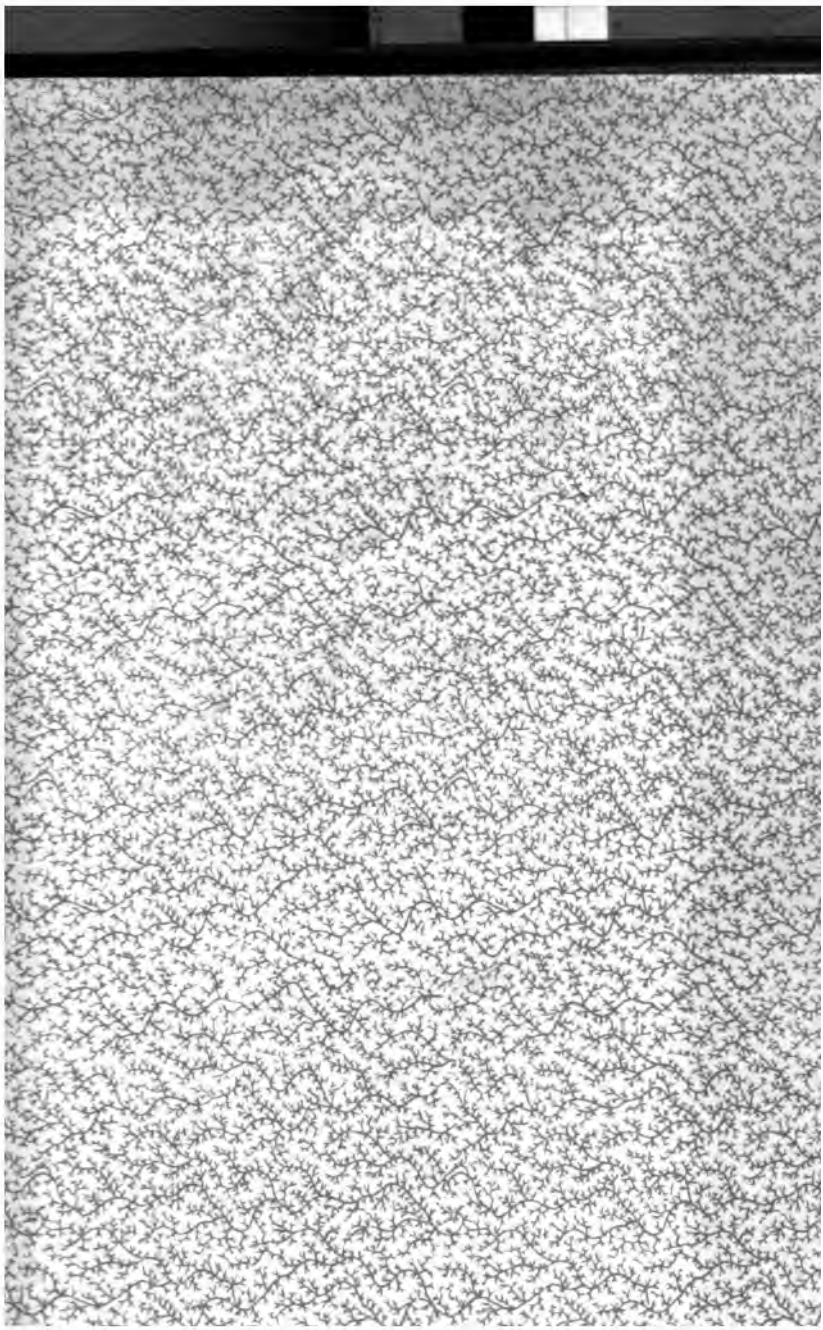

THE

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JOHN MOORE, M. D.

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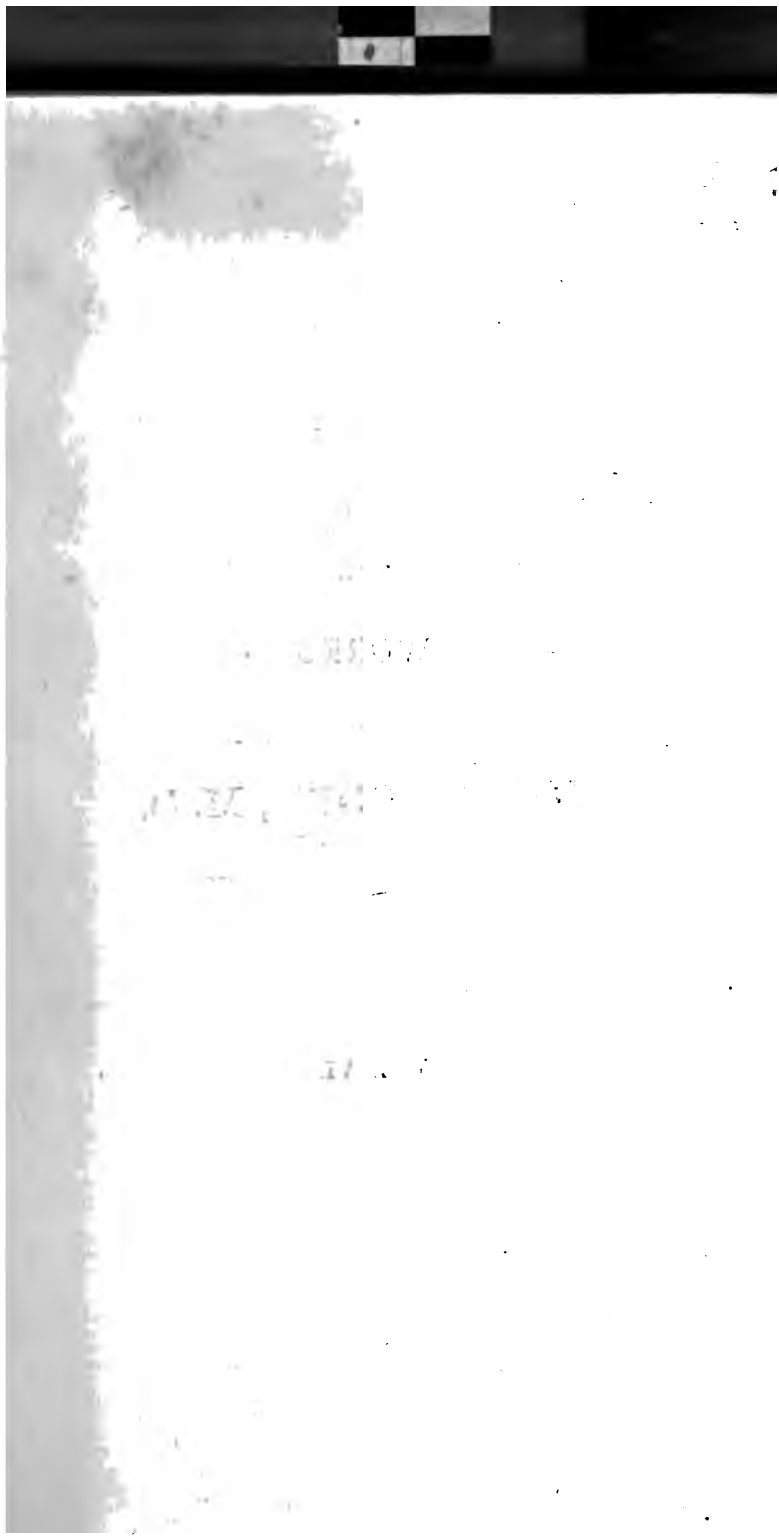

THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN MOORE, M.D.

WITH

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME VI.

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1820.

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VARIOUS VIEWS

OF

HUMAN NATURE,

TAKEN

FROM LIFE AND MANNERS,

CHIEFLY IN ENGLAND.

——— Dicimus autem
Hos quoque felices, que ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum, vitâ didicere magistrâ.

Juv.

EDWARD.

CHAPTER I.

The Sympathy of a benevolent Mind.

Mrs. Barnet, wife of Mr. George Barnet, who lived at no great distance from London, had been in town to put her daughter to a boarding school.

She had taken a post-chaise, that the chariot might remain for the use of her husband, whose constant custom it was to drive out every day before dinner, to acquire an appetite, the only sensible reason which, in Mr. Barnet's opinion, any man in easy circumstances could have for being at the trouble of exercise.

As Mrs. Barnet returned from town, the post-chaise broke down in the middle of the road—a stage-coach came up at the instant that Mrs. Barnet and her maid had got safely out of the post-chaise; the coachman knew Mrs. Barnet, and his course being directly through a village contiguous to her husband's house, he stopped and offered to set her down at her own door.—Mrs. Barnet perceiving that it would take a considerable time before the chaise could be mended, agreed to the coachman's proposal, and desired her maid to put a small bundle into the coach.

'Lard, madam,' cried the maid, as soon as she had peeped into the coach, 'here is a frightful old woman

and a beggarly looking boy—you cannot possibly go in here.'

'As for the old woman and the boy,' said the coachman, 'although they are sitting *within*, they are no more than outside passangers—for as ill luck would have it, I chanced to have none within; so when the rain came on, I took pity on the boy, and desired him to take shelter in the coach, which he refused, unless the old woman was allowed to go in also;—so as the boy, you see, is a very pretty boy, I could not bear that he should be exposed to the rain, and so I was obliged to let in both; but now, to be sure, if her ladyship insists on it, they must both go on the outside, which will be no great hardship, for it begins to grow fair.'

'Fair or foul, they must get out directly,' said the maid; 'do you imagine that *my* mistress will sit with such creatures as these, more particularly in such a dirty machine?'

'Hark you, young woman,' said the coachman, 'you may say of the old woman and the boy what you please, they do not belong to me;—but as for the coach, it is *my* coach, and I would have you to know, bears as good a reputation as any on the road, perhaps a better than your own; so I would not advise you for to go for to slurify the character of those who are saying nothing against yours:—But as for you, my dear, you must come out,' continued he, taking the boy by the arm, 'since this here gentlewoman insists upon it.'

'By no means,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'let the child remain, and the woman also; there is room for us all.'

So saying, she stepped into the coach; the maid followed, and the coachman drove on.

This arrangement was highly disagreeable to the maid, who seemed greatly mortified at being seated near a woman so meanly dressed.

Mrs. Barnet, on the other hand, was pleased with the opportunity of accommodating the poor woman and boy—for this lady was of a benevolent disposition, and although

she was likewise most uncommonly free from vanity, yet if all the maid's stock had been divided between them, the mistress and maid together would have made a couple of very vain woman.

Mrs. Barnet was in rather low spirits, owing to her being separated now, for the first in her life, from her daughter—the old woman, on the contrary, being delighted with her situation in the coach, was in high spirits, and much disposed to share them with all the company.

She made repeated attempts to draw Mrs. Barnet into conversation, but without success; for although from a civility of disposition which never forsook her, she answered with affability all the woman's questions, she always relapsed into pensive silence.

The old woman was surprised as well as disappointed at this—she never in the course of her life had met with so silent a woman, and thinking it next to impossible that she should stumble upon two on the same day, in the same coach, of the same disposition, she ventured to address the maid, in spite of her repulsive looks, saying, 'Pray, mistress, as the sun begins to break out, do you not think it will turn out a good day?'

In this attempt to lead the maid into conversation, she was still more unsuccessful than she had been with the mistress; for although the former did not partake of the latter's dejection of spirits, and had no kind of aversion in general to talking, yet she deemed a person dressed as this poor woman was, far beneath her answering—therefore surveying the woman's russet gown with contempt, and at the same time brushing the dust from the sleeves of her own, with was of silk, which an elevated nose and projected under lip, she turned her disdainful eyes to the other side, without making the poor woman any answer.

Baffled in all her attempts to provoke a conversation, and quite unable to hold her tongue, as a last recourse the old woman began to talk with the boy.

His prattle soon disturbed the meditations and attracted the attention of Mrs. Barnet, who at length asked the old woman, what relation the boy was to her.

Pleased with this opportunity of giving freedom to her tongue, she answered with great rapidity, and almost in one breath, 'relation to me! All my relations are dead, please your ladyship, except my nephew, the pawn-broker in Shug-lane, who is grown so rich and so proud, that he hardly speaks to me; but as for that there boy I never saw him in my life, till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-house, to take him to my own house in the country; where I already have six children all boarded at the rate of poor three shillings a week, which your ladyship must acknowledge is too little in all conscience for my trouble and expense; but the hearts of those who take care of the poor of some parishes, are as hard as the very church walls.—Now, please your ladyship, this poor child, it seems, was lately ill of the affluenza, and cannot be put out to a trade till he grows stronger. And so they gave him to me with the other children, for the benefice of country air; which I do assure your ladyship does quite and clean the contrirary of doctors drugs, for it recovers the health of the children, and gives them all a monstrous devouring appetite, as I am sure I finds to my cost—and so—if so be as———'

'Pray, who are his parents?' said Mrs. Barnet, interrupting the old woman's fluency, which she saw was inexhaustible.

'The Lord above, he only knows,' replied the old woman; 'for they told me he was brought to the work-house when he was only a few months old; the parish officers received him from a poor woman, who said she was not his mother, but his name was Edward Evelin; but who was his mother, is difficult to tell; and still more, who was his real father, as your ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out; but it stands to reason, that he must have had both, for I never heard of any

body who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the bible days, which is different from these here times; so this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect that they were no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear that this here boy, saving your ladyship's presence, is neither more nor less than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in the natural way of marriage, it stands to reason that his parents would have owned him long ago.'

Mrs. Barnet, affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices, said, 'Are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home?'

'No,' answered he; 'I don't care.'

'Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?' resumed she.

'No,' replied the boy; 'I am not sorry to leave any body.'

'What, not those who are good to you?' rejoined she.

'Nobody was ever good to *me*,' said the boy.

Mrs. Barnet was touched with the child's answers, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cruel indifference of the world. She thought of her own child now, for the first time, left to the care of strangers, and the tear stood in her eye.

'My poor little fellow,' said she, after a short pause, 'was *nobody* ever good to you?'

'No,' answered he, 'they are good only to the Mistress's son.'

'And have you *no* friend, my dear?' added she with a sigh.

'No, for old Robin the soot-man died last week.'

'Was he your friend?'

'Yes, that he was,' replied the boy; 'he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread.'

Mrs. Barnet could not help smiling at the expressive

simplicity of the answer, and felt herself so much interested in him, and so much affected at seeing so fine a child thrown as it were at random on the world, that while she yet smiled, the tears flowed from her eyes—which the boy observing, and mistaking their cause, said, 'I fell a crying myself, when I heard that poor old Robin was dead.'

'That was like a good boy,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'No, it was like a naughty boy,' said he; 'and the matron whipt me for it.'

'My poor dear little fellow,' exclaimed Mrs. Barnet, 'that was hard indeed!'

'It is very right howsomever, madam,' said the old woman, 'that children should be whipt for crying; if I did not make that a constant rule at my house, there would be nothing but squaling from morning to night—for I'll tell you, as how I always serves them there little chits, whenever they begins to make a noise—I takes them—'

Here the old woman was interrupted by the stopping of the coach at the part of the common where she was to get out and walk to her own house.

Mrs. Barnet warmly recommended the boy to her care, putting at the same time a guinea into her hand, and adding that she would perhaps call upon her sometimes, and would reward her more liberally if she found that the boy was treated with kindness.—The old woman having promised to treat him kindly, led him away, and the coach drove on.

CHAPTER II.

Quas Comœdia—Mimus
Quis melior plorante gula? Juv.

The forlorn condition of this poor boy, destitute of father, mother, relation, or protector, so strongly awakened the humane feelings of Mrs. Barnet, that her thoughts

were divided between him and her own child for the remainder of the way; and when she arrived at her own house, after giving her husband a particular account of every thing relative to the establishment of his daughter, she began the history of the workhouse boy; but she had not proceeded far, when Mr. Barnet hastily rung the bell to know whether dinner was near ready, saying, 'that he had eaten little or nothing since his breakfast, and indeed not a great deal then, owing to the carelessness of the maid, who had not put butter enough upon the toast.' 'Why did you not order her to make some with more, my dear?' said Mrs. Barnet. 'Because,' replied he, 'I did not observe it till I could eat no more; so that, upon the whole, I made a very uncomfortable breakfast.'

'I am sorry for it,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'but I hope you have had something since.'

'Very little,' replied he; 'for I was put so out of humour with the toast, that I have had little or no appetite until now.'

'That is provoking, indeed,' said Mrs. Barnet, in a sympathising tone of voice. 'But here comes the dinner, and I trust you will now be able to make up for the loss of your breakfast.' 'I wish to God, my dear, the fish be not overdone,' cried Mr. Barnet, fixing an alarmed look on the dish.

'Pray do not terrify yourself,' replied Mrs. Barnet; 'the fish is done to a moment; and the veal, as well as the beans and bacon, seem admirable—allow me to help you.'

Mrs. Barnet accordingly helped her husband to every thing she knew he liked, which, he being a man of few words, particularly at meals, accepted in silent complacency. After having amply indemnified himself for the misfortunes of the breakfast, and having attempted, in vain, to swallow another morsel, he looked with benignity at his wife, and said, 'I really wish you would eat a little bit yourself, my dear.' 'I believe the parting with our sweet girl has entirely deprived me of appetite; it is not in my power to eat

much; but, if you please, I will drink a glass of wine with you.'

'I will just take one draught more of ale first; I believe there is but one other draught in the tankard.'

Mr. Barnet, having finished his ale, 'Upon my word,' said he, 'this ale is excellent—and now, my dear, I am ready to join you in a glass of wine.—Here, my dear, is your very good health, with all my heart, not forgetting our dear Louisa.'

After Mr. Barnet had drank a few glasses more, and praised the port as sound, and stomachic, and of a good body; 'I am glad to see you here again, my dear,' said he; 'they may talk of the comforts and conveniences of London as they please, but I think there is no place where one finds every thing so neat, and so clean, and so comfortable, as in one's own house here, and at one's own, good, warm, snug fireside.'

Mrs. Barnet, desirous of interesting her husband in the poor boy, thought this a good opportunity, and after expressing her own satisfaction in the thoughts of his finding home so agreeable, she proceeded in the following terms.—Yet, my dear, in the midst of those comforts which providence has so bountifully bestowed upon us, it is impossible not to feel uneasiness in reflecting on the numbers of our fellow-creatures, who, instead of those conveniences which we enjoy, are fain, after fatigue and labour, to seek a little refreshment, and repose upon straw in cold uncomfortable habitations, and from scanty provisions! The fine boy, whom I already mentioned, was going from a workhouse, to the miserable cottage of a wretched old woman, who had no natural interest in him, and ——'

Here Mrs. Barnet stopped, because she perceived that her husband had fallen asleep.

The following day they had visitors, and Mrs. Barnet found no proper opportunity of mentioning to her husband the boy in whom she felt so strong an interest. The day after, she was again prevented by the following ac-

cident.—A large company were invited to dine on turtle at an inn in the village. This dinner was given by a gentleman, whose interest in the county Mr. Barnet opposed; of course he was not invited to the feast; but the innkeeper, who had private reasons for cultivating the good will of Mr. Barnet, and knew by what means that was to be most effectually obtained, gave him to know that a copious bason of the turtle should be sent to him.—Mr. Barnet having prepared himself for the occasion, by a longer airing than usual, was waiting with impatience for the accomplishment of the innkeeper's promise, when he was informed, that in conveying the soup from the inn, the servant had stumbled, and spilt the rich cargo on the ground. This melancholy accident affected Mr. Barnet so deeply, that his wife plainly perceived it would be vain to expect that he should, for that day at least, think of any body's misfortune but his own.

CHAPTER III.

How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity? Rowe.

The following morning, Mrs. Barnet, on the pretext of paying an early visit, drove to the old woman's cottage, to inquire after the poor boy.

She soon observed him sitting on a stone before the old woman's door, apart from the other children, who were playing on the heath.

He sprung, with extended arms, towards Mrs. Barnet, as soon as he saw her.

'Why are you not playing with the other children?' said she.

'Because,' said he, 'you promised to come and see me, and I have watched for you ever since.'

'That he has, indeed, Madam,' said the old woman,

who came out of the hovel, when she saw the carriage stop; 'he has been constantly on the look-out from morning to night, although I told him—'You silly fool,' said I, 'do you think that that there fine lady will take the trouble to come to see such a poor little wretch as you —and what does your ladyship think he answered?'—

'What *did* he answer?' said Mrs Barnet.

'Yes, I do think it,' says he; 'for she promised to do so,' said he, 'and the parson of the workhouse school told us, that good folks always kept their promise,' says he. 'And I am sure,' continued the old woman, 'that your ladyship always will, particularly to me, whereof your ladyship must remember that you promised to reward me, if so be I treated this boy kindly, which God he knows I have done, as in duty bound.'

'Have you had any breakfast, my dear?' said Mrs. Barnet to the boy.

'I was just going to give him some,' answered the old woman, 'when your ladyship arrived.—Was I not, child?'

'I don't know,' said the boy.

'He does not understand politeness as yet, please your ladyship,' said the old woman; 'but I will soon teach him in time; for indeed I was just going to give him some breakfast, as in duty bound.'

Mrs. Barnet continued to talk with the boy for a considerable time, and was highly pleased with all he said. She then gave some money to the woman, repeating her injunctions, 'that she should be careful and attentive to the boy;' 'and now, my dear, here is something for you,' added she, presenting him with a large sweet-cake.

'Are you going away already?' said the boy, with a sorrowful look.

'Yes, my dear, I must go,' replied she.

'There,' said the boy, giving the cake to the old woman, 'you may divide that among the children.'

'First take some yourself,' rejoined the old woman; tearing off a piece, and offering it to the boy.

'No,' said he; 'I do not like it *now*.'

'You cannot choose but like it,' said she, taking a large bite of the cake herself. 'Here, here,' resumed she, as soon as she could articulate; 'I assure you it is very nice, so there is a piece for you.'

'I cannot eat it now,' replied he, rejecting the cake, and looking mournfully at Mrs. Barnet.

'I will come and see you again, my dear,' said Mrs. Barnet, tapping his cheek; 'but I am obliged to go at present: pray be a good boy.'

'I cannot be a good boy,' resumed he, ready to cry; 'when you are going away.'

'I will soon return,' said she 'but pray be good.'

'I will try,' said the boy, with a sob; 'but I fear I cannot.'

Mrs. Barnet had not only a warm benevolent heart, but also something of a warm imagination. The accidental manner in which she had met with this boy, and the sudden and growing interest which his appearance, behaviour, and forlorn condition created in her breast, she considered as the impulse of providence urging her to save a fine boy from vice, infamy, and ruin.

Fraught with this idea, she returned to her own house a little before her husband arose; and by the time he was dressed, she had every thing arranged for his breakfast.

Mr. Barnet entered the parlour with a newspaper in his hand, and, what was seldom the case, with a cheerful countenance.

'I fancy you have good news to communicate,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Why, yes,' said he; 'I find stocks have risen one and a half per cent., by which I shall gain a pretty round sum.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said she, presenting him with a bason of tea.

'I do not see why we should not have a dish of johndorys for dinner to-day, let them cost what they will,' resumed he.

'You shall have it, my dear,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'I'll give orders about it directly.'

While Mrs Barnet was giving the orders, her husband helped himself very plentifully to the toast, which he found buttered to his taste.—He continued to eat, with every appearance of satisfaction, for a considerable time after his wife returned; and when he could eat no more, he presented her a plate of toast, with his usual phrase on like occasions—'*I really wish you would eat a little bit yourself, my dear.*'

'With all my heart,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'for I rejoice to see you look so cheerful and well this morning.'

'Why truly,' said he, stroking his belly, 'I do feel myself pretty comfortable.'

Mrs. Barnet thinking this the lucky moment for resuming the story of the poor boy—described his fine looks and helpless condition in such eloquent and pathetic terms, that her husband, in spite of his natural indifference to every thing which did not personally regard himself, seemed a little affected.—Mrs. Barnet perceiving this, continued,—

'I do assure you, my dear, that you never saw a prettier boy.'

'I make no manner of doubt of it,' said Mr. Barnet; 'but as for the old woman,' resumed his wife, 'she seemed to be an unfeeling creature, and smelt of gin.'

'I make no manner of doubt of it,' said Mr. Barnet, 'for I have known of several old women smell of gin.'

'I am sure she will neglect the poor boy,' resumed she.

'Well, my dear, since you are persuaded of that, I think we must send for the old woman, and advise her to take care of him; and I am willing to give her a few shillings out of my pocket for so doing;' said Mr. Barnet.

'That would make her *promise* to take care of him,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'and make her *appear* very kind to him when you or I are with her; but what will become of the poor child when we are not present?'

'Why, he must take his chance, like the other children,' said the husband.

'The other children have all some relation to inquire about them,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'but this poor boy is quite destitute of relation, friend, or protector. The poor creature himself told me that the only friend he ever had, died last week.'

'And who was he?' said Mr. Barnet.

'A poor old soot-man,' replied his wife.

'And are you making all this fuss, Jane, about a little friendless vagabond, whom nobody knows?' said Mr. Barnet.

'If this poor boy were known and had friends, he would not stand in need of our protection,' replied Mrs. Barnet.

'That is very true,' said Mr. Barnet; 'but on the other hand, it is very hard on us, to be the only protector of poor friendless vagabond boys.'

'This is but *one* boy,' replied Mrs. Barnet; 'perhaps providence will never throw another so particularly in our way.'

'Why truly, Jane, you surprise me,' said the husband; 'you seem to be as much concerned about this boy, as if he were your own.'

'So would *you*, if you had only seen him; he is a most bewitching little fellow, and although he is somewhat pale and emaciated, I never in my life beheld a boy with finer features and a more interesting countenance:—he brought to my remembrance our own poor George, who is dead and gone'—Here she burst into tears, and was unable to speak for a few minutes.

'Pray, do not afflict yourself for what cannot be helped,' said Mr. Barnet; 'you know, my dear, we did all we could for George, and the apothecary did all *he* could also; he could not have prescribed a greater number of draughts, and cordials, and julaps, to the only son of a duke; for his bill was as long as a spit, so there is no cause for sorrow or reflection.—And as for this hospital boy, although he is nothing to me, yet since he bears such a resemblance to George, I am willing to make a weekly

allowance, out of my own pocket, to the old woman, to make her careful of him.'

Mrs. Barnet shook her head.

'Why, what would you have me do?' resumed the husband; 'you would not surely have me take him quite out of the hands of the old woman, and be at the whole burden of his maintenance myself!'

Mrs. Barnet smiled with a nod of assent.

'Good gracious, my dear! You do not reflect,' added the husband, 'how strange a thing it would be for us to take a poor miserable wretch of a boy, perhaps the son of a soot-man, under our care, and be at the whole expense of maintaining him. I should be glad to know who will thank us for it?'

'Our own hearts,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'My heart never thanked me for any such thing since I was born,' said Mr. Barnet; 'and I am sure all our acquaintances would laugh at us, and turn us into ridicule.'

'All the laughters in the world cannot turn benevolence into ridicule,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'and the narrow minded may be hurt to see you do what *they* cannot imitate; but malice itself can neither prevent the pleasure which a charitable action will afford to your own breast, my dear, nor the respect which will attend it.'

'So your drift is,' replied the husband, 'to tease me till I take this boy into my house.'

'My drift has never been to tease you, but always to make you happy, my dear. I own I am affected with the friendless condition of this poor orphan, and struck with his resemblance to the child who was torn from us at the same age;—as for the poor young creature's maintenance, it will be a mere trifle to us, but of infinite importance to him; it may save him from vice, and the worst kind of ruin. The reflection of having done so charitable an office to a lovely boy, like your own departed son, would no doubt afford you everlasting satisfaction: but,' continued she, perceiving that her husband began to be affected, 'I

desire you to do nothing which is not prompted by the generous feelings of your own heart; for of this I am certain, that your acting up to them will render you more prosperous even in this world, and secure you a reward of an hundred fold in the next.'

The earnestness of Mrs. Barnet's manner, and the recollection of a son whom he had loved as much as he could love any thing, had already touched the heart of the husband; and this last intimation of immediate prosperity and future reward, sounding in his ears something like accumulated interest and a large premium, came nearest his feelings, and overcame him entirely.

'Well, my dear,' said he, 'since this is your opinion, let the boy be brought hither as soon as you please.'

Mrs. Barnet threw her arms around her husband's neck, and thanked him with all the warmth of an overflowing and benevolent heart.

CHAPTER IV.

Grief and Decorum.

As it is not uncommon for people to take an interest in a man for the sake of his wife, the reader may wish to know something of Mr. Barnet; and how he came to be the husband of a woman whose character was so essentially different from his.—Besides, as it is generally allowed, that Nature does nothing in vain; and yet, if all Mr. George Barnet's acquaintances had been put to the rack, none of them could have mentioned any utility that he had ever been of;—in vindication of Nature, it is necessary to prove, that this was not her work; and to shew by what means he came to be perverted from a being who might have been of some use in the world, into the very useless animal he really was; particularly, as what Mr. George Barnet was, or much about it,—several wealthy

inhabitants of this metropolis, from similar causes, are. Finally, it is incumbent on us to go a little into the history of the Barnet family, because this is so much connected with the principal person of this work, that we might have begun with it, and never mentioned the workhouse boy until we arrived at the time when Mrs. Barnet picked him up on the road, had we not always had an unsurmountable dislike to that methodical way of proceeding.

Mr. Barnet, the father of George, was originally a clerk to an eminent merchant in the city of London, whose daughter he secretly married. Although born and bred in an inferior sphere of life, and remote from the court, Mr. Barnet possessed some of the most distinguished qualities of a courtier—a heart cold and indifferent about the happiness or misery of the whole human race, and a mind entirely occupied with plans for his own interest and advancement. He was certainly a man of uncommon address, for soon after his marriage he contrived not only to obtain the forgiveness but also the friendship of his father-in-law, by whom he was, at no advanced period of life, introduced into some profitable branches of trade; and such was his assiduity in business, and plausibility of deportment, that he was even raised to the dignity of alderman much earlier than is usual. This piece of good fortune seemed to be overbalanced by the loss of his lady, who died in consequence of a cold caught on the Thames on a lord mayor's day, or in returning from the ball the same evening; for the two physicians who attended her, were of different opinions on that subject—one insisting that the piercing and moist air on the river was the cause of the decease;—the other being clear that it was entirely owing to the night air, as she returned from the mansion-house, after being heated with dancing.

Mr. Barnet was surprised that these learned gentlemen should put so great a stress on a circumstance which he thought of little importance; because, whether she caught her complaint on land or water, his wife was in-

disputably dead.—But as he was satisfied, on the whole, with the manner in which they treated her complaint, he took no notice of their disputes, however much they surprised him.

Mrs. Barnet was the intimate friend of the then lady mayoress, and attended her on that splendid occasion.—Her ladyship, two or three times during the ceremonies of that day, observed that Mrs. Barnet was unusually thoughtful, and inquired the reason.—The answers she received were rather evasive, because Mrs. Barnet was at those times anticipating in her imagination, the magnificence of a future day, which she hoped was at no great distance, when her own husband being lord mayor, she herself would of course be the principal figure at the ball. Few things could more strongly illustrate the vanity of human hopes and wishes, for while this poor lady was indulging her imagination in this manner, she had already imbibed the seeds of the disease of which she died a few months after.

This mournful event occurred several years after the happiest union, as Mr. Barnet asserted, that ever had existed between man and wife.

This assertion, it is true, did not quite accord with the observation of some of their acquaintance, who pretend to have been witnesses to frequent scenes of sharp altercation between this happy couple.—Mr. Barnet, however, maintained, that these scenes were merely jocular, and never took place, except when somebody was present; but that when his wife and he were by themselves, they never had a dispute, not even in jest.

At the time that Mr. Barnet lost his lady, he was so much engrossed by business, that it was highly inconvenient for him to give way to the emotions of grief; yet being a man of strict decorum, he thought it becoming to sequester himself, for a certain period, from the Royal Exchange, or from transacting business in public.—The period he fixed upon was two months, both because he thought it of a decent length, and because such an interval of afflict-

ive retirement was favourable for the examination of his legers, journals, and accounts, and the general arrangements of his affairs.

He might possibly have extended the term of his sorrow still further, had he not known that an increase of the royal family was expected about that period; and he imagined that it would have the appearance of dissatisfaction, for a man like him, in a public capacity, to seem sad, when it was the duty of every loyal subject to rejoice.

About a week after the time fixed upon for the period of Mr. Barnet's sorrow, this happy event took place, and he joined without scruple in the public demonstrations of joy.

This occasion of general joy was followed by one particularly gratifying to Mr. Barnet, for being of the deputation which carried the congratulatory address to St. James's, he had the honour of knighthood conferred on him; immediately after which he retired for a week to his house in the country, as if it were to give fresh vent to his sorrow for his late loss, or to avoid the imputation of an ostentatious fondness of his new dignity.—If the last was his reason, it was in some measure defeated; for the curate of the parish where Sir Robert's country residence was, having deferred the lady's funeral sermon until her husband could have the pleasure of hearing it, declared from the pulpit, after enumerating the virtues of the deceased, that the honour conferred on her husband was a just reward for the exemplary sorrow he had manifested for the loss of so deserving a lady.

Some years previous to this, Sir Robert had lost his father-in-law, whose relict had been so enraged at her daughter's marriage with a person in the situation of a clerk, that it was not in her husband's power to prevail on her to behave with any appearance of kindness to her daughter from the time it took place. She never heard the name of Barnet mentioned with pleasure, till the addition of Sir, instead of Mr., was put before it.—This indeed produced a wonderful change in the behaviour of this hitherto obdurate old woman; all *that* cold disdain

and hardened indignation, which had resisted the influence of maternal affection, and the entreaties of her husband, were dissolved by the new dignity of her son-in-law, as ice is dissolved by the beams of the sun. She now addressed him in the most obsequious manner, spoke of him in the most soothing terms, and seemed peculiarly fond of talking of her dear Sir Robert.—As for the knight himself, he would have paid little regard to the wavering affections of the old lady, had he not known that her husband, besides an ample jointure, had left her a very considerable sum in the funds, entirely at her disposal, and which he expected she would leave to his children.—He received her advances therefore, with more complacency than he would otherwise have done; for having long known that she disliked him, he had a fixed aversion to her.

When the period which Sir Robert had allotted for grief was over, he returned to the occupations of commerce with as much eagerness as ever; so that none but those to whom he imparted the secret, had any notion that his affliction was poignant.

CHAPTER V.

For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are hardened by th' allay;
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief. BUTLER.

MRS. Barnet left two sons and a daughter. The sons were at school when their mother died. Sir Robert allowed them to remain there for two years, when the elder being excessively heated with playing at cricket, happened to throw himself on the ground while damp, in consequence of which he caught a pleurisy, of which he died in a few days, in spite of the most judicious treatment.

The old lady was enraged that the physician in whom

she had most confidence had not been employed; and when she was informed of the manner in which the boy had been treated by those who had attended him, she declared that he had been murdered; and advised Sir Robert to prosecute both the physician and apothecary, cost what it might.

Sir Robert observed in answer to this, 'That he did not value the expense, but that it would be difficult to prove the fact.' She answered, 'That nothing would be more easy, because the apothecary acknowledged that he had blooded the boy three times, by the physician's direction, in the space of two days; and moreover had applied a blister to the very side where the poor child's pain was;—and that she would bring witnesses to swear, that a large discharge had been produced by the blister, and that they had heard the apothecary encouraging him to drink plentifully of barley-water, and other *weakening* liquors; which treatment she averred was enough to kill, not only a weakly stripling like her grandson, but Samson himself, even when his hair was at the longest.'

Sir Robert replied, 'That he would not pretend circumstantially to refute her reasoning, because she had more skill in physic than he; but still he could not suspect that the doctor or apothecary could have any intention to kill his son, because it was plainly their interest that he should recover.'

'Interest, or not interest,' cried this violent old woman, 'it is certain that they drew out all the poor child's blood, and then poured in nothing but watery liquors in its place; and lastly, to prevent the dear infant from dying with tolerable ease, they had the cruelty to apply a monstrous blister to his side.—If you do not call this murder, I would be glad to know what you are pleased to call it?'

'In answer to this,' Sir Robert said, 'I will not take upon me to call it any thing; but I thank God, I have more charity, than to suspect men of committing a crime

by which they know they must be out of pocket; besides, bleeding and blistering were, perhaps, the properest things that could be done in such a case.'

'That is impossible,' replied the lady; 'for they are, contrary to Dr. Truffles' method.'

'What is his method?' said Sir Robert.

'I will inform you of this method,' answered she; 'for he acquainted me with it himself, which made me employ him ever since.—He orders no medicine but what is warm and comfortable to the stomach; and the regimen he prescribes, consists of nourishing soups and jellies, which, he says, support the system, and not hot water and bleeding, like Doctor Sangrado, who starves his patients.'

'Who is Doctor Sangrado?' said Sir Robert.

'I know nothing farther about him,' replied she, 'for I never employed him myself; but I suppose he is some Scotch doctor, for none could have a prejudice in favour of starving, but those who are accustomed to it from their infancy.'

'I would not however have you rely too much on Dr. Truffles' skill,' resumed Sir Robert; 'for Lady Dumpling died under his care last week.'

'Ah! that was no fault of Dr. Truffles,' said the lady, 'but entirely owing to her being struck all at once with an apoplexy, before he had time to order any thing to support the system;—but the doctor's method was succeeding so well with her, that she was amazingly plump, and had eat a very hearty meal only an hour before the apoplexy seized her.'

The knight declined reasoning any more with her, but he continued determined not to begin a prosecution, which he thought would, in spite of all her arguments, involve him in expense to no purpose.

The old lady then desired, 'that he would at least remove George from the school where his brother was murdered;' telling him, 'that there was an excellent school at the village near which her house in the country was;—

that while the master instructed boys, his wife took care of girls, and there were good accommodations for both.' She begged therefore that George and his sister might be placed at this school, where they would have the advantage of her superintending both their health and education.

Sir Robert did not think it prudent to refuse this request; George and his sister were accordingly sent to this school.

It was well known that Sir Robert's earnest desire was to be what is called the founder of a family, and had destined almost the whole of his fortune to his eldest son. George was early informed, that he would have a very small portion, and that his figure in life would depend in a great measure on his own exertions; in consequence of which, he did shew a desire and capacity for improvement. It is not likely that he would in any case have become a prodigy of genius, but there is reason to believe that if the elder brother had lived, George would have been a happier and more respectable man than he afterwards turned out to be.

From the time of his brother's death, George perceived that he was a person of infinitely more importance than he had been before.—He was now treated as the heir of an immense fortune; he was informed that every thing was provided for him, and that all kind of diligence or exertion on his part was superfluous.

Such ideas have a tendency to form the character at a more early period of life than is generally suspected. There is every reason to think that they palsied the exertions of poor George Barnet, and made him sink into that indolence from which he never emerged.

The grandmother easily prevailed on Sir Robert to remove him and his sister to the new school, where she promised to pay a very careful attention to both, but kept her promise only respecting George; the sister she entirely neglected, having taken a prejudice against her from the moment she was christened, and for this cogent

reason, because the infant, instead of being named Martha, which was the old lady's name, had been called Catherine, after her own mother, against whom the grandmother's indignation still existed. But the master and mistress of this school being people of some sense and integrity, paid a most conscientious attention to Catherine, and it was owing to their care, Catherine's docility, and her grandmother's total neglect, that the girl made many useful acquirements during her stay at this boarding-school. George, on the other hand, had acquired nothing during the three years he remained there, except a slight knowledge in fishing, by constant practice in a neighbouring pond; but as he had grown considerably taller, his grandmother thought it time that he should be removed, and therefore she wrote the following epistle to her son-in law.—

'MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,

'I have the pleasure to inform you, that our sweet George is by far the most accomplished child of his age I ever knew, and promises to be an ornament to his king and country.—He has already learnt all that can be taught at the present school, besides acquiring several talents of his own accord, by the light of nature.

'He seems now to have a thorough aversion to this school; therefore to keep him longer there might damp his spirits, and also endanger his health; for I understand that some of the children are troubled with worms, which is a very infectious distemper. I therefore propose, with your permission, to take him home to my own house, having engaged a man of genius, on moderate terms, as his tutor, and fitted up an apartment for them, which has a view of the London road, and will prevent the boy from wearying when he is at his studies.

'As to my last complaint, about which you express so much kind concern, it neither was a flying gout as Dr. Hum thought it, nor bilious according to Dr. Flum, but entirely wind, which is now happily dispersed. Dr. Truffles

assures me, that he knew this all along, though he never mentioned it for fear of alarming me.

'My dear Sir Robert, I hope to hear by the next post, that you approve of my plan respecting George; for it would be a pity to lose any more time, as his chambers, as well as the man of genuis, are ready prepared.—When you know the terms on which I have engaged the latter, you will own that I have got a great pennyworth. I am, my dear Sir Robert, your ever affectionate mother,

'MARTHA NICHOLSON.'

By the return of the post she received this answer from Sir Robert.—

'DEAR MADAM,

'Your favour is before me. Cannot but approve of your proceedings respecting George, and am happy to hear he is so accomplished. It is lucky that you have made so good a bargain with a man of genius, which, as I have been told, is a scarce commodity this season.

'Your old friend Lady Pam called, in her return from the magnetising doctor, to inquire after you. I shewed her your letter; she says, the doctor has almost quite cured her of her paralytic disorder, being able to play a little at loo every evening, only her daughter is obliged to hold her cards.—She strongly recommends her doctor to you, in case your complaint should return; for her doctor assures her, that all windy diseases proceed from the nervous system, for which, according to him, animal magnetism is the only remedy.—But in this I own I am no judge; being, with great esteem, dear Madam, your dutiful son, and obedient servant,

'R. BARNET.'

Young Barnet was removed accordingly from the school to his grandmother's, where he was treated in the most delicate manner, and fed with every dainty of the season. The chief business of the tutor was to watch over his

health, accompany him when he went a fishing, an amusement of which he became daily fonder, and sometimes to ride out with him on horseback; but the old lady more frequently chose to take him in the chariot when she herself took an airing; and indeed she was for several years his most constant companion, that he might reap the benefit of her instructions, and also because, as she herself observed, her presence was a most effectual method of deterring bad company from approaching him.

George was not naturally a youth of a violent or a headstrong temper; on the contrary, he was rather inclined to avoid contest, and yield to resistance.—Yet the excessive indulgence of his grandmother, and the constant attention paid to all his humours by those who frequented her house, gradually rendered him opinionative and conceited; he acquired the habit of dictating, and at last could not bear any difference in opinion.—Yet, instead of supporting his opinions by argument, his method of reasoning was to repeat his assertions when contradicted with more force than he had made them at first; if, for example, he accidentally said, 'that his horse could trot fourteen miles in an hour,' and any body hinted a doubt, or expressed surprise, he immediately asserted, 'that the horse could trot twenty;' and the energy of his assertions usually kept pace with the strength of the arguments used against them, and the improbability of what he himself supported.

CHAPTER VI.

——— Eamus
Quo ducit gula. Hor.

As Sir Robert Barnet's mind was entirely engrossed by the pursuit of riches, he paid little attention to the education of his son, but allowed him to live with his grand-

new speculation in trade which he meditated, and endeavoured to convince his son that this alone, if carefully conducted, would prove a permanent source of opulence, he added, 'but above all things remember, that this requires great alertness, activity, and attention on our part; no scheme of this nature can be rendered successful without constant and laborious attention for a certain time, after which it will go on of itself, with a moderate inspection—and then, my boy, we will enjoy the fruits of our labour.'

Perceiving that his son heard all this with little or no emotion—'Good God!' cried he, 'George, are you awake?'—'Awake,' repeated George, rubbing his eyes—'I believe so.'

'I am glad of it,' said Sir Robert, 'for you looked as cold and indifferent as if you had been at church, or as if I had been repeating one of the sermons which Parson Drowsy preaches to your grandmother in the country.'

'The very last sermon I heard the parson preach,' said George, 'was something to the same purpose.'

'To the same purpose! How do you mean?'

'Yes, indeed,' replied George, 'it seemed pretty much to the same purpose; for the whole tendency of his discourse was, that we ought to watch and pray, and labour without ceasing, that we might enjoy a treasure hereafter.—And Jack Revel, whom my grandmother had coaxed that day to church, whispered in my ear, That is as much as to say, make sure of hell while you live, and you will go to heaven perhaps when you die.'

'Jack Revel is a worthless profligate, and a fool besides,' cried Sir Robert; 'for how can the acquisition of riches, which makes a heaven on earth, be compared to hell?'

'The labour of gathering them would be purgatory to me,' answered George.

After this conversation Sir Robert despaired of his son's ever making any figure as a merchant; instead of teasing the young man and vexing himself therefore by fruitless

persuasions, he began to revolve in his mind in what line of life his son had a chance of making a more decent appearance.

Mr. Quirk, his attorney, happened to call on him while he was meditating on the subject; Sir Robert mentioned it to him.—Mr. Quirk had on two or three occasions been witness to young George's obstinacy in dispute and perseverance in supporting a bad cause.—'On this foundation,' he said, 'there was reason to believe that the young gentleman was possessed of very promising talents for the bar;' but Sir Robert insisted, 'that George was by much too indolent for that profession—and he feared had not capacity sufficient for conducting any branch of commerce; we must therefore think,' added he, 'of some kind of employment which will give him little trouble, and requires but a moderate extent of capacity.'

'You had best put him into parliament then,' said Mr. Quirk; 'that gives little trouble, and has succeeded wonderfully with men of as moderate capacities as are to be met with.'

As several examples, strongly corroborative of the attorney's assertion, occurred to Sir Robert in the instant, he seemed to relish the proposal, and invited Mr. Quirk to stay and dine, for there was to be no company but George. The attorney consented, and after dinner Sir Robert asked his son, 'How he should like to be a member of the House of Commons?'

On Mr. George's hesitating, Mr. Quirk adjoined, 'it is a very honourable situation for young men who have nothing to do, and it requires neither application nor study.'

'What does it require then?' said George.

'It requires money to purchase a seat,' answered Mr. Quirk.

'Which I am willing to advance,' added Sir Robert.

'I believe the house meets at the hour of dinner,' said George, 'and some of the members make desperate long speeches.'

'The young gentleman's remark is equally acute and

just,' rejoined the attorney, looking to Sir Robert; 'nevertheless, I can assure him, that any member may withdraw when he is tired, whether at the beginning, middle, or end of a speech.'

'Are you absolutely certain of that?' added Mr. George.

'Absolutely certain,' replied Mr. Quirk, 'otherwise who would be a member of parliament?'

'Not I, for one,' answered Mr. George.

'You need be under no apprehension of that sort; for no such strict attendance as you dread is required,' said Mr. Quirk.

'I should be glad to know what is absolutely requisite in a member of parliament,' said George.

'Only that you should be able to say Aye or No,' said Sir Robert, a little angrily. 'Will that satisfy you?'

'Very well, Sir,' replied George, bowing to his father; 'I have now no objection to being in parliament.'

CHAPTER VII.

Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit. JUVEN.

THE contrast between the characters of the father and the son, however great it may seem, in all probability depended on the different situations in which they began life, and not on any great difference of their natural powers or dispositions. The former set out in narrow circumstances, goaded to early exertions by the apprehensions of poverty, and a full conviction that he had nothing to rely upon but his personal diligence; habit rendered application in a short time easy, and the increasing wealth which attended this application at last communicated to it a sense of pleasure. Whereas the latter, from the time of his brother's death, knew that he was heir to an opulent fortune, that his wants would all be supplied without

any labour of his own, and being devoid of every kind of ambition, he was soon infected with indolence, a disease whose nature it is to augment every moment, and the more hopeless, because, not being like many other distempers removable by the mere efforts of nature, it stands in need of the assistance of art—an assistant which in George's case was never called in.

In many particulars the father and son were congenial, both being narrow-minded and selfish; only the selfishness of the father appeared in his assiduous application to one object, to which in his mind all others were subordinate, namely, the accumulation of wealth; whereas the selfishness of the son manifested itself in the indulgence of ease and gratification of appetite at whatever expense.

George was at no pains to conceal his predominant propensities; he probably found many people to sympathise with him, and therefore the pleasures of the table formed a principal topic of his conversation; but a spirit of covetousness is so odious and unsociable, that nobody dare avow it, and Sir Robert endeavoured to conceal the source of his indefatigable grasping as much as he could. He often declared, 'that he thought himself rich enough, and that on his own personal account, he had not the slightest wish for more; but that he considered it as an indispensable duty to provide liberally for his children,—that his son would soon marry, and probably have a numerous family; he was anxious therefore to secure a provision for them; that having himself received an ample fortune with his wife, he owed it to her memory to provide amply for all her descendants; that these considerations alone induced him to continue the toil of business, and remain in the smoke of the city, at a time of life which required ease and retirement, and when his mind had lost all relish for additional wealth.'

Those and similar pretexts deceived nobody; all Sir Robert Barnet's acquaintance knew, that the sovereign passion of his soul was the love of money, in the indulgence of which he considered himself, and himself only;

and as for his son, and his son's children who were not yet born, he thought as little of them in his exertions for wealth as they did of him.

It is curious to observe the various masks under which men endeavour to conceal the odious features of permanent or increasing avarice; yet they impose on none but those who use them. We are all sufficiently sharp-sighted to see through the flimsy veils under which our neighbours endeavour to hide what is unamiable in their dispositions; yet we are weak enough to imagine, that the same piece of old tattered gauze, when thrown over our own foibles, will be impervious to the eyes of all mankind.

The favourite wish of Sir Robert's heart had once been to increase his fortune to a plum.—'If I were worth a hundred thousand pounds,' said he, 'I should be satisfied.' When he had acquired this, however, he felt the same ardent desire for two hundred thousand pounds that he formerly had for one; for, thought he, 'If I were once worth two plums, I could soon make a third.'

A new source of covetousness and discontent sprung up in the mind of Sir Robert about this time.

Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

An old friend of his, who set out in life at the same time with himself, but remained in very confined circumstances several years after Sir Robert was in affluence, returned about this time from the East Indies; he lived in great splendour, and was reputed to be worth above two hundred thousand pounds. That a man, whom he had known so much poorer than himself, should in the space of a few years acquire more money than he had been able to do in the course of many, was a reflection which deprived Sir Robert of all satisfaction from the great fortune he himself possessed, and embittered all his enjoyments.

'All this availeth me nothing,' said Haman the favourite of Ahaseurus, 'so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate.'

'My hundred thousand pounds availeth me nothing,'

thought Sir Robert Barnet, 'as long as this cursed old friend of mine has double that sum.'

Two hundred thousand pounds at least, and as much more as he could, was Sir Robert therefore bent upon acquiring; and he set about it as eagerly as he had done at the beginning of life. His efforts were for some time successful, which redoubled his ardour; in the midst of which he made an imprudent push, and, instead of raising his fortune to two hundred thousand pounds, it was sunk to ninety thousand;—a sum which appeared downright poverty in his eyes.

Sir Robert Barnet's voyage through life had hitherto been remarkably prosperous; wary and cautious at the outset, he had carefully shunned the rocks and quicksands on which less prudent adventurers strike. But when he seemed to enjoy a very favourable gale, he was unexpectedly driven back by an adverse gust to a greater distance from the port he aimed at than he had been for several years.

His mind was unable to sustain the shock of such an unexpected reverse of fortune.

Had Sir Robert been less uniformly prosperous, had fortune dealt her favours to him with a more sparing hand, had he been more accustomed to checks and reverses, it is probable that he would either have obviated his present misfortune, or been able to support it with greater firmness.

The same man who could not bear the idea of being worth only ninety thousand pounds, because he had once possessed above one hundred thousand pounds, would have lived tolerably satisfied with twenty thousand, or much less, if he had never possessed more. The original cause of Sir Robert's dejection of spirits therefore was, rather that he had at one time acquired too much, than that he was ever reduced to too little. He never recovered his spirits after this accident, and died in a short time of what was called a nervous fever.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sedulitas autem stulte quem diligit urget. Hor.

THE old lady bore the death of Sir Robert with the same degree of real concern that he had done that of his wife. George, however, burst into tears when he was told of his father's death, and seemed rather dejected for some days after it. Alarmed lest his health might suffer, the old lady used every means to comfort him and dispel his affliction; assuring him that the natural tendency of grief was to injure the health of the living, without being of any service to the dead; and that although he were to grieve himself into a consumption, his father would after all remain as dead as before. Whether it was the force or novelty of this argument that supported him, certain it is that George's health did not greatly suffer by his affliction, which diminished his appetite so little, that a very short time after his father's death he had a severe fit of indigestion from eating too plentifully of turtle.

His grandmother imputed this indisposition to a glass of water which, with the rashness natural to youth, she said he had drank in the time of dinner. George himself expressed some suspicions against the turtle; but the old lady vindicated the animal's character with all the ardour of affection, asserting its innocence not only from her own experience, but on the authority of Dr. Truffle, who thought it a great supporter of the system, and that no supposable quantity of that dish received into the stomach could prove mortal; of which many respectable persons of her acquaintance, still alive, were sufficient evidence. Whatever was the cause of his disorder, George was in so much distress, that Dr. Truffle was sent for; and had he not happened to be otherwise engaged, very possibly the history of Mr. Barnet would have terminated at this place. Whether the reader would

have considered this as a fortunate circumstance for himself, or not, it certainly was lucky for George that a physician of very different notions from Dr. Truffle attended him; his grandmother shewing infinite concern for the young man, and superintending the administration of every remedy without exception. But all her tenderness could not make her refrain from giving frequent hints that he had brought it on himself by that imprudent draught of cold water; and the wretched patient suffered little less from the teasing of the old lady, than from the pain of his bowels.

The physician made his second visit while this persevering old woman was expatiating on the mischievous effects of cold water, and the wilfulness of those who use it.—'But here comes the doctor,' cried she, 'he will confirm all I have been saying.' 'Pray, doctor,' continued she, 'is it not highly imprudent to drink raw, cold, windy, unwholesome liquors at dinner.'

'I should think so,' replied the doctor, 'and at supper equally so.'

'Do you hear that, my dear?' said she, addressing herself to George, who was too uneasy at the moment to make any reply. Then turning to the physician, she rejoined, 'and is it not most dangerous to *begin* to take such drinks before the stomach is habituated to them.'

'I suspect that most people are rash enough to begin things before they are habituated to them,' replied the doctor, smiling.

'Ay! doctor, you may laugh,' said the old lady, 'since you and your brethren reap the benefit of those people's rashness and folly. But is it not your serious opinion that cold, windy, pernicious liquors are peculiarly improper for a young man like my grandson?'

'I should think such liquors as you describe improper for young, old, and middle-aged, madam,' said the doctor.

'But especially for men of fortune, like my grandson,' resumed the lady, 'who have all the comforts of life at

command, and who being young, may expect to enjoy them long. Your poor beggarly people may do as they please, for they have nothing to lose; but for one in my grandson's circumstances to throw away his life in such a manner is quite inexcusable.'

'For when once his life is thrown away,' added the doctor, 'he will be reduced to the same circumstances with the poor.'

'Ah! so we are told,' said the old lady with a sigh, 'and a very hard thing it is.' 'But do you not think that there may be some difference made,' continued she, 'between the better sort of people and the inferior orders after all, doctor? for if they are put exactly on the same footing, the rich will be more severely dealt with.'

'How so?' said the doctor.

'Because,' replied she, 'the poor have always been accustomed to hardships; and ill usage of any kind would be a much slighter punishment to them than to the rich, who have been used to comforts all their lives.'

'That does make a difference,' rejoined the doctor, 'and there will be a difference after death also, madam; for the rich will have more magnificent funerals, and much more comfortable graves.'

'That is but cold comfort,' replied the old lady with a sorrowful face. 'But you hear what he has said,' continued she, turning to her grandson; 'and if you do not profit by it, it is neither his fault nor mine.'

'I neither blame him nor you,' replied George, with a look of anguish; 'but I must beg that you will both leave the room for a few minutes.'

Mr. Barnet soon recovered from this complaint; and although in the course of his life he had many attacks of the same nature, he never after could impute them to the same cause, for he never ventured on another glass of unmixed water; but, by his grandmother's direction, always corrected the raw and pernicious qualities, which she thought belonged to that liquid, with some other of a warmer nature; and he continued to live with the old

lady in a very comfortable manner, to use a favourite phrase of hers, which afterwards became a noted one of Mr. George's.

CHAPTER IX.

> ——————A lazy, lolling sort,
> Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
> Of ever listless loit'rers, that attend
> No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
>
> POPE.

ALTHOUGH the thread of this old lady's life was of a very tough texture, and although she endeavoured to spin it out as long as possible, she could not prevent its snapping at last.

By her last will, she left her whole fortune to her grandson;—notwithstanding this circumstance, he was uneasy at her death. George was more than most men the slave of habit;—he felt such a blank on losing the old lady, as he, who was by no means fertile in resources, was for some time at a loss how to supply. Previous to the death of his grandmother, he had lost some of his acquaintance; but as their deaths made less alteration in the routine of his own life, and did not interrupt the daily return of what he called his comforts, he forgot them very speedily: whereas now several things on which he put importance were neglected, or presented to him in a less *comfortable* style than formerly, his grief for the old lady was of course more poignant and durable than any thing of the same kind he had ever felt before. At the distance of two complete months after she had been, with all due honours, interred, and when no idea of her existed in the memory of any other person, Mr. George gave a striking proof that a greatful recollection of her remained in his; for one day at his own table, on tasting

a dish of stewed carp, he exclaimed 'that the cook had spoiled it;' adding in a sorrowful tone of voice, and with tears in his eyes, '*If my worthy grandmother were alive, I should not be so served.*'

This observation, though directly levelled at the cook, glanced obliquely at his sister Catherine, who then sat at his table, and on whom he had devolved the management of his house after their grandmother's death.

This young lady had been left but a very moderate fortune by her father; on his death, she went and boarded with a female relation. George, on the other hand, had prevailed on his grandmother, a considerable time before her death, to take an elegant house in the west end of the town, where they lived for one half of the year, and spent the other at her villa in the country; he now invited his sister to preside over both.

There are few things in which mankind make greater mistakes than in the objects in which they place their own happiness, and in their estimate of the happiness of others. Miss Barnet was often considered as an unfortunate young woman, because her father left her a smaller portion than he ought, and because she was not a favourite of her grandmother; yet there is no doubt that she was by far the happiest in the Barnet family. Sir Robert was quoted as a fortunate man, and envied by half the city on account of his rapid accumulation of wealth; yet this, so far from producing content, only augmented covetousness, made him unable to sustain the first blow of adversity, and rendered him the victim of despondency. And his son George was considered as one of the luckiest fellows in life, because he succeeded early to both his father's and grandmother's fortunes, which, in fact, were what bribed him into indolence, and finally deprived him of all that gives relish to existence. To a mind like that of George, devoid of ambition and curiosity, the spur of poverty was perhaps the only thing which could have roused him into that degree of exertion that is necessary to render a man at all respectable in the eyes of others, or

tolerably happy in himself. Obliged to do nothing, he never knew what to do; he found it a difficult matter to get through the day; and as this difficulty recurred every day, life on the whole was rather an oppressive business to him.

In town, his only exercise was a lounge in Bond Street, or a ride in Hyde Park; and his only business dressing for his ride, and afterwards for his dinner. At one time he shewed some fondness for dress, and it was thought he would have become a fop; but his natural and acquired indolence overcame that kind of vanity, and the fatigue of dressing became unsupportable to him. The happiest part of his life was that which succeeded his ride, for he had then generally an appetite, and was in the well-assured hope of a good dinner; but when he had quite subdued his appetite, having no taste for conversation—no pleasure in reflection—no curiosity to gratify—no ambition to excite him, if he did not fall asleep, tedium returned, and existence became a burden; from which he was sometimes tempted to seek temporary relief in the most pernicious of all palliatives, and was in danger of gradually sinking into a sot. From this last stage of human degradation he was saved by the vigilant exertions of his sister, who with infinite address diverted him from that kind of indulgence as often as she saw him inclined to it; and when they dined alone, she either had company engaged early after dinner, or persuaded him to accompany her to some of the theatres, though he had little or no enjoyment at the playhouse, unless when a pantomime, or a play exceedingly like a pantomime, was exhibited. He affected to have a taste for music, and went occasionally to the opera, where he was extremely apt to indulge in a slumber. Of all theatrical entertainments, tumbling and rope-dancing afforded him the greatest pleasure, and he was allowed to be a tolerable critic in both. He always had a regular supper, for although he never had any appetite at that meal, he loved to pick a bit, merely to pass away the time; and he went to bed

from a weariness of being awake, more than any need of sleep. Such was Mr. George Barnet's life in town, and it was not a great deal pleasanter in the country. He kept hunters, it is true, but having an early propensity to corpulency, he found hunting by much too fatiguing an amusement; cock-fighting and horse-racing were more to his taste, because in these all the danger and fatigue belonged to his horses and cocks; yet when the victories of the one or the other were mentioned, George plumed himself as much as if he had won them in person, like the general who arrogates to himself the praise of a successful attack made, unknown to him, while he was at dinner four miles from the scene of action.

CHAPTER X.

Nec tam veneris quantum studiosa culinæ. Hor.

As Mr. George Barnet's sister was more indulgent to his humours than any body else, he liked her company better than that of any other woman; and he acknowledged that he never found things so comfortable when she was absent.—So that he often prevailed on her to accompany him to horse-races, and always to the watering places,—to some one or other of which he went every season.

He himself used to express surprise that he should have any return of this inclination; 'for I am no sooner at any one of these watering-places,' said he, 'than in spite of their balls, and concerts, and lotteries, I am sure to wish myself at one or other of my own snug comfortable houses.'

Indolence increasing hourly, Mr. Barnet renounced the delights of the watering places, and determined to spend his time entirely at his own houses; from which he seldom went, except to a horse-race, for he still ad-

hered a little to the turf. He became, however, every day more capricious, peevish, and querulous; so that it required all that affection, which, in spite of the opposition of their characters, his sister really had for him, to enable her to live with him so long as she did; and it is probable that she would have lost patience, and quitted him soon, even although the event I am now about to mention had never taken place.

Mr. Temple, a young clergyman, who had a living at no great distance from Mr. Barnet's house in the country, paid his addresses to Miss Catherine; and their marriage, which in due time took place, furnished her with a fair pretext for leaving her brother.

Mrs. Temple's most intimate friend was a young lady of the name of Lewis, with whom she had formed an acquaintance at the boarding-school. Miss Lewis was niece to the mistress of the school, and daughter of a clergyman in Wales, on whose death Miss Lewis was invited by her aunt to live with her, of which invitation, as the young lady was an only child, and had lost her mother previous to the death of her father, she accepted.

Although Mr. Lewis at his death could not bequeath to his daughter much of that species of wealth for which there is the most universal demand, he had been assiduous, during his life, in conveying to her another kind of wealth, in which he was himself uncommonly opulent; he had from her childhood enriched her mind with the virtues of benevolence and resignation; from nature she derived an excellent understanding, and one of the happiest tempers in the world. Miss Lewis was about the same age with her friend, but she had made greater advances in some branches of knowledge; and Mrs. Temple often mentioned her to her husband in terms equally affectionate and respectful.

Miss Lewis was invited to pass a few weeks with the new married couple; and her company was so agreeable to both, that they never ceased importuning the aunt, till she consented to allow her niece to spend the summer

with them; a permission which, after a short visit to the aunt, was extended to the succeeding autumn. Unable to live in the country by himself, Mr. Barnet removed to town earlier than usual, and when there, his most agreeable resource was driving to Mr. Temple's residence in the country.

The air of affection, content, and cheerfulness, that Mr. Barnet always found on the face of his brother-in-law and sister, formed a strong contrast with the expression of those countenances he left behind him in town, as well as with his own sensations.

Those sensations were rendered more disagreeable by some very considerable losses he met with on the turf.

Notwithstanding all the weakness of her brother's character, Mrs. Temple had a great affection for him, and a very warm desire to promote his happiness, which she imagined could not be so effectually done by any means as by his marriage with Miss Lewis; she had long had this plan in her head, and often regretted that her brother seemed to be little affected by the attractions of her friend, who was a handsome, as well as a very accomplished woman.

When she heard of her brother's recent losses, she became more earnest than ever for the accomplishment of her plan;—she saw that his affairs would gradually go into confusion, from the extreme indolence of his temper and dreaded that he might be precipitated into more expeditious ruin by gaming:—she thought those evils would be prevented, and her brother secured in all the happiness of which he was susceptible, by his marriage with a woman of Miss Lewis's admirable good sense and prudence. It must be confessed that Mrs. Temple on this occasion shewed more solicitude for her brother's happiness than for her friend's; but perhaps she had a more favourable opinion of his character than the reader entertains.

She imparted her scheme to her husband, and prevailed on him to assist her in the accomplishing it.

The day after the husband and wife had formed this treaty, Mr. Barnet dined with them;—there was a dish of stewed carp on the table, which Mrs. Temple had taken care to have dressed exactly to her brother's taste he eat heartily of it, and commended it very much. 'Ah! sister,' said he, 'how infinitely better dressed this is, than what we once had at my table,' referring to *that* formerly mentioned, which brought his deceased grandmother so pathetically to his recollection. 'I acknowledge it, brother,' replied Mrs. Temple, 'and could, if I pleased, explain the reason of it.' She then turned to other subjects, addressing her discourse to Miss Lewis.

This was a point of too much importance with Mr. Barnet, as his sister well knew, for him to let slip without investigation. The same afternoon he put her in mind of her promise, begging she would inform him how she came by so important an improvement.

'Really, brother,' answered she, 'I must confess that I am obliged to Miss Lewis for the greatest improvements I ever made.'

'Say you so?' cried Barnet, with surprise; 'I had no idea that she had so good a notion of cookery.'

'There are very few things of importance of which she has not a good notion,' resumed Mrs. Temple. 'Miss Lewis is certainly a very accomplished woman,' added her husband.

'She must be an accomplished woman *indeed*,' said Barnet;—'it was without exception a dish of the best stewed carp I ever tasted.'

Mrs. Temple observed with satisfaction, after this conversation, 'that her brother paid much more attention to Miss Lewis than he had ever done before.'

Having a mare to run at Epsom, he thought himself obliged to attend the races there; but he seemed to leave Mr. Temple's with regret, and acknowledged that, 'were he to indulge his own taste, he would rather have staid.'

CHAPTER XI.

L' orgueil a plus de part que la bonté aux remontrances que nous faisons a ceux qui commettent des fautes. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WHEN the races were over, Mr. Barnet returned to the house of his brother-in-law, with Mr. Wormwood, whom he had met at Epsom.—This gentleman was his near relation, a bachelor, who followed no profession, but lived on the interest of his money, which produced a moderate annual sum, that he had no great desire of increasing. He was one of those men who are apt to give their advice before it is asked, and who testify their good will to their friends, by informing them of their failings. Mr. Wormwood was a man of knowledge and sense, but as he imagined that he possessed a greater share of both than he did in reality, and was of a satirical turn, the liberality with which he bestowed advice was thought to proceed fully as much from pride, or indulgence of his own vein, as from benevolence. He had made a large collection of prudential maxims respecting the conduct of life, in the use of which he could not be accused of selfishness, as he distributed them freely among his friends and acquaintance, without deriving much benefit from them himself. A man of this character, it will readily be believed, frequently disobliged those he affected to serve, and sometimes lost the friend he intended to warn.

Mr. Barnet had a partiality, however, for his cousin Wormwood, and at this particular time that partiality was stronger in his favour than usual, for a favourite mare of Mr. Barnet having been distanced at the races, by which he lost a considerable sum, and was in very bad humour; but as the owner of the victorious horse was a man of whom Mr. Wormwood had an ill opinion, he had gratified his friend by abusing this man all the way as they returned together from Epsom.

Mr. Barnet and Wormwood passed some days at Mr. Temple's; during this time the former paid unusual attention to Miss Lewis, and sometimes spoke in her praise to Mr. Wormwood. This did not escape Mr. Wormwood's observation. While they walked together one day in the garden, Barnet mentioned Miss Lewis two or three times, and once he seemed to hesitate, and appeared embarrassed, like one who has something on his mind that he does not know how to communicate.

To save him farther trouble or circumlocution, Wormwood said, 'I have a great notion you wish to tell me that you are in love with Miss Lewis.'

'I don't know,' said Mr. Barnet, after a look of surprise, 'how you came by that notion, but I confess I have a great respect for the lady.'

'Yes, yes, no doubt, you have an amazing deal of respect for her. I dare be sworn *you* think so,' said Wormwood.

'If I think so, it must be because it *is* so,' rejoined Barnet.

'I am not quite so certain of that,' said Wormwood; 'did you never take a fancy into your head that was without foundation?'

'Not such a fancy as this; no man can imagine he is fond of a woman, unless he be fond of her.'

'There you are quite mistaken, my good friend; but it is a very common mistake: I have known men, who, from a transient glow, a mere freak, have imagined themselves in love with women, whom on reflection they hated, as they found to be the case immediately after marrying them.'

'I know nothing of your freaks or sudden glows,' said Barnet, 'but I have a sincere and well-founded esteem for Miss Lewis'

'A sincere and well-founded esteem!' repeated Wormwood, with a sneering accent.

'Yes, to be sure, I have,' said Barnet, angrily.

'Lord! Lord! what short-sighted animals men are!'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean,' answered Wormwood, 'that it is a very common thing for good-natured men to be mistaken,' replied Wormwood.

'Ay, and for ill-natured men also, let me tell *you* that,' rejoined Barnet.

'You are right, my good friend,' said Wormwood. 'Men of all descriptions are liable to mistakes; but the greatest of all mistakes is, for a plain worthy man to fancy he is in love, when he is no such thing.'

'May not a plain worthy man be in love as well as another?' Barnet asked.

'Not all plain worthy men,' answered Wormwood.

'Why not?'

'Because some very plain worthy men are not susceptible of the passion; and you, my good friend, are of the number.'

'Not susceptible of love!' repeated Barnet.

'Not of the kind of love now in question,' replied Wormwood, with the utmost gravity. 'I well know, my worthy friend, that there is another species of the same passion to which you have very great susceptibility; indeed no man, I will venture to affirm, was ever more in love with stewed carp; or could shew more partiality to turtle, or to venison when in season—for as the wise man says, and as I have often heard you repeat, there is a season for every thing; for venison and turtle, as well as for green pease and oysters: but our love for such objects, however amiable in themselves, is of a different nature from what we have for the fair sex—and believe me, my dear Barnet, this whim which you have taken up about Miss Lewis, amounts to nothing like the passion of love properly so called.'

'You think not?' said Barnet.

'I am sure of it,' replied Wormwood, 'and besides, if you were as much in love as you imagine, and could persuade the lady to become your wife, it would be as unlucky for her as for you.'

'Why do you think so?' said Barnet.

'Because you are not suited to each other—your characters are opposite.'

'In what respect?'

'In all respects; your tastes are quite different: the lady, I understand, loves reading; she seems to be a woman of reflection; it is well known that you hate every thing of that kind. Besides, Miss Lewis is woman of a very clear understanding ——'

'Well, what then?' cried Barnet, in a rage.

'O! I ask your pardon,' replied Wormwood, recollecting himself; 'I did not mean any thing offensive, quite the contrary; your understanding is in some things clear also; but nevertheless your understanding is very different from hers, and they never would blend together.'

'You really think so?' said Barnet.

'Really and truly,' answered the other; 'for, independent of the opposition in your tastes in general, you cannot but be sensible that you have a thousand little whims and peculiarities, which your servants are obliged to submit to, and which your sister was so obliging as to bear, yet no woman of sense and spirit could endure; and none but a sincere friend like me would inform you of.'

'I am greatly obliged to you,' said Barnet, bowing very low.

'You will be obliged to me, if what I have urged convinces you of your mistake as to being in love; and make you resolve never to think of a wife, but to die an old bachelor.'

'An old bachelor! I'll be damned before I die an old bachelor,' cried Barnet, with indignation.

'I am of a different opinion,' answered Wormwood, with coolness; 'I imagine you will die an old bachelor before you are damned.'

'I detest old bachelors,' resumed Barnet.—'That cursed fellow whose horse distanced my mare, is a very old bachelor; damn him, and his horse also.'

'Let us preserve reason in our rage, my worthy friend,' said Wormwood; 'instead of damning the horse, if you

follow my advice, you'll purchase him; and as for the man, you may trust that business to himself; but although you should hate him, pray hate him for something else, and not for being of a class to which you yourself will belong.'

'Never, never,' cried Barnet.

'Well, I am convinced it will be so, and that this whim of your being fond of Miss Lewis will soon pass away; at any rate I have performed the duty of a relation and friend.' So saying, Mr. Wormwood went into the house, leaving Mr. Barnet in the garden.

CHAPTER XII.

——— Je veux une femme indulgente,
Dont la beauté douce et compatissante,
A mes défauts facile à se plier,
Daigne avec moi me reconcilier,
Me corriger, sans prendre un ton caustique,
Me gouverner, sans être tyrannique,
Et dans mon cœur pénétrer pas à pas
Comme un jour doux dan des yeux delicats. VOLTAIRE.

MR. and Mrs. Temple were walking on the other side of a hedge in the garden, and had overheard the dialogue between Barnet and Wormwood;—when it ceased, they turned, and joined the former.

Mr. Temple had frequently observed the effect of contradiction, on the irritable mind of Barnet; and it instantly occurred to him that this capricious disposition might be made useful, in promoting the scheme which Mrs. Temple and he had in view.

'That wise gentleman,' said Barnet, pointing after Wormwood, as Mr. and Mrs. Temple joined him; 'that wise and penetrating gentleman, has taken it into his head that I shall be an old bachelor.

'I do most sincerely hope so,' said Mr. Temple.

'Why so?' said Barnet.

'Because if you do not live to be an old bachelor, you must die very soon,' answered Mr. Temple.

'I should be glad to know what is to hinder me from marrying to-morrow, if I please,' said Barnet.

'You never *will please*, brother, take my word for it,' replied Mr. Temple.

'How are you so certain of that, sir?' cried Barnet.

'Why truly, brother,' replied Mr. Temple, 'there are some things which one is quite convinced of, without being able to give a reason for so being.'

'Quite convinced!' cried Barnet.

'Yes truly, I may say *quite* convinced,' resumed Mr. Temple; 'yet I might be at a loss to tell precisely why: —But all your ways are the ways of a bachelor; the general expression of your countenance indicates, I don't know how, that you never will have the courage to marry; your dress also and manner of walking are all in the style of an old bachelor.'

Barnet stared in Temple's face, which retained its gravity with admirable steadiness; he then looked at his own legs, and turning suddenly to Mrs. Temple, he said, 'Pray, sister, do *you* perceive any thing in my face, dress, or manner of walking, that gives me the air of an old bachelor?'

'Why, brother,' answered she, 'you are too young to have the air of a *very* old bachelor;' but I must confess I *have* seen some very old bachelors who had much of your air and manner.'

'O! you have,' cried Barnet; 'and from which you conclude, no doubt, that I shall be a bachelor all my life.'

'I own, brother,' Mrs. Temple answered, 'that I think there is a probability that you will die before you marry; but I do sincerely hope you will live to be an old unmarried man.'

'That you hope I shall remain all my life unmarried, sister,' resumed Barnet with anger, 'I make no manner

of doubt; but perhaps you may find yourself mistaken, and sooner than you think of, let me tell you *that*.'

'Although that be your opinion, my dear brother, and the other mine,' replied Mrs. Temple with meekness, 'why should this put you in a passion?'

'In a passion,' exclaimed Barnet furiously; 'who the devil is in a passion?'

'What puts it into your head, my dear, that your brother is in a passion? don't you see he is quite cool?' said Mr. Temple, addressing his wife.

To prove his coolness, Barnet began to hum a tune: and then wheeled abruptly from them and went into the house, and left Mr. and Mrs. Temple to continue their walk.

Mr. Barnet found Miss Lewis alone, and the anger with which he was kindled inspiring him with courage, he directly made her a proposal of marriage in a more animated manner, and with a better grace, than if he had been in his natural state.

As nothing could be less expected, Miss Lewis was thrown into some confusion, and did not give so decided and peremptory a refusal as otherwise she would have done. Barnet pressed his suit in a more manly style than he had ever before used.

The courtship was interrupted by the coming of company.

The same evening Miss Lewis informed her friend of her brother's proposal, at which Mrs. Temple expressed the greatest satisfaction, combating Miss Lewis's objections with a zeal inspired by the affection she bore her brother.

Miss Lewis long withstood the importunities of her friend and the continued addresses of Mr. Barnet, which became every day more ardent by the provoking insinuations of Wormwood:—At last, however, she was prevailed on to give him her hand in marriage, to the great joy of Mr. and Mrs. Temple; and Barnet had the double

satisfaction of overcoming the lady's resistance, and confuting the assertions of his friends.

Mr. Barnet derived a degree of respect and importance in the world, from his marriage with a woman of Miss Lewis's good sense and agreeable manners, which his own character never would have procured.

With infinite address, she gradually weaned him from horse-racing, cock-fighting, every kind of gaming, and some other sources of expense, not only superfluous but also disreputable.—Her chief art consisted in everlasting good humour, and in rendering home so *comfortable* and cheerful, that he lost all inclination to be elsewhere, and preferred domestic society to those ruinous habits into which he had been led.—His greatest enjoyment, however, was a good dinner, dressed exactly to his taste, and a certain quantity of port wine after it; if any accident disturbed the regular return of this meal, or the accuracy of his cookery, a misfortune of that magnitude baffled all the soothings of his wife; nothing but the lenient hand of time, and a most unexceptionable dinner the following day, could bring him again into tolerable temper: Mrs. Barnet therefore found that a good cook was the most powerful auxiliary she could have, in her grand object of promoting the happiness of her husband; and she spared no labour or expense, until she engaged one more to his taste than any he had ever employed before.—In the article of drink her task was much easier; for he drank nothing but mild ale with his victuals, and port wine after dinner; the latter he preferred to the French wines, which he asserted were all of too light and too frivolous a nature to agree with an English stomach; adding in a common phrase of his, 'this stands to reason.'

To make her husband in reality a man of sense or benevolence was not in Mrs. Barnet's power; but she managed matters so as to make him frequently appear such: he was visited by the most respectable people in the county; economy was combined with hospitality in his family; and he has been heard to declare, that upon the whole

he lived as comfortably with his wife as he had done with his grandmother.

Having prevailed in the great point of turning her husband from habits which led to certain ruin, Mrs. Barnet was cautious of interfering with his tastes or whims of a less important nature. As Barnet was a man who acted on all occasions from humour, it was in the power of those around him to lead him or provoke him into any measure they pleased; and as nobody was so much with him as his wife, she might have managed him in all respects, had she thought it proper or becoming:—Yet Mr. Barnet was so little sensible of this, that he valued himself on the steadiness of his character, in following his own ideas, and never being influenced by those of others;—but of all weaknesses, he said, the greatest was, that of being biassed by women; and he expressed the utmost contempt for those husbands who are under petticoat government, hinting sometimes, 'that this was the case with his brother-in-law; but that as for himself, he was determined, notwithstanding the regard he had for his wife, never to permit her to meddle in any concern above her natural sphere and capacity.'

The truth was, Mrs. Temple had too high an opinion of her husband to *attempt* to govern him in any thing; and Mrs. Barnet, who had no *desire* of governing, never interfered unless when the object was of great importance.

The passive disposition of Mrs. Barnet, in this particular, was not approved of by her friend Mrs. Temple, who imagined, that by a little more exertion, the former might have turned her husband from some very ill-advised projects, and this was sometimes a source of dispute between the two friends.

Several years after Mr. Barnet's marriage, and immediately after the parish boy was brought to his house, Mrs. Temple blamed her friend with more warmth than usual, for not endeavouring to put a stop to a project of a ridiculous nature, in which Barnet had engaged with uncommon eagerness; and she concluded her remonstrance, by

declaring, that she should consider Mrs. Barnet as the promoter of all the foolish projects, from which she did not at least *endeavour* to divert her husband.

'How am I certain that it is in my power to divert him from them?' said Mrs. Barnet; 'perhaps the very attempt might make him more eager to pursue them, and unquestionably would in the first place produce a dispute, and disputes are things I always strive to avoid, particularly with my husband; having often observed that they are the sources of ill humour between married people, and sometimes of disgust and hatred. How do I know what degree of enjoyment he derives from those schemes which you think whimsical? and were I to succeed in diverting him from them, am I certain of substituting others which to him, framed and constituted as his mind is, will afford him equal satisfaction or amusement? I am not, my dear friend,' continued Mrs. Barnet, 'to make my particular taste or turn of thought the rule of his; he has a right to follow the dictates of his own fancy, when it prompts him to nothing criminal or hurtful to others.'

'But this strange whim that he has taken about *the house* will be hurtful to you, my dear, and to your daughter,' replied Mrs. Temple; 'he has already thrown away a considerable sum of money on it, and will, if you do not interfere, throw away more every year.'

'You forget, my friend,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'that I brought no fortune to your brother;—am I to attempt to controul him in the use he makes of his own?'

'Yes, certainly you are,' answered Mrs. Temple; 'and if you remain passive any longer, in my opinion you neglect what you owe to yourself, to your child, and even to your husband.'

But to understand the drift of this conversation, it will be requisite to mention what had passed previous to it.

CHAPTER XIII.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora. Ovid.

A CERTAIN house-carpenter, whose usual residence was at London, occasionally visited a relation who resided in the village near which Mr. Barnet's house stood:—This carpenter happened to make a purchase of an agreeable piece of ground, on which he built a house, which he afterwards sold to very great advantage.

When Mr. Barnet heard of this, he felt some uneasiness at the thought of so much of his money remaining at a moderate interest in the funds, when it might be so much more advantageously employed, and he determined to follow the carpenter's example; for this purpose, he also bought a piece of ground, and procured the plan of a house, more than double the size of the carpenter's, by the sale of which, according to his own calculation, he expected to gain twice as much as the carpenter had done; or by letting it at what he thought a reasonable rent, he imagined he could not fail to make much more of his money than he received in the funds.

Barnet had been stimulated to this undertaking by the transient suggestions of avarice, on hearing the great profits of the carpenter mentioned in several companies in the neighbourhood; and this new fancy was kept alive by the pleasure he took in shewing the plan, explaining the beauties and conveniences of the house he intended to build; but as the carpenter's profits grew less and less the subject of conversation, and as Barnet's pleasure in displaying his plan began also to diminish, it is very probable that his natural indolence would have prevented him from carrying his project farther, had he not been stimulated anew, and his *almost blunted purpose keenly whetted* by the interference of his friend Mr. Wormwood.

This gentleman happening to pay Mr. Barnet a visit, disapproved of the plan of his house, assured him that the carpenter's profits had been exaggerated; and advised him to relinquish a scheme which would injure his fortune, and at the same time render him ridiculous.

Barnet was so much shocked at hearing a project, on which he valued himself not a little, treated in this manner, that he was unable to speak; and before he could recover himself, Wormwood added, 'I should be heartily concerned, my good friend, to think that such a foolish and expensive project was ever to be executed; but I rely on your usual indecision and fickleness that it never will.'

This speech clinched the business; Barnet sent for the architect, agreed to his terms, and the house was raised with wonderful expedition.

But after the house was completely finished, and the ground belonging to it neatly dressed, to Mr. Barnet's astonishment neither purchaser nor tenant appeared. When it had remained in this neglected condition for twelve months, 'did I not tell you,' said Mr. Wormwood to his friend Barnet, 'that this would be the case? now you find, when it is too late, that you have already lost a whole year's interest of your money.'

'I shall not lose a single farthing,' replied Barnet; 'for I intend to add the interest of the money I have expended to the price fixed last year; and I will not part with the premises for a shilling less,—no, not to my sister.'

The house stood empty another year—nobody offering near the sum he had fixed upon as the lowest price for it.

'The bidders for this villa of yours, are very backward at coming forward,' said Mr. Wormwood.

'They shall gain nothing, however, by their dilatoriness,' replied Barnet; 'for I now shall insist on *two years interest* being added to the original price; and if they

provoke me by much longer delay, I will add the *interest of the interest.*'

This threat, instead of making people hurry to the purchase, as Mr. Barnet expected, seemed rather to intimidate them,—he never had a single offer after.

Finding this to be the case, Mr. Barnet resolved to make such improvements as he imagined could not fail to please people of taste; and render this villa more marketable

He began by forming an oval pond, between the front of his house and the river; this pond he stocked with carp and tench, and bought a couple of swans to swim in it;—he built a wooden room amidst the branches of a large beech, which stood in a hollow behind the house, and made a very neat staircaise up to this airy apartment, on the front of which was inscribed in letters of gold *The Belvidere.* He bespoke two sphinxes of the best free-stone, to be placed on a couple of pillars, on each side of the gate. The sculptor happening to have a lion and an unicorn ready made, which had lain long on his hands, endeavoured to persuade Mr. Barnet to take them instead of the sphinxes.

Mr. Barnet at first seemed to relish the proposal, until it was suggested to him by his friend the innkeeper, that as he was attached to the party at that time in opposition, his friends might imagine, that erecting these two old supporters of the crown at his gate had the air of relinquishing his party. Mr. Barnet was so struck with the force of this, that he rejected the sculptor's proposal, and insisted on his own.

The sculptor finding him positive fell to work, and did his utmost to metamorphose the lion and unicorn into a couple of sphinxes; and it was under this new denomination that they were placed as sentinels at the gate of Mr. Barnet's new edifice; yet it must be acknowledged that they still retained a cast of their original characters.

It was with a view to put an end to such expensive and

ridiculous projects, and prevent any farther attempt to improve this house, that Mrs. Temple began the expostulation above mentioned with her friend: but Mrs. Barnet had so great an aversion to arguing with her husband, or any thing which might be considered as crossing his inclination, or disturbing his amusements, that she would not promise to interfere directly nor indirectly in the business to which her friend prompted her. At length a thought striking her, 'I'll tell you what I am willing to do,' said she to Mrs. Temple; 'and if you will assist me, my dear, there is reason to believe we shall succeed, and it will have nearly the same effect with your plan. I will propose to my husband, that we ourselves should remove to this new house; we shall then have it in our power to sell or let that in which we reside at present; for this we shall soon find either a purchaser or tenant at a greater price or rent than my husband asks for the other.'

'But how will you be able to bear the *pond* and the belvidere, and above all, those two odious monsters at the gate?' said Mrs. Temple.

'I shall bear the sight of all these with very little disturbance, my dear,' answered Mrs. Barnet; 'and much better than I should bear the idea of plaguing my husband, by crossing him in things from which he seems to derive enjoyment. Truly, my good friend,' added she, 'if we begin to turn into ridicule every amusement of our neighbours, that is not, strictly speaking, useful, and for which we ourselves have no relish, we shall be in danger of destroying the quiet of domestic life, and producing an evil much greater than that against which we direct our satire. Besides, Mr. Barnet has lately displayed so much goodness of heart, on a particular occasion, as more than compensates for the little whims we have been speaking of.' Mrs. Barnet then gave such an account of the adventure of the poor boy, as was highly honourable to her husband, to whom she assigned the whole merit.

This conversation happened only a few hours after Mrs.

Barnet had prevailed on her husband to take the boy Mrs. Temple no longer opposed her friend's plan of r moving to the new house, and selling that in which sh lived: but it was not necessary to put this plan in exe cution; for the very next day a young mulatto, whos father had left him a considerable fortune in one of ou West India islands, happening to drive his phaeto through the village near which this curious fabric stood one of his horses lost a shoe, which obliged him to sto until it was replaced. He was accompanied by a lady o the town, whom he kept; and as he was then in search of country house, he and his companion walked to take view of that which we have been speaking of.—The lad declared it to be one of the most *tasty* things of the kin she had ever seen, and the young gentleman was in rap tures with the room in the beech tree; they both were de lighted with the sphinxes;—one of them, in particular fixed the attention of a negro footman who attended them.—'You seem to admire that creature greatly, Pom pey,' said the lady to the footman.

'Yes, madam, I admire her very much,' replied he 'and massa should admire her more.'

'How so?' said the lady.

'Because,' replied the footman, 'she is very like massa's mother; and if she were made of *black* stone instead o *white*, her face would be quite almost the same.'

The young gentleman seemed a little out of countenance at this remark, and it was fortunate for Pompey that he was in England, and not in the West Indies, when he made it.

However, it did not so far disgust the mulatto as to prevent him from purchasing a house, which in all other respects was so much to his taste.—He agreed at once to Mr. Barnet's demand, sent an upholsterer from London to furnish the house, and came soon after with his mistress to inhabit it.

Mrs. Barnet would have brought the poor boy home immediately after she had prevailed on her husband to

admit him; but an order from the parish-officers, who had placed him with the old woman, was necessary, before he could be taken from her. When Mr. Barnet understood this, he highly obliged and surprised his wife, by declaring, that as he was under the necessity of going to town within a few days on business, he would take that opportunity of informing the parish-officers of his intentions respecting the boy; and that after he had received the order, he would call at the old woman's on his return, and bring the boy home with him. If the reader be a complaisant husband, whose chief pleasure is to oblige his wife, he will think this piece of complaisance a thing of course, and not worth recording; but as Mr. George Barnet hardly ever thought of doing an obliging thing to any body, unless when he was prompted to it by his wife, it seemed necessary to mention one thing of that nature, which arose from his own proper suggestion, and was in all likelihood owing to the extraordinary good humour he was put into by the fortunate sale of the house to the mulatto. This is the more probable, because, as soon as Mr. Barnet arrived in London, he hurried to his friend Wormwood, on purpose to triumph over him on account of his success in that transaction. After informing him of it, and of the profit he had gained, 'Now,' said he, Mr. Wormwood, with all your wisdom, what do you think now?'

'Think,' said Wormwood; 'I think what I have long thought, that it is better to be lucky than wise. But pray,' added he, 'what is become of the lion and unicorn?'

'What lion and unicorn? I know not what you mean,' said Barnet.

'Why, the lion and unicorn that stood at the gate,' continued Wormwood; 'has the mulatto got them to the bargain?'

'You mean the two sphinxes,' said Barnet.

'Aye, you were pleased to call them sphinxes,' replied Wormwood; 'but I do assure you, my good friend,

that all the sculptor's labour was not able to conceal the original features of our old acquaintance the lion and unicorn, which were as fully recognised by the whole country, when they stood at the gate of your celebrated fabric, as when they were in the sculptor's court. And let me now tell you, my good friend, that this attempt to convert those two royal animals into a couple of base Egyptians, was thought as disgraceful to his majesty's arms, as permitting them to be placed over the shop-doors of perfumers, milliners, corkcutters, shoemakers, breechesmakers, and other tradesman; as in every quarter of London they are now seen with indignation, by all who wish to keep up the proper distinction between the king and the cobler."

Mr. Barnet, having left Wormwood, went about the principal business that had brought him to town, and then waited on the overseers of the workhouse from which the boy had been sent. They had been previously informed by a letter from Mrs. Barnet of his intentions, and immediately gave him an order to the old woman, to deliver to his care Edward Evilen, which was the name pinned to the child's cap when he was first left at the workhouse, and by which he was called while there.

CHAPTER XIV.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their humble joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

As Mr. Barnet, on his return to his own house, approached the old woman's cottage, a young man in a very high phaeton drove rapidly past him over the heath. His name was Sir Charles Royston; he was heir to a very considerable estate, and at the age of eighteen, by the as-

sistance of Jews, and Christians of the same latitude of conscience, contrived to spend six times as much money as he was allowed by his guardians.

Sir Charles looked frequently behind him, and laughed immoderately, as often as he turned his head;—the footmen seemed as merry as their master.

When Mr. Barnet came to the part of the common nearly opposite to the old woman's cottage, he found that all this mirth was occasioned by the phaeton's having thrown down a seaman with a wooden leg, who had not been expeditious enough in getting out of the way, as this youth drove along:—the seaman was so much bruised that he could not stand; a circle of people from the adjacent hamlets surrounded him as he lay on the ground.

Sir Mathew Mawkish and his lady stopped their carriage, and inquired what was the matter.

'It is a poor sailor,' said one of the crowd, 'who has been overturned, and sadly bruised by a gentleman in a phaeton.'

'Why did not the fellow get out of the gentleman's way?' said Sir Mathew.

'He tried to do so; but it was not in his power to run fast enough, being as how he has a wooden leg,' said one of the group.

'A wooden leg!' cried Sir Mathew; 'how came he by a wooden leg?'

'His real leg was carried off by a cannon-bullet in a sea-fight,' answered the same person.

'A sea-fight!' repeated Sir Mathew; 'what the devil took him into a sea-fight?'

'He went to fight for his king and country,' answered another, (a pensioner from Chelsea hospital), 'as was his duty.'

'Yes, yes,' said Sir Mathew, 'that was his duty, to be sure; we must all fight for our king and country; but he ought to have got out of the gentleman's way, for all that; he ought to have stepped a little aside to let him pass.

'Why, please your honour,' said the pensioner, 'the gentleman drove so damn'd fast, that the poor fellow could not get out of his way more than of the bullet's; if he had had time he would have stepped a little aside to let them both pass.'

'Well, in my opinion,' rejoined Sir Mathew, 'the gentleman was to blame, and if he were here, I should tell him so.'

'The poor man seems much bruised, and unable to move,' said the pensioner.

'Poor creature!' cried Lady Bab Mawkish, in a very sympathizing tone, 'he is much to be pitied.'

'That he is,' echoed several voices from the crowd.

'Is that boy the poor man's son?' said Lady Bab, pointing to Edward Evilen, who sat by the man, helping to support his head with one hand, and holding a piece of gingerbread to his mouth with the other;—'is that man your father child?' continued she, addressing Edward.

'No,' replied he; 'I have no father.'

'Where is your mother?' rejoined Lady Bab.

'I have no mother neither,' answered the boy.

'What, are they both dead?' said she.

'I can't tell,' said he; 'I never saw them.'

'Has nobody ever told you, whether your parents were dead or alive?'

'I never saw any body that knew them.'

'What a miserable little wretch thou must be!' cried Lady Bab, shrugging up her shoulders.

'Well, but,' resumed Sir Mathew Mawkish, addressing the crowd, 'why do you not carry this bruised man into some of your houses and put him to bed, and give him a cordial, and take care of him 'till he recovers?'

'Why, Lord! your honour,' cried one of the people, 'none of us have spare beds; most of us lie two or three in a bed already.'

'Ah! the odious creatures!' cried Lady Mawkish.

'I'll tell you, neighbours,' said one, who was well acquainted with the character of Sir Mathew; we had best carry this poor man to Sir Mathew Mawkish's house; *he* will certainly order him to be well taken care of, and he is much more able than any of us to maintain him till he recovers.'

'Drive on,' cried Sir Mathew, putting his head hastily out of the coach-window.

'Why do you not drive on, sirrah,' squeaked Lady Bab, from the other window.

'Ah, the odious creatures!' said the old soldier, mimicking Lady Bab's voice.

'The devil drive you both for a couple of hard-hearted niggards,' cried the person who knew Sir Mathew and his lady.

'What a pity to let a man lie alone on the cold ground!' said a young woman.

'Especially a fellow christian!' added an old one, who stood by her.

'Christian or Turk,' said the Chelsea pensioner, 'since nothing better can be done, if some of you will help me to carry him into my hut, I'll take the best care of him I can, and I know my wife will make him welcome.—How fare you now, old boy?' continued he, addressing the seaman, who seemed to recover.

'Thank you, thank you, brother,' replied the seaman, 'only a little damaged in the larboard side, and in the stern; but I hope to live and repay your consort and you for all your kindness; and if I chance to meet the fresh-water spark who ran foul of me, mayhap I shall repay him also.'

The sailor being carried into the old soldier's hut, was laid on a bed of straw, prepared by his wife. At that instant Evilen, who had pressed into the hut with the crowd, was called out by the old woman, who presented him to Mr. Barnet.

The boy seemed uneasy when the old woman told him, that he was to go with that gentleman. 'The children

are always sorry to leave me, please your honour,' s
the old woman.

'I am not a bit sorry to leave you,' said Evilen.

'What are you sorry for then?' said Barnet.

'To go with *you*,' replied the boy.

'Your honour must excuse his ignorance,' said the
woman; 'for he has been but a short time with me, a
was bred among the low vulgar at the workhouse.'

'Why are you sorry to go with me?' said Barnet
the boy.

'Because you are a gentleman,' he replied.

'What makes you dislike gentlefolks?' Mr. Bar
asked.

'One of them drove over the poor sailor with the wo
en leg, and then laughed at him, when he tumbled on t
ground,' said the boy.

'You must not go, child, for to presume to bla
quality folks,' said the old woman; 'which, to be su
are our betters, being by the orders of providence m
richer than the poor;—and although the hearts of the r
quality, mayhap, are harder than ours be, yet,' continu
she, addressing Mr. Barnet, 'that is not their fault,
your honour knows they cannot help it, on account
their money, which would make poor folks the same, if
be that they had it. Might it not, please your honou

'Perhaps it might,' said Barnet; 'there is no kno
ing till they are tried.'

'I wish I *was* tried,' said the old woman, 'just
the satisfaction of knowing;—but it is not for you,' co
tinued she, looking at the boy, 'to throw dirt on the ri
for mayhap you may some day be one of them yo
self.'

'I'd much rather be a poor man, like Nic the old s
dier,' said Evelin.

'Who is Nic the old soldier?' Mr. Barnet asked.

'He is a poor Chelsea pensioner, who lives with l
wife in that there cottage, and sometimes does a job
work to help the pension to hold out to the year's en

He is liked very much in these here parts, please your honour, because he is always ready with his joke, and tells us stories of the wars, and General Wolf, and General Quebec, and such like great commanders;—but after all, he is but a poor devil, with hardly a whole rag to his back, except upon Sundays, and upon the versenary of General Quebec.'

'What is that?' said Barnet.

'Good Lord! does your honour not know the versenary of General Quebec?' cried she.

'Not I,' said Barnet.

'Well, that is curous,' said the old woman; 'but we all know it in these here parts, by the means of old Nic. Good gracious, I wish your honour but saw him at the versenary!'

'Why, what the devil is the versenary?' cried Barnet.

'I'll tell you pirticulary, please your honour,' said she, 'if your honour will only have a little patience.'

'Well, well,' cried Barnet, 'let us hear.'

'Why, then, your honour must know, that the versenary of General Quebec, comes round, like Christmas, only once a year, and then old Nic appears in all his glory, with his red scarlet coat on his back, and fierce cock'd laced hat on his head, and a uniformal sword by his side; and then he struts away to the alehouse, where he usually meets three or four old soldiers, who comes there to keep the versenary along with him; and so they drinks the healths of all the old commanders who were killed abroad: and then they begins to tell stories about the wars, and describe how the battles were won by the English, and lost by the French and Spaniards; for your honour knows, that the French and Spaniards never beat the English in their lives, though they are two to one. And then old Nic gives a full and true account of how General Wolf was killed, and General Quebec taken prisoner; and then they desire blind George, who was once a grenadier, and now sells ballads, to sing the *British Grenadiers*, which he does; all about Mars the god of war, and all the other

gods descending upon spears *, and then they all join in the rorus, and beats the grenadiers march with their tongues, and they are all as drunk as lords, and then I always helps Margery to carry Nic home.—And then—and then,——this is the versenary of General Quebec, please your honour.'

The old woman, who seemed to be animated with the subject, spoke with so much vehemence in giving this account, that Evilen imagined she was in a passion, and had been giving a bad character of the soldier to Mr. Barnet; the boy therefore said, 'But for all that you have been telling, poor old Nic took the seaman with the wooden leg into his house.'

'That he did,' said the old woman; 'for old Nic is a good-natured devil in the main, though he loves sport, and is a little too much on the jokobus with his betters sometimes.'

'All your jokers,' said Barnet, 'are inclined, out of mere spite, to throw them out on ready-money people.'

'But your ready-money people, as your honour must know,' said the old woman, 'are no ways inclined to throw it out on jokers.'

'For which reason,' said Barnet, 'old Nic is more merry than wise.'

'Your honour is in the right,' said the old woman; 'and that may be the reason of his being so poor; for the rich are seldom so merry as one would expect, considering they have nothing to do, but are often sad and dull, as your honour must know by experience.

'Is the man with the wooden leg much hurt?' said Barnet.'

'Yes,' replied Evilen, 'for he could not eat gingerbread.'

* To understand this it may be necessary to insert one stanza of the song to which the old woman alludes.—

'Great Jove, the god of thunder, and Mars the god of war;
'Neptune with his trident, Apollo in his car,
'And all the gods celestial, *descended from their spheres*,
'To view with admiration the British Grenadiers.'

'Poor man!' said Barnet, a little affected.

'Come and see him,' said Evilen, pointing at the soldier's hut; 'he is in there.'

'Hold your peace, you little fool,' said the old woman; 'do you think his honour will go for to enter into such a hole.—You must excuse him, please your honour,' continued she, 'he speaks through ignorance, not knowing the nature of gentlefolks; but he does not mean to affront your honour, more or less.'

'I do not suppose he does,' said Barnet; 'but there are such a number of poor objects, and distressing stories, popping on one from every quarter, that my hand,' continued he, pulling out his purse, 'is hardly ever out of my purse; but here,' added he, putting half a crown into the boy's hand, 'go and give the seaman this.'

Evilen ran bounding for joy.—'There,' said he to the sailor, 'the gentleman in the coach sends you that.'

'God bless the gentleman, and you both, my dear boy,' said the seaman.

'Amen,' cried the soldier.—'I am glad so see any thing good come from a coach at last.'

'Now,' said Barnet, when Evilen returned 'I am going to carry you to a good friend of yours.'

'Ah,' cried the old woman, 'this worthy gentleman is going to take you to the lady who was so kind to you.'

'Are you?' cried the boy.

'I am, indeed,' said Barnet.

'Let us go then,' said he, grasping Mr. Barnet's hand.

Having made a small present to the old woman, Mr. Barnet ordered the coachman to drive home.

Evilen asked frequently as they drove along, if they were near the lady's house, and he shewed the strongest signs of joy at the end of their journey, when he saw Mrs. Barnet.

The neglect which this poor boy had experienced in general, and the hard usage he had received from some individuals, rendered him peculiarly sensible to the kindness of Mrs. Barnet, which kindled within his young

bosom such a glow of gratitude and affection as he had never felt before.

Mrs. Barnet could not help perceiving this, and was equally pleased with that ingenuousness of disposition, and quickness of apprehension, of which he gave daily proofs; and which ingratiated him more and more with this good woman, who felt augmenting satisfaction in the thought of saving so fine a boy from being crushed by poverty and neglect, and in the hopes of bringing the rewards of talents and integrity within his reach.

As he had been so lately ill, she postponed boarding him at a school till he should fully recover his strength.

Meanwhile, she ordered clothes to be made up, and appointed a bed for him in a closet adjoining to her own dressing-room.

Edward, in common with all children, derived pleasure, no doubt, from the sight of his new clothes, as well as from the other comforts of his present situation;—but his own good fortune had not the effect on his mind, which it has been observed to have on the minds of many; it seemed not even in the smallest degree to render him unfeeling to the misfortunes of others, or forgetful of his former acquaintance. Of his remembrance of the old soldier and the sailor, he gave a singular proof one day when some company dined with Mr. Barnet; for, on seeing more victuals set on the table than he thought sufficient for the people present, he said aloud, looking to Mr. Barnet, 'I wish old Nic had some of that!'—This unexpected wish threw the company into a fit of laughter; and Mrs. Barnet, when she recovered herself, said to him, 'why do you wish so, child?'—'Because,' answered he, 'it would maintain him and his wife several days, and he would give part of it to the poor bruised sailor.'—This reply did not make the matter clearer; but Mrs. Barnet perceiving that her husband understood to what the boy alluded, requested an explanation of him. He desired Edward himself to inform the company of the whole story of the Chelsea pensioner, and the seaman

with the wooden leg. Evilen acquitted himself of this task in the dialect of a child, it is true, yet so as to interest every one that heard him, greatly affected the heart of Mrs. Barnet, and shewed the goodness of his own. For as the sick and weakly have in general more sympathy with those labouring under disease or delicacy of constitution, than the healthy and robust, so this judicious woman had observed, that some people, while they seem to compassionate the miseries of others, are only pitying themselves.—Such people give proofs of humanity only while their feelings are kept alive by the dread of falling into misfortunes similar to those which they compassionate in others, but the same persons being by accident raised above the sphere of like calamities, shake off their sympathy, and seem to change their nature, like grubs converted into butterflies; who being raised from the dust on their new lent-wings, expand all their finery, flutter from one flowery object to another, court the sun-shine, and think no more of their old humble companions. Mrs. Barnet, therefore, was highly pleased to find that Evilen was not of this disposition, but retained his sensibility towards the inhabitants of the heath, after he himself was transported to a warmer region.

CHAPTER XV.

———Non in caro voluptas
Summa, sed in teipso est, tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. Hor.

Mrs. Barnet was not a person in whom the emotions of pity evaporate in sighs, or melt in tears, without any other effect—nor one of those fashionable philanthropists, who taking credit for an unlimited portion of humanity, by ostentatious symptoms of sensibility, wipe their eyes, pocket their handkerchiefs, and think no more on the wretched, in whose distress they have taken so affecting

a part. Nobody had heard Mrs. Barnet's sighs, nor seen her tears for the maimed seaman; yet his story had dwelt in her mind, and feeling a strong desire to see both him and the soldier, she took the resolution of driving to the hut of the latter.

That she might have the more time for this jaunt, no company being invited but the parson, she proposed next day to her husband, that they should dine a little earlier than usual; and to induce him to agree to her proposal, she hinted that two or three of his favourate dishes were ordered for dinner.

He immediately assented; but unfortunately when the dinner was served, Mr. Barnet had little or no appetite, and was in very ill-humour. It is not quite clear whether his ill-humour deprived him of appetite, or his want of appetite put him into ill-humour; but it is certain, that he sat down to dinner with both those disagreeable guests, and as the first was greatly disliked by Mr. Barnet, and the second by his wife, it is probable that neither was invited, but that the one introduced the other.

Mr. Barnet had hardly tasted the carp, till he declared that it was not sufficiently done.—It was immediately sent back to the cook. On its return, Barnet swore it was worse than at first, quite over-stewed, and absolutely not eatable.—'This mutton, however, is excellent, my dear,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'shall I have the pleasure of helping you to a little?'

'No—I am surfeited with mutton,' answered Barnet peevishly.—'But I wish you had only thought of ordering some of the venison we had yesterday to be stewed.—I should have liked a little of that; but no such thing is ever thought of in my family.'

As he finished his observation, a footman entered with a dish of stewed vension.

'I am glad, my dear,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'that it has happened to be thought of to-day.'

Barnet was more disappointed at losing a pretext for venting his ill-humour, than pleased at the appearance of

the dish. After swallowing a few mouthfuls, he sent it away, saying, 'it was smoked.'

'Allow me to help you to a wing of a chicken, my dear,' resumed Mrs. Barnet; 'you used to like chicken, with a slice of tongue.'

'Is the tongue smoked?' said Barnet.

'No, my dear,' replied his wife.

'Then I am for none of either,' said Barnet; 'though, if the tongue had been smoked instead of the venison, I might have made a tolerable dinner.'

Mrs. Barnet nodded to a footman, who immediately withdrew.

'It is very hard,' continued Mr. Barnet, 'that they should have spoiled one dish, by what would have rendered the other excellent.'

'It is fortunate, my dear, that we chance to have a very good smoked tongue also,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'and here it comes,' continued she, as the servant returned. 'Pray try this wing with a slice of it.'

Barnet, quite at a loss what fault to find next, accepted the dish with which his wife presented him; but being entirely without appetite, after mincing the meat, and playing a little with the knife and fork, he gave his plate to a footman, saying, 'I think I should prefer something cold; but I suppose there is no cold meat in the house.'

'Forgive me, my dear, you may have either a slice of cold beef or cold veal; which do you choose?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Is there any cold mutton?' the husband asked.

'I do not remember to have ever seen you eat cold mutton,' replied the wife.

'I should like it very much at present, however,' said Barnet: and having at length hit on what he thought a just cause of discontent, continued grumbling till the dinner was removed; and Mrs. Barnet now perceiving that he had more satisfaction in that, than in any thing that could be done or said to please him, allowed him to

enjoy it without interruption, until he happened to say
'I thought you intended to drive out this afternoon?'

Mrs. Barnet immediately took the hint, wished he husband and the parson a good afternoon; and takin Evilen into the carriage with her, she ordered the coach man to drive to the soldier's hut.

CHAPTER XVI.

The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.

GOLDSMITH.

WHEN they drew very near the hut, they heard sing ing, and in the intervals several hearty bursts of laughte

Mrs. Barnet deputed Evilen to acquaint the soldi with her arrival.

The boy found him sitting with a large tankard in h hand, between another soldier and his own wife.

'Nic!' cried Evilen, as he rushed into the cottag 'here is a lady who wants to see you.'

'Wants to see me!' cried the soldier. 'I doubt yo are mistaken, my dear; it is long since any ladies hav wanted to see me.'

'Come along,' cried Evilen, seizing his hand, an leading him to the coach, which having reached he ga him a push towards Mrs. Barnet, saying, 'There honest old Nic!'

'I was desirous to see you, friend,' said she, 'and knowing what had become of the poor seaman, who r ceived a hurt some time since at your door.'

The soldier then informed her, that the sailor was much recovered of his bruises, that he had set out th very morning on the top of a stage-coach for Londo and would be that evening at Greenwich; for he belon

ed to the hospital, from which, having had leave of absence for a fortnight, he was returning when the accident happened to him.

'I am glad he is so well,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'and I am glad to see you, because of your humanity to him.'

'There was no great matter of humanity in what I did, madam,' replied the soldier; 'an old soldier could not let a wounded sailor lie on the ground, when he had a hut to give him shelter in; one who could act such a part would deserve to be drummed out of the army, instead of enjoying his majesty's bounty, as I do. God Almighty bless him!'

'You have a pension from the Chelsea hospital?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Yes, that I have,' cried the soldier; 'and it is regularly paid, although I do no manner of duty.'

'You were wounded, perhaps?' rejoined Mrs. Barnet.

'I was shot through the body at the battle on the heights of Abraham, where General Wolf was killed, please your ladyship; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy fled before he expired; and well he deserved such a death, for he was an excellent officer.'

'You could do no more duty as a soldier, after being so wounded?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Every bullet, your ladyship knows,' replied the soldier, 'has its commission; that which went through my body had not a commission for death, but only for wounding; and so I recovered, and did my duty the following winter in the action near Quebec, where General Murray commanded.'

'I hope you was not wounded there also?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Yes, I received a shot in my shoulder, which disabled me from using my firelock; and what is more provoking, it was at the beginning of the action, and I had only fired three times; and so being of no farther use, I was sent back to the hospital, and I saw no more of the

battle, which I should have been glad to describe to your ladyship, if I had remained.'

'You were long of recovering of this last wound?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Very long, please your ladyship, for the bone was hurt; I was sent home and recommended to Chelsea, which I obtained, and am an out-pensioner; but although I suffered a good deal for several months at first, yet, thank God, I at last had some intervals of ease, and there was not a great deal of pain, except when a little bit of bone was about to throw off—now it seldom troubles me; but although I have not all the use of my arm, I could still make a shift to draw a trigger against the French or Spaniards, if there was occasion.'

'Have you nothing to maintain you and your wife, but the small pension from the hospital?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'O! yes,' answered the soldier; 'I can do a little work as a gardener, to which I was originally bred, that is, when my shoulder is not very painful; and my wife is a very careful and industrious woman, and still able to gain a little also, and so we have great reason to be thankful, being by the king's bounty and God's goodness enabled not only to maintain ourselves, but also to entertain a friend sometimes, which I confess we were doing just now; for as your ladyship knows, life is but a roughish journey, at best; and so Margery and I love to *strew the way over with flowers*, as the song goes.'

'And pray,' said Mrs. Barnet smiling, 'what kind of flowers were you strewing just now?'

'Anon?' cried the soldier; not quite understanding the question.

'May I ask,' resumed Mrs. Barnet, 'what the present entertainment with which you regale your friend consists of?'

'It consists,' replied the soldier, 'of a loaf of very good brown bread, an excellent Suffolk cheese, and a can of gin and water.'

Mrs. Barnet was struck at the satisfaction with which this poor soldier, who certainly had some merit with his country, enjoyed the small portion of good things which fell to his share, and the recollection of her husband's discontent, in the midst of a far more sumptuous allotment; —the contrast struck her so forcibly, that she heaved a sigh, and for an instant threw up her eyes.

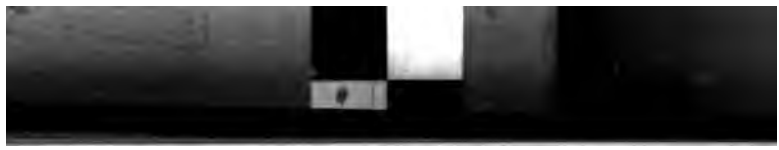
The soldier mistook the source of her emotion, and thought she was comparing in her mind the comforts of his situation, with the hardships to which many were exposed. Under this impression he added, 'I am very sensible, madam, and so is my poor Margery, that we have great reason to be thankful with our situation, considering that we are now both old, and that without my pension, we could not maintain ourselves: Would to the Lord, that every worthy honest heart in this wide world were as well provided for!'

'I am sure,' said Mrs. Barnet, with a smile of benevolence to the soldier, 'that a heart so easily satisfied as yours ought not to know want.'

'I hardly ever did, madam,' said he, 'particularly since we settled at this place; for we have our hut for almost nothing; bread, cheese, and small beer are tolerably cheap; and the gin is excellent:—If your ladyship has occasion for any, I can recommend that at the Hog in Armour on this heath, for as wholesome Holland's as any in England.'

'I am much obliged to you,' said Mrs. Barnet, laughing; 'but pray what company have you with you; you seemed very happy and merry when I came?'

'We have no other company, please your ladyship,' replied the pensioner, 'but a poor soldier who I happened to meet on the road; poor fellow, he seemed faint with the heat, and the weight of his knapsack; and so, as it was just about the time of our dinner, I invited him to share with Margery and me; we all fell to accordingly, and I doubt if many people in the parish have made a better dinner than the soldier and I; for we were



both very hungry, and as I said before, every thing was good of its kind; as for Margery, she eats no great matter, and hardly ever takes above one draught of gin and water; but I confess the stranger and I were beginning to get a little merry when your ladyship arrived.'

'He is a soldier, I think you say?' resumed Mrs. Barnet.

'Of the 20th, please your ladyship,' answered he; 'there is not a finer regiment in the service, it was once General Wolf's.'

'Here is a crown for him,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'it will help him on to his regiment.'

'That it will indeed,' rejoined the pensioner; 'especially as, poor fellow, he seems to stand much in need of a pair of new shoes; those he has being worn quite through, and he can ill afford to get another pair, for he tells me he is already under stoppages.'

'What are stoppages?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'That part of a soldier's pay,' answered he, 'which is stopped to purchase necessaries.'

'If any of a soldier's pay is stopped,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'on what does he live?'

'On the remainder,' answered the pensioner.

'Why the whole is but sixpence a-day,' resumed Mrs. Barnet; 'and to me it seems a miracle how they contrive to live on it.'

'British soldiers are famous for performing miracles,' replied the veteran; 'and they actually perform a greater than you imagine; for they do contrive to live on less than sixpence a-day.'

'Less!' cried Mrs. Barnet.

'Ay! less, madam; God love your soul!' added the soldier: 'a private has not sixpence a-day to subsist on; are there not stoppages for shoes, and stockings, and shirts? for those government allows cannot serve all the year round; and in some regiments there are stoppages for superfluous articles of dress:—some commanding officers pay for these out of their own pockets, but others do

not; and it is very hard on the men to be obliged to pay for some kickshaws that are of no use, but to make them look smarter on the parade, and also to have the flower puffed on their heads that would help to make a pudding for their bellies; in my notion, this is not only cursedly hard hearted, but also damn'd foolish, asking your ladyship's pardon; for what signifies making fops of British soldiers; we shall never beat the French at foppery.'

'I fancy not,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'You may swear it, madam,' added the soldier; 'your Frenchmen are all masters of the art; whereas the finest courtiers in England, as I have been told, are mere journeymen; and when they try to imitate the French, they are like a parcel of awkward recruits, compared to a company of old soldiers.'

'I have heard so also,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Then why should we pretend to contend with them at their own weapons?' added the soldier; 'English soldiers should stick to the old gun and bayonet; and considering how well they can use them in defence of their country, I really do think the country might allow them a little more pay;—but at present, I do assure your ladyship, they seldom have more than fourpence halfpenny, and never above fivepence a-day, to subsist on.'

'It is too little indeed, friend,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'But for all that,' resumed the soldier, 'if your ladyship had only seen how cheerfully they ascended the precipices, and with what spirit they fought on the heights of Abraham, you would have thought that every man had dined at a shilling ordinary.'

'If it depended on me, they should never have dined at a worse,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Only get an addition of threepence, or even twopence a-day, to their pay, and that will satisfy them, madam,' added the soldier.

'I heartily wish, my honest fellow,' replied Mrs. Barnet, 'that it were practicable to augment the pay of both officers and soldiers to-morrow.'

'Practicable! I have been told, please your ladyship,' rejoined the soldier, 'though I can hardly believe it, that certain men, who were never either in the army or navy, but only serve the minister at home, are able to lay by, within a trifle, as much money at the end of the year as even a full colonel, or a captain of a man of war, who serves his king and country abroad.

CHAPTER XVII.

See yonder poor o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition scorn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn. BURNS.

INSTEAD of taking any notice of what the soldier said, at the conclusion of the last chapter, Mrs. Barnet asked, 'Pray, did you not say that you still did some work as a gardener?'

'Yes, madam,' replied he; 'for I was bred to the business of a gardener in my own country, before I listed as a soldier; and I am always glad to be employed, when I can work; because, over and above the wages, it puts me in mind of Auld Lang Syne; that is to say,' added the soldier, after he had wiped his eyes, 'of my native country, and my relations and friends, who are dead and gone.'

'Do you never think of returning to your own country?' said she.

'I have often thought of it,' answered the soldier; 'but I cannot leave Margery, who loves England, which is her native country, as well as I do mine; for she is blinded by prejudice, and besides, she is unable for the journey, so I am under the necessity of leaving my bones on this side of the Tweed.'

'Did you not say that you still did some work as a gardener?'

'I do,' replied he.

'In whose garden do you work at present?'

'I used to work in Sir Mathew Mawkish's,' the soldier answered; 'but it seems he took offence at some words I threw out, when the lame sailor was hurt on the heath; and so he ordered his gardener not to employ me any more.'

'Did that put you to much inconveniency?' Mrs. Barnet asked.

'It has proved a very great loss, and has given me much vexation,' replied the soldier; 'because what I earned by garden-work, when added to the pension, enabled Margery and me to assist a poor neighbour now and then; or to give refreshment to a wandering stranger, like this tired soldier; but what made it fall very hard was, that after I had been long out of work, and consequently without a sixpence of money, poor Margery herself chanced to fall sick; I was obliged to run a little in debt to procure comfortable assistance to her; and to clear this, when she recovered, I waited on Sir Mathew, and begged that his honour would allow his gardener to employ me as before; being more eager than ever to save a little money to do justice to my creditors, who were all poor people, distressed for the want of what I owed them: but Sir Mathew, who has rather a hardish kind of a heart, called me an insolent old rascal, and swore that I should never have another farthing of his money: and never since our grenadiers were repulsed from the intrenchments at Montmorenci, did I feel a heavier heart, please your ladyship, than I returned with that day.'

'No wonder,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'it was enough to drive you to despair.'

'I never give way to despair,' replied the soldier, 'for it is of no use; and so I make it a rule always to keep it off.'

'How do you contrive that?'

'By always trusting to providence, and sometimes a dram,' answered he; 'for is not there a righteous God above who governs all? and if there is black clouds and storms to-day, may there not be fair weather to-morrow? and is there not more sunshine than black clouds upon the whole, even in this world, which gives me good hopes for the next?—And the very next day, please your ladyship, the parson of this parish hearing of my distress gave me a guinea, which cleared me of debt; and he has since recommended me to a farmer, who sometimes gives me a job of work, and pays me very generously—but as this cannot always be depended on, and as Sir Mathew is my enemy, my wife and I are resolved to shift our quarters, but have not yet fixed where to direct our march.'

'Let Margery and you direct your march to the village where I live,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'I know of a more convenient house for you there than that you are now in; and shall insure you of constant work as a gardener; so you may leave this as soon as you please.'—She then gave him directions where to come, and having slipt a guinea into his hand, which she told him was for himself, she gave him half a guinea more for his guest, saying, 'I did not know that a poor soldier had both stockings and shoes to provide out of his pay.' She then bid him farewell, in the midst of the soldier's blessings, who, while he poured them in abundance on Mrs. Barnet, did not forget little Edward.

A short time after this, the soldier and his wife, having disposed of the moveables they did not think proper to take with them, removed to the village near which Mrs. Barnet lived, where they found a snug habitation ready, into which they were conducted by Mr. Barnet's footman and Edward, who met them as they entered the village.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE Mrs. Barnet cherished and cultivated the seeds of candour and benevolence, which seemed spontaneously to germinate in the breast of this boy, she was at pains to impress upon his mind the necessity of diligence and close application, for the acquisition of those accomplishments which would render him useful and respectable. She made him sensible, even at that early age, of his very peculiar situation, and explained, in gentle terms, that he had nothing to depend upon to recommend him to favour in the world, but his personal talents and accomplishments; giving him to understand, at the same time, that with a persevering and vigorous exertion of these, he would be more esteemed and more estimable than those who, starting in life with greater advantages, were less attentive to the means of improvement.—This doctrine sunk deep into the boy's mind, young as he was; and the rapid progress he afterwards made in various attainments was probably owing to its influence. Above all, Mrs. Barnet was assiduous to inculcate every principle of religion and virtue of which she thought his understanding susceptible, and without which, she assured him, all other attainments would fail to render him happy, either in this world or the next.

After some instructions of this nature, she said one day, 'Well, my dear, I may rely on your promise, that you will be very diligent at school?'

Edward. Yes, indeed, you may.

Mrs. B. If you should deceive me, the loss will fall on yourself.

Ed. I don't care what falls on myself, but I will never deceive you.

Mrs. B. You are sensible how shameful it is to break a promise? (The boy was silent).

Mrs. B. I am persuaded *you* never tell lies? (No answer).

Mrs. B. What does this mean? Don't you know that it is a great fault to tell what is not true?

Ed. Yes, I have been told so.

Mrs. B. Surely then you would not be guilty of it? (He made no answer).

Mrs. B. What! do you ever tell lies?

Ed. Ye—Yes, (replied he sobbing), I do sometimes.

Mrs. B. I am very sorry for it.

Ed. I am very sorry for it too.

Mrs. B. How came you to be guilty of it then?

Ed. I never was guilty of it, till I was severely whipt for acknowledging the truth.

Mrs. B. But have you not been told that liars go to hell?

Ed. Yes, the schoolmaster of the workhouse told me so.

Mrs. B. Well, was you not much more afraid of going to hell than of being whipt?

Ed. No, I was more afraid of being whipt than of going to hell.

Mrs. B. How came that; for you must surely know that hell is an infinitely greater punishment?

Ed. Yes, but hell is a long while after this, and the master was prepared to whip me instantly.

However weak such a manner of thinking may seem, Mrs. Barnet could not be surprised to find it in a child of his age, particularly as so many men and women of every age seem to be influenced by the same kind of reasoning.

Resuming the conversation, after a short pause, 'Indeed, my dear,' said she, 'you have acted with great

folly and weakness: Would you agree to be hanged to-morrow rather than bear a pinch of the ear to-night?'

Ed. No, I would not.

Mrs. B. But you did something like this, when rather than bear the pain of being whipt, you preferred the risk of going to hell.

The boy seemed a little embarrassed by this—at length, he said, 'At first, when the master told me I should go to hell if I told lies, I believed what he said, but afterward I began to doubt it.'

'How could you have any doubts regarding what your master assured you?' rejoined she.

'Because I afterwards discovered,' answered Edward, 'that the master told lies himself; which I thought he would hardly have done, if he had really believed that liars were sent to hell.'

'That master is a very bad man, and has set you an ill example,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'but now that you are sorry for having been guilty of such a mean thing as lying, I hope you will avoid it in future—I could not love a liar.'

'I never will tell another lie in all my life,' replied he, with vehemence; 'no, not although I were to be whipt a dozen times for telling the truth.'

'That is a brave boy,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'and the way to be loved and respected.'

The candour he had displayed in acknowledging what he could have so easily concealed, increased the good opinion she had of his character, and the affectionate interest she took in him; while the wholesome nourishment with which he was supplied, and the encouragement he received at Mrs. Barnet's house, had the happiest effect on his constitution and looks, and he gained fresh vigour and beauty every day. The natural indolence and indifference of Mr. Barnet himself was gradually overcome by the charms of his countenance and the amusement of his prattle. To allow the growing partiality to take root in the heart of her husband, Mrs. Barnet found pretexts for

postponing the boy's being sent to school: in a short time, however, she perceived that it would require as much address to prevail on her husband to allow him to be boarded out of the house, as it had been to induce him to admit the boy into it. Mr. Barnet, however, agreed, at last, to let him go; and she informed Edward that he was to leave them the following day. At this news his cheerfulness forsook him, and he seemed dejected.

'Nay,' said Mrs. Barnet; 'you must not look so sorrowful at the thought of going to school.'

'It is not for that,' said he, ready to cry.

'If going to school makes you look sorrowful, I shall not love you,' continued she.

'I do not look sorrowful,' cried he, brushing the tears hastily from his eyes with the back of his hand, and attempting to smile in her face.

'You ought not to be sorry to do what is for your good,' added she.

'I will never be sorry to do what you choose,' replied he, 'whether it is for my good or not.'

CHAPTER XIX.

Et genus, et formam regina pecunia donat;
Ac benè nummatum decorat Suadela Venúsque.

HORAT.

THE school to which Edward was nt had once enjoyed a good reputation, through the merits of the master by whom it was established: at his death, the widow endeavoured to keep it up by the means of the ushers; but she soon after married a man grossly ignorant, and in all respects unfit for the office of a schoolmaster. The school however continued to thrive through the strength of its former reputation.

Seminaries of learning, as well as particular shops, are

sometimes frequented more on account of what they have been, than what they are: so many instances of this might be produced, that it seems to be a prevailing opinion in this island, that talents and genius, like cats, are more attached to particular walls and houses, than to the persons who reside within them.

Mrs. Barnet was induced to board the boy at this school, by the advice of those whom she considered as better judges than herself.

Although the head master, or rather the undertaker of this school, was devoid of sense and knowledge, one of the ushers possessed a considerable share of both. Edward fortunately was put under his particular care, and was soon distinguished by the quickness of his apprehension, and his assiduity in study. Mrs. Barnet was happy to hear accounts of this nature, and still more, when she understood that he was esteemed and loved by his school-fellows.

After remaining here two or three years, he made a distinguished figure at the public examinations, and never failed to obtain one or two of the prizes distributed on such occasions; but he had the misfortune at last to incur the displeasure of a person of such importance, as entirely altered his situation.

Lady Lofty, at this time, lived at a villa at no great distance from this school; which tempted her to send her nephew, Lord Fillagree, a boy about two years older than Edward, as a boarder there. The respectful attention paid to this young nobleman by the master and mistress, his being sent for every Friday evening, and carried back every Monday morning, in his aunt's chariot, added to his title, gave him an importance among his school-fellows, which his disposition and acquirements would not have produced.

It had been an established custom with the former master of this school, to give the boys some general instructions every Sunday, regarding their religious duties and moral conduct.—This was thought to have a good

effect, and was considered as one cause of the prosperity of the school. The present master was willing therefore to keep up such a profitable institution; and although utterly disqualified for assisting the boys in their other studies, he undertook the Sunday lectures himself. His method was to make the boys read portions of the Bible; there he ought to have stopped, or at least have borrowed the explanation of some abler commentator than himself; but with a self-conceit, which often attends ignorance, he proceeded to ask foolish questions, and to make ridiculous remarks on the sacred text.

As when, by the sensation of hunger, a man in a weakly state becomes sensible that his stomach is empty, it forms a favourable presumption; so it is much in favour of him, who labours under a deficiency of knowledge, to be sensible of his ignorance. But when a man's stomach is empty, if he has the sensation of its being full, he is certainly a good deal out of order: our schoolmaster laboured under this mistake, respecting his head; although uncommonly empty, he, poor man! imagined it remarkably full, which prompted him, as it has done some others, to comment on the Bible, without making any thing clearer or better understood than it was before, except the state of their own understanding.

Lord Fillagree, contrary to custom, had been left one particular Friday at school, owing to his aunt's being on a visit; she was to return, however, on the Sunday morning, and the school being on her way, she called at the time when the master was employed in the pious task above mentioned. Desirous of being witness to the superiority of her young kinsman over plebeian boys, she desired that her presence might make no interruption, but that the examination might be continued. The master, proud of an opportunity of displaying his sagacity in commenting on the scriptures, gladly assented.

Her ladyship being seated, the master called up the young lord, and being sensible that he was apt to blunder, to avoid the probability of leading him astray, the

master determined to take no new path, but to keep to that which they had frequently trodden already: in conformity with this resolution, he began with the very first chapter of the Bible.

'Pray, my lord,' said the master, 'does your lordship recollect how long time God took to create the world?'

'Six days,' replied his lordship.

'Admirably answered,' said the master; 'and does your lordship recollect what he did on the seventh?'

'He rested from his work,' said Lord Fillagree.

'Right, my lord,' cried the master; 'from which, as I have often informed you, men are instructed to rest when their work is finished, which otherwise they might neglect to do; for it is a melancholy truth, that mankind in general are too apt to neglect their most important duties. Now, my lord, pray be pleased to inform me, who was the first man in the world?'

'Adam,' replied the youth with quickness, and looking with exultation to his aunt, who smiled and nodded, by way of confirmation, as if she had said, You have hit on the very person.

'Very well answered indeed, my lord!' said the master; 'Adam certainly was the very first man in the whole world; and what puts this beyond all controversy is, that he was created before any other man, woman, or child; therefore none but an Atheist can deny that Adam was the first man in the world.—And pray, my lord, who was the *wisest* man in the world?'

'Eve,' replied his lordship, with a triumphant air.—At which all the boys burst into a loud fit of laughter, which neither the presence of the countess, nor the authority of the master, bawling silence, could suppress for some minutes; unfortunately Edward's laugh continued a second longer than the rest.

'Your lordship mistook the question,' said the master, eager to relieve him; 'You imagined, no doubt, that I asked who was the wisest *woman* in the world,

And to that question your answer is very accurate, for as Eve was the *first* woman in the world, she must have been also the *wisest*, at that time.'

But the young lord was too much disturbed by the laughing, to avail himself of this very ingenious hint.

'No,' cried he; 'it was all owing to you yourself, for you put the wrong question, and asked question fifth before question fourth, so you did, for here it is,' shewing a paper, with which he had previously been supplied, to assist his memory: 'Look there, question fourth, 'Who was the first woman in the world?' answer, 'Eve,' but instead of that, when I expected question fourth, you asked question fifth, that you did.'

'Do not cry, my dear,' said Lady Lofty, wiping the tears from his eyes:—'You answered in the right order, and your mistake was all owing to the disorder of others, and the impertinent laugh of these boys, particularly of that pert jackanapes there,' pointing to Edward,—'whom, let me tell you, sir,' added she, turning to the master, 'you ought to teach better manners.'

She then withdrew, taking the young lord with her, and the master attended them to the carriage with many apologies and assurances that his lordship should have ample satisfaction.

CHAPTER XX.

Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida. Hor.

The next day, as soon as his lordship returned, the master, in a formal harangue, endeavoured to convince the boys of the indecency of their behaviour; he then punished Edward severely, because of the peculiar enormity of his, and insisted that each of them should ask his lordship's pardon;—a ceremony with which all complied,

except Edward; when it came to his turn, he said that having already suffered one punishment, he thought it unjust that he should be subjected to another for the same crime.

The master told him, that what was now required was not a punishment, but a reparation due to his lordship.

Edward said, he considered it as more severe than the former, and refused to comply.

With an intemperance of manner, natural to the abject-minded when possessed of power, the master insisted on his directly begging pardon of the young lord, under pain of being more severely whipt than he had been already. Edward steadily refused.

The master then put his threats in execution; and as he possessed in hardness of heart what he wanted in understanding, he continued the punishment with unprecedented cruelty.—Fatigued himself, and almost out of breath, 'Now, sir,' said he to Edward, who had not allowed a groan to escape him, 'what is your determination now?'

'Just what it was,' answered the boy with firmness.

This answer was followed by a burst of applause from some of the boys;—and the master perceiving rage and the spirit of mutiny in their countenances, thought it most prudent not to push any farther a contest which filled the spectators with admiration of Edward, and might be attended with disagreeable consequences to himself.

It was impossible for this young nobleman, not to perceive that from this time the generality of the boys behaved to him with a degree of coldness and neglect, which all the pains he took to conciliate their minds, and all the splendor of his rank, could not entirely overcome, whilst the marks of regard and affection they manifested to Edward, were too strong and too genuine, not to mortify his lordship exceedingly;—but what gave him more uneasiness than all the rest, was to observe, that a boy of the name of Clifton, distinguished for his spirit and vivacity

still more than by the noble family from which he was a descendant, and the great fortune to which he was heir, had formed a friendship with Edward, which he cultivated with redoubled earnestness ever since his punishment.

In the view of ingratiating himself with his school-fellows, and mortifying Edward, whom he hated, because he was conscious that Edward had some reason to hate him, the young lord desired his aunt to request a holiday to the boys, for the purpose of giving a collation in a summer-house at the end of her garden nearest the school; to which they were all invited, except Edward.

Clifton, who was a favourite of her ladyship, received a particular invitation; but he refused to go, notwithstanding the repeated advice of the master. Clifton, who was about the same age with Edward, had been accidentally absent from the Sunday examination, but was witness to the scene on the Monday following; which had excited in his mind, admiration of Edward, hatred of the master, and contempt for his lordship.

When Lady Lofty understood that Clifton was not come with the other boys, she sent a fresh message. He returned for answer, that he could not accept of her invitation, being engaged to pass the day with his friend Edward,

Her ladyship was exceedingly exasperated by this answer, which converted all her partiality for Clifton into hatred, and doubled her indignation against his friend.

The growing friendship between Clifton and Edward gave great satisfaction to Mrs. Barnet; for she thought the former a sensible and spirited boy, and hoped that, from his connections and personal influence, he might be of service to her ward in his progress through life. Clifton had often visited her, in company with his friend, and happening to call one day in his absence, he spoke of him with all the enthusiastic warmth of youthful friendship; and in the heat of his eulogium, he alluded to the memorable Sunday's examination.

As Edward himself had never mentioned it, Mrs. Bar-

net did not understand what he pointed at, which when Clifton perceived, he gave a circumstantial account of the whole, in the presence of her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and Mr. Wormwood. They were all shocked at the narrative; the two ladies said, that Edward should be immediately removed from the school. Mr. Temple observed, that it would be right to hear what the master had to say for himself, before any other step were taken. Mr. Wormwood said, that such a tyrannical blockhead ought to be exposed to public ridicule; and Mr. Barnet, whose indignation was at the highest, declared that he deserved to be starved.

Mr. Temple went next day, and stated what he had heard to the master. The man was for some time unable to make any answer; he at length endeavoured to defend himself; saying, 'that Edward had been justly punished, because it was owing to his indecent laughter that the young lord had been put into confusion, and had made a ridiculous answer.'

'Pray, sir,' said Mr. Temple, 'did Edward laugh at your question, or at his lordship's answer?'

'At the answer, to be sure,' replied the master, with more quickness than fore-thought.

'Really, sir,' resumed Temple, 'you seem as incapable of reasoning, as of acting reasonably. Since it was the young lord's answer he laughed at, how could his laughter be the cause of the answer?'

'How could it?' repeated the master in confusion.

'Unless,' continued Temple, 'you mean to assert that the effect precedes the cause.'

'I do not positively assert that it does,' said the master,—hardly knowing what he was saying.

'O! you do not?' continued Temple.

'No, sir, not always,' said the master.

'Only on extraordinary occasions, I suppose,' added Temple.

'Yes,' rejoined the master, 'only on very extraordinary occasions, such a thing might perhaps happen.'

'What might happen?' said Temple.

'That which you just now remarked, about the effect of the cause,' replied the schoolmaster.

Mr. Temple, shrugging up his shoulders, demanded Edward's account; which having paid, he conducted the boy directly to Mr. Barnet's.

CHAPTER XXI.

Le caprice de notre humeur est encore plus bizarre que celui de la fortune.
ROCHEFOUCAULT.

EDWARD was received affectionately by Mrs. Barnet, and with kindness by her husband; who, during his confinement to the house, found some amusement in the boy's company;—for although Barnet never could undergo the fatigue of reading himself, yet he could sometimes bear to hear a few pages read by another,—and he listened with more patience to the little stories which Edward selected for his entertainment, than he had ever shewed on like occasions before; so that the boy was not only a source of amusement to Mr. Barnet, but a powerful auxiliary to his wife, in the very difficult task of diverting his caprices, and rendering time less burdensome to him. Mr. Barnet's fondness for Edward was attended with one circumstance which might have ruined the boy entirely; he could not refrain from pressing him sometimes after dinner to drink port wine. One day after Mrs. Barnet left the room, Mr. Wormwood interposed, when the child was desired to take another glass, saying it would injure his health.

'Port wine,' replied Barnet, 'provided it be genuine, can injure the health of no mortal; but, on the contrary, as I myself am a proof, it has a great tendency to promote health—'

'And vivacity,' added Wormwood.

'Very true, cousin Wormwood,' said Barnet, not re-

marking the irony; 'for I am never in so good spirits as after a certain quantity of port, and I have never been troubled with any complaint since I took to port, except the gout, and now and then a fit of indigestion.'

Wormwood. Do you not think those sufficient?

Barnet. Certainly, Mr. Wormwood; and more than sufficient: yet they are not owing to port, but to the cursed claret and burgundy, which I drank in my youth; and the reason is plain.

Wormwood. I will thank you for the reason; for, plain as it is, I cannot see it.

Barnet. The reason is, because they are weaker, and colder on the stomach.

Wormwood. Those then who have confined themselves all their lives to water, should have the gout oftener and more severly than others.

Barnet. I know nothing about water-drinkers, Mr. Wormwood; I keep no such company: but this I do know by experience, that genuine port wine never injured the health of man, woman, or child.

Wormwood. Your experience can only be derived from two of those classes; you can have none as a woman.

Barnet. True, nor as a child.

Wormwood. That is not quite so clear.

Barnet. It is as clear as day-light; for I never tasted port until I was twenty-five years of age.

Wormwood. Many people continue to be children beyond that period, cousin; and I know one who is a very great child even at your age.

Mrs. Barnet happening to return to the room, her husband said, 'Mr. Wormword pretends that claret is as wholesome as port; now as you, my dear, are fond of neither, I appeal to you, as an impartial judge, whether you have not observed that port wine keeps my gout fixed to my feet, and has never allowed it to mount to my head.'

Mrs. Barnet acknowleged that port wine seemed to a-

gree with her husband better than claret, and she thanked Heaven that the gout had never attacked his head.

'And can you prove to me,' said Mr. Barnet, turning with a triumphant air to Wormwood, 'that I should not have had the gout in my head long ago, if I had drank as much of your d——d washy claret, as I have done of port?'

'I confess,' replied Wormwood, 'that I cannot.'

'Then I would be glad to know,' resumed Mr. Barnet, 'why poor Ned here should be prevented from drinking a few glasses of port wine?'

Mrs. Barnet now perceiving what had given rise to the dispute, said to her husband, 'That although port was unquestionably the properest wine for people subject to the gout, it might disagree with those who were not; if you please therefore, my dear,' added she, 'let Edward abstain from it, until he shall have had one fit; after which he may drink it as you do, to keep the disease from his head.'

After musing a little, Mr. Barnet answered, 'What you say, my dear, stands to reason.'

About this time, Mr. Temple, who thought very highly of Edward's abilities, recommended a school of eminence to Mrs. Barnet, saying, 'It would be a great pity if such promising talents were lost for want of proper cultivation.'

Mrs. Barnet was of the same way of thinking; but as her husband had shewn ill-humour when the former school accounts were paid, and as she knew this new school would be much more expensive, she was cautious of proposing that the boy should be put to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple saw her delicacy, and agreed to seize the first opportunity of bringing about what she wished, without her needing to interfere.

They were both at breakfast one day with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet; Edward was likewise present; he had made an observation or two, which delighted the whole

company, but in a particular manner Mrs. Barnet, who, addressing her husband after Edward had left the room, said, 'I am sure, my dear, that no action of your life ever gave you more pleasure, or indeed does you more credit, than your generous conduct to that fine boy.'

Mr. Temple. Every body praises you for it.

Mr. Barnet. Yes, yes, many will praise, for praise costs nothing; but I fancy very few will imitate me.

Mrs. Barnet. So much the more honourable for you, my dear.

Mr. Temple. I am convined that the boy will make a most respectable figure in life, and do great credit to my brother, provided he be thoroughly well educated.

Mr. Barnet. He is pretty well educated already.

Mr. Temple. Ay, too well in the opinion of some people.

Mr. Barnet. What people are those?

Mr. Temple. The people who run about proclaiming that it is folly in you to send a boy to school to be taught languages for which he can never have any use.

Mr. Barnet. How do they know what use he may have for the languages?

Mr. Temple. They assert that you ought to make him a tradesman.

Mr. Barnet. I do not regard what they assert.

Mr. Temple. You must have some regard to the world's opinion.

Mr. Barnet. I do not care sixpence for the world's opinion; I'll judge for myself in this as in every thing else.

Mr. Temple. You cannot prevent the world from judging also; and the world laugh at the folly of giving a boy an education that would fit him for one of the learned professions, when you intend to breed him a tradesman.

Mr. Barnet. Perhaps neither you nor the world, for as wise as you think yourselves, know what I intend to breed him.

Mr. Temple. I hope at least you will not think of the law.

Mr. Barnet. Why not the law, if I choose it?

Mr. Temple. Because the world would blame you very much.

Mr. Barnet. The world may go and be d——d. Am I to mind its fancies? It may think I ought to breed the boy a cobler, for aught I know.

Mr. Temple. Why truly, brother, I am convinced that many people would not censure you so much as they do, if you were to breed him a cobler.

Mr. Barnet. Oh, they would not! They are very obliging, and I suppose you also; you would no doubt approve mightily of Edward's being bred a cobler?

Mr. Temple. Why not? I have known several coblers who were very honest men.

Mr. Barnet was now wrought up to a violent passion, and when this was the case he did not mind what he asserted. 'And I,' exclaimed he, 'have known several lawyers who were as honest men as your coblers.'

Mr. Temple. Have you, indeed!

Mr. Barnet. Ay, indeed; and honester than your coblers, or your shoemakers, or even your parsons; what do you say to that?

Mr. Temple. All I shall say, brother, is, that you have been remarkably fortunate in your law acquaintance.

Mr. Barnet. Fortunate! why there is no act of parliament I hope against a lawyer's being an honest man.

Mr. Temple. No, there are superfluous acts enough without that.

Here Mrs. Barnet thought it right to interpose, saying, 'there is no need to determine as yet what profession the boy is to be bred to, he has hitherto ——'

'You had best not interfere, my dear,' cried Barnet; 'for you know that I will be led or influenced by no mortal, man, woman, or child; and I am already determined, in spite of those wise judges who blame my having the boy taught Latin, that he shall be sent to one of

the best schools in England, there to learn as much Latin as I please, and neither more nor less.'

'More Latin still!' cried Mr. Temple.

'Ay, and Greek too, if I think proper; and you may make my compliments to your friend the World,' said Mr. Barnet, 'and tell him so.'

'I have heard,' Mrs. Temple observed, 'that a man may be a tolerable lawyer without much Greek.'

'That may be, sister,' rejoined Mr. Barnet; 'but if I choose that Edward should be taught Greek, it is not the world's chattering that shall prevent it.'

'Drop the subject, my dear,' said Mr. Temple, addressing his wife, 'lest you should provoke your brother to have the poor boy taught Hebrew.'

Mrs. Temple happening to laugh at her husband's remark, Barnet's wrath was wound a peg higher.

'And if I have a mind that he should be taught Hebrew, I would be glad to know who will hinder it?' said he.

'Not I, for one,' cried Mr. Temple; 'on the contrary, if you are resolved on it, I believe I can recommend a Jew for his instructor, who understands Hebrew very well.'

'There is nothing wonderful in that,' said Barnet peevishly; 'since Hebrew is the mother-tongue of the Jews.'

'But this Jew will teach it him on reasonable terms,' replied Mr. Temple; 'for he is an honest man.'

'You must allow,' said Mrs. Temple, addressing her brother, 'that there is something *wonderful in that.*'

'What is most wonderful of all,' said Mr. Temple, 'is, that your brother should dream of the boy's being taught a language which will be so useless to him, and one in which there are so few books written.'

'It does not become a man of your cloth,' replied Barnet, 'to say any thing in disparagement of Hebrew; you must allow that there is, at least, one good book in

that language; although you, like many other of your brethren perhaps, may not understand it in the original.'

'I beg, my dear brother,' answered Temple with a smile, 'that you will not be so very severe; I only mean to hint that it is impossible to pass through life without the world's censure.'

'Damn the world and its censure both,' cried Barnet; 'Edward shall have as complete an education as any boy in England, cost what it will, and there is an end of the matter.'

It was no doubt painful to such a woman as Mrs. Barnet, to perceive that even in those parts of her husband's conduct which did him most credit, he always acted from passion, caprice, or some childish motive;—but such was the character of the man. She was content, therefore, to adopt such a behaviour as led him to benevolent actions, without regarding his motives.

A short time after this conversation, it was determined that Edward should be sent to the very school that Mr. Temple had recommended; and he then told Mr. Barnet that, to prove that he would not join with the world in blaming his brother-in-law, he intended to accompany the boy to the school, which he accordingly did; recommending him to the master, who was his friend, as a boy of promising talents and an excellent disposition. This character from Mr. Temple gave an impression in favour of Edward, whose situation became still more agreeable soon after, by his friend Clifton coming to the same school.

The character which Mr. Temple gave him was fully supported by Edward at this school: yet the advantages he reaped, when he returned to Mr. Barnet's in the vacations, were of more value, perhaps, than all he acquired during the rest of the year; for Mrs. Barnet neglected no opportunity of instilling honourable principles into his mind. Edward listened with delight to her instructions, not only on account of their being consonant to every

idea of virtue which he could form, but likewise on account of the love and veneration in which he held his instructress.

While so many things contributed to make Edward's situation in Mr. Barnet's family pleasant, one circumstance tended to render it disagreeable. Mention has been made of Mr. Barnet's daughter: it was this girl's misfortune to be the darling of her father; next to stewed carp, there was nothing on earth he loved so much as her. She was a brunette like her mother, and had the finest black eyes and most lively look that can be imagined,—of course, nothing could be more unlike the vacancy of Mr. Barnet's face, than the sprightly looks of his daughter.

Yet he was often told, by those who were inclined to flatter him, that she was very like him, which he believed, and believed at the same time, what he often told her, that she was the prettiest girl in the world.

Mr. Barnet's extreme indulgence to his daughter, and the compliments he paid to her beauty, gave much vexation to the mother, who dreaded their effects on the temper and disposition of the girl. Mrs. Barnet had earnestly tried to prevail on her husband to abstain from praising the girl's looks, and from gratifying her in whatever she shewed any inclination for;—but all Mrs. Barnet's endeavours were fruitless; for in praising and gratifying his daughter, he gratified himself, which had more weight with Barnet, than all the remonstrances of his wife, or than any other consideration. Mrs. Barnet therefore thought herself obliged to sacrifice the pleasure she had proposed to herself, of entirely educating and forming the mind of her daughter, and placed her in a boarding school in the capital.—Although Barnet did not quite relish this plan, he did not long oppose it; for, on reflection, he said, *that it stood to reason* that mothers could not be supposed to be able to educate their daughters so well as those women who made a trade of it.

The same motive which prompted Mrs. Barnet to send

her daughter to the boarding school, determined her in keeping the girl there several years: she returned however to her father's house at certain periods every year, which were also the periods in which Edward returned from school. He always behaved to her with the respect due to the child of his benefactors; and endeavoured, by every honourable means that his young imagination could suggest, to deserve her regard and acquire her good will. But perceiving the cold manner in which she received his attentions, and shocked at the haughty style in which she spoke, when she deigned to speak to him at all, he shrunk into a reserve and distance of deportment, very different from what he assumed to either of her parents.

Mrs. Barnet observed something of her daughter's haughty manner, and the effect it had on him, although both the young lady and the boy endeavoured to conceal them from her.

Being concerned at this, on her daughter's account, she spoke to her on the subject, and ended her remonstrance by observing, that she would give an ill impression of her own disposition, by behaving in such a manner to any body, but particularly to one of so aimiable a character as Edward.

This reproof seemed to increase the girl's ill will towards him, which broke out in the manner that will appear in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

Discourage cunning in a child; cunning is the ape of wisdom.
LOCKE.

MRS. BARNET had received a present of a beautiful piece of china, which she valued above its real worth on account of the person who gave it.

It was placed with other pieces of china on a chimney-piece in the drawing-room; and Mrs. Barnet often gave

directions, particularly to her daughter, that it should not be removed from its place.

One forenoon during the summer vacation, Edward sat in this room reading, when Miss Barnet entered with Miss Fuller, another young lady, to whom she wished to shew this fine piece of china.

Unmindful of her mother's injunction, 'I will bring it to the window,' said Miss Barnet to her companion, 'and then you will see it better.'

'Pray, Miss Louisa, be careful not to let it fall,' said Edward; 'for you know it would make your mamma so uneasy.'

'That is no business of yours,' said Miss Barnet, tartly; and at the same instant she seized the china with such quickness and so little caution, that it slipt from her fingers and was broken to pieces on the hearth.

They all stood for some time in silent astonishment; but she who had occasioned the misfortune was the first who recovered her presence of mind.

'Were we all to cry our eyes out,' said Miss Barnet, 'it would not mend the vase; 'but I have thought of what will save us from blame.'

She immediately ran out of the room, and returning a few minutes after with a cat in her arms; 'Be gone into the garden,' said she to the young lady and Edward; then throwing the cat on the floor, she shut the door of the room, and followed them into the garden.—'Now,' cried Miss Barnet, ready to burst with laughter, 'my mother will think her favourite cat has broken the vase—and, if she should make any farther inquiry, you have only to declare, as I shall do,' added she, looking at Edward, 'that you know nothing at all of the matter.'

'I hope,' said he, 'that your mother will ask no questions of me on the subject.'

'But in case she should, you will tell her plainly, that you know nothing about it?'

Edward made no answer.

'You will tell her that you know nothing of the matter?' repeated Miss Barnet, with a raised voice.

'I will tell her no such thing,' said Edward calmly.

'Why not?' cried she.

'Because, I will not tell a lie,' answered he.

'Do you mean to say that *I* would?'

'I meant to say what I repeat, Miss Louisa,' replied Edward; 'that for my own part I will not.'

'Did you ever see such a saucy companion?' said Miss Barnet to Miss Fuller, as he withdrew.

'O! yes, very often, my dear,' replied the other, smiling.

'Well, you may laugh as you please,' rejoined Miss Barnet, 'but what he said implied that he thought me a liar.'

'What he thinks, my dear Louisa, is of little importance,' replied Miss Fuller; 'provided we are ourselves conscious that we are incapable of falsehood.'

At this remark, Miss Barnet's face became of the deepest scarlet.

When Mrs. Barnet returned to the drawing-room, she saw her favourite vase lying in pieces on the hearth. The cat rushed out as soon as the door was opened; but as Mrs. Barnet had left Edward reading in the room, and was certain that no cat was there when she left it, she could not avoid suspecting that he had accidentally broken the vase, and had afterwards shut up the cat in the room to prevent the suspicion from falling on himself.—This betrayed a degree of cunning which she did not like, and of which she had never before seen any instance in him. She was sensible that to some people a trick of that kind would appear only a proof of cleverness in a boy of his age; but she had hitherto considered him as superior to a device of this nature; and she felt, that if it were clear that he had stooped to use it, she never would be able to esteem and love him as she had done. And so painful is it to a benevolent mind, to have favourable impressions

of any one removed, and to receive unfavourable ones in their place, that Mrs. Barnet would much rather have lost the value of a hundred such vases, than have had her good opinion of this poor boy thus diminished. She gathered up the fragments of the vase, and locked them in her cupboard, without making any inquiry. At dinner she remarked that Edward was graver and more pensive than usual, which increased her suspicions.

She said nothing all that day, in the hopes that he would spontaneously acknowledge what he had done.—She contrived opportunities of being alone with him, and behaved in the most affectionate manner; addressing him even with more frankness and affability than usual, on purpose to smooth the way to the avowal which she so much desired; and at night she retired to her bed-chamber chagrined because he had not made it, and vexed at thinking this poor friendless boy less worthy of her esteem than she had formerly imagined.

Next day being alone with him, she said a little unexpectedly, 'Pray, Ned, do you know any thing of the breaking of the vase which stood on the drawing-room chimney?'

Unwilling to tell what he knew, and confused with the question, he made no answer.

His uneasiness and confusion confirmed her suspicions.

'When I left you reading in the room the vase was whole, was it not?' said she.

'Yes it was,' answered he.

'You were alone,' resumed she; 'there was *not so much as a cat* with you in the room when I left it,' added she.

Greatly distressed at this remark, the boy seemed more and more confused.

'Accidentally breaking a piece of china,' continued Mrs. Barnet, 'is a trifle; the means which seem to have been used to conceal it, I view in a different light, and it gives me pain to think that those I love are capable of artifices which betray cunning at the expense of candour.'

Edward wiped the tears from his eyes, but said nothing.

'I thought you too wise and manly to be cunning,' continued Mrs. Barnet.

The boy seemed much distressed.

'Perhaps,' resumed Mrs. Barnet, 'you wish to give some explanation of this matter.'

'I can give no explanation,' said he, in a voice half suppressed with anguish;—'but—but—Oh! I am very unhappy.'

'Nay, my dear,' said Mrs. Barnet, moved by the distress in which she saw the boy; 'there is no need to be *very* unhappy; it was natural for you to imagine I should be uneasy at the loss of the vase, and you could not bear, I suppose, to be thought the cause of my uneasiness.—I am sure such a thought would give you pain.'

'Indeed it would,' said he, in a voice hardly articulate.

'When such an accident happens again, believe me, my dear, your best course will be to avow it honestly, without racking your invention for devices to conceal it.'

Having said this, Mrs. Barnet left him in more uneasiness of mind than he had ever felt before.

Notwithstanding the palliating terms she had made use of, Edward saw that Mrs. Barnet was much displeased; and it cost him a severe struggle to bear the idea of her displeasure; but when he reflected that he could not do himself justice without accusing the daughter of his benefactress, and conveying to the mother's breast more vexation than she felt in thinking him blame-worthy, he determined to remain silent, and actually returned to school without giving the least hint on the subject.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

SHAKESPEARE.

MISS BARNET remained a month with her parents after Edward left them; her resentment against him increased; he had made her look mean in her own eyes. She felt therefore a disagreeable sensation as often as his name was mentioned. When this is the case, few have the candour to consider whether it originates in any fault of their own, or of the person at the mention of whose name the disagreeable feeling recurs—perhaps Miss Barnet was incapable, coolly and considerately, of doing an essential injury to this boy; but the painful sensation which she felt when she thought of him, made her without design speak of him sometimes in an injurious style, and at one time in the hearing of her mother.

Mrs. Barnet hinted at the unfairness of taking advantage of his absence to insinuate any thing to his prejudice; adding, that Edward was incapable of speaking against people in their absence.

'What is nearly as bad, however,' replied the daughter, 'he is capable of speaking with insolence and injustice to people *in their presence.*'

'Edward is as incapable of the one as the other,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'He told me the other day, in pretty plain terms, that I was a liar,' said the daughter.

Miss Barnet guessing by her mother's look that she did not believe her, said, 'Miss Fuller was present when he did so.'

Some visitors being at the instant announced, the dialogue between the mother and daughter ended.

your temper, my dear Louisa, led you into an error, in repeating to me what Edward said, which might have made an impression highly injurious to his character, had it not been prevented by my obtaining a real state of what passed from your friend Miss Fuller, who is so partial to you as to take the whole blame of breaking the vase on herself, declaring that it proceeded from her impatient curiosity to see it, and your eagerness to gratify her. The loss of the vase, however, gives me little or no uneasiness; but had it given me a great deal, it would have been entirely dispersed by the satisfaction of finding that Edward has not behaved in the manner that struck you, and that your are incapable of *wilful* misrepresentation.'

Had Mrs. Barnet stated her daughter's conduct in the worst light, the young lady was of a temper to have attempted a justification; and what we once are led, or provoked to justify, we are apt to repeat: whereas, instead of attempting any defence or apology, Miss Barnet was so much affected with the delicacy of her mother's remonstrance, that she stood speechless, with her eyes fixed on the ground, which Mrs. Barnet observing, gently squeezed her hand and left the room. Miss Barnet was no sooner alone than she burst into tears, and continued weeping for a considerable time.

Her heart informed her, that her conduct did not deserve the palliations it had received; and although nothing pleased her so much, in general, as her mother's praise, yet, on the present occasion, it rather distressed her, because she was conscious she did not deserve it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face,
For ornament in every public place;
As sure as cards, he to th' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.

YOUNG.

EDWARD continued to pursue his studies with the approbation of his masters, and with equal success and tranquillity, till his old enemy Fillagree was placed at the same school.

This youth had remained at the former for a considerable time after Clifton and Edward had left it; and, by the abject connivance of the master, had domineered over the other boys without controul, to the great augmentation of his native stock of arrogance, which, indeed, was the only acquisition he made. He was now sent by Lady Lofty to this new seminary.

As Earl Torpid, father to Lord Fillagree, was still in existence, it is incumbent on us to account for the youth being so much at the disposal of his aunt, at a period of his life when the character is supposed to receive its deepest and most permanent impressions; and in performing this task, it will be necessary to give a few anecdotes respecting other branches of this illustrious family.

Lord Torpid was thought as polite a nobleman as any about court: there was a bowing, smiling attentiveness in his manner, which those, who were ignorant that it was the effect of mere habit, mistook for an indication of good will. Lord Torpid was incapable of doing a rude thing; but a corn on his own toe gave him more concern than the greatest misfortune that could befal any of his

acquaintance, including those he called his friends. He passed his time at court, at the opera, at concerts, in lounging, and at his toilet. He was visited twice a week by a dentist, who had the superintendence of his teeth; an operator for the nails regularly inspected those of his lordship's fingers and toes as often. It was observed, that on the remaining three days of the week the noble lord was much at a loss what to do with himself, when the hour arrived which those different artists were in use to occupy.

It was observed above, that he was in existence at the period of which we have been treating. This indeed, is the utmost that could be said at any period of his life, and more than a cautious person would have ventured to affirm at some particular times, when he seemed to have as little feeling as a corpse. This was peculiarly observable at the playhouse, for, although he never went till the play was ended from taste, he was sometimes obliged to attend before it began from duty; and there he contemplated Mrs. Siddons in Belvidera and Lady Randolph with the same composure that he heard the lullaby of Lord——— in the House of Peers. His friends endeavoured to explain this, by saying that his lordship, like many other respectable people, had no relish for tragedy. And when it afterwards appeared that he was equally unmoved with the genuine nature and exquisite pleasantry of Mrs. Jordan, they were forced to add, that his lordship also resembled those respectable people who have no relish for comedy.

At an early period of his life he was greatly influenced by what was called ton; so much, indeed, as in the important step of marriage, to overpower his love of money, which afterwards became his strongest passion. As every Englishman, with the title of Lord, communicates that of Lady to his wife, he, of course, has it in his power to acquire fortune by marriage if he pleases. The greater number of English lords, including the Scotch and Irish, certainly avail themselves of this advantage. Lord

Torpid, however, did not; which remains to be accounted for.

A handsome young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune and a numerous family, was presented at court. As she was genteelly connected, she was soon introduced into all the fashionable circles; her gaiety and good humour were superior to her beauty; her manners were peculiarly pleasing, and she was more admired by the men, and imitated by the women, than any woman in England. Lord Torpid, who was acquainted with the family, had often seen her at her father's house, before she appeared at court, without taking any particular notice of her; indeed his lordship never admired any thing till it became the admiration of others. The torrent of praise which flowed on this young lady directed his lordship's peculiar attention to her. One day, at the drawing-room, he heard a very great personage declare, that she was one of the prettiest girls in England. He saw the surrounding circle, by their bows, nods, and smiles, announce that they were all of the same opinion. That very evening, Lord Torpid fell asleep in the conviction that he was desperately in love with her; and the next day he informed her father of his passion, and made the daughter an offer of his hand.

Of all this young lady's male acquaintance, Lord Torpid was precisely the person who interested her the least; but she was of an easy and complying temper. All her relations assured her, that Lord Torpid's proposal was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to her family, and that she herself would be perfectly happy, because she would have all that the world can afford. Her father left her entirely to follow her own inclination; and as she had a great inclination to be a countess, she followed the advice of her relations, and accepted his lordship's offer. A little after his marriage, Lord Torpid began to suspect that he had laboured under a mistake in thinking himself in love, and he was fully convinced, that

however deeply he had been in it, he was now completely out of it; and his lady was equally convinced, that her relations had been mistaken in thinking that this marriage would make her happy; and however fond she herself had been of the title of countess, she now thought she had bought it at a price far above its value. When she married, her husband was an object of indifference to her. This state, which lasted about a month, might have been called the honey-moon, when compared with what followed. The young lady had passed her life, before she became a countess, in gaiety and good humour, mostly in the country, at the house of her father, or at the houses of his friends, fond of her companions, and greatly beloved by them all, on account of her easy, gay, and accommodating disposition. The insipid solemnity of her husband damped the natural cheerfulness of her heart. The languid monotony of his conversation; the repetition of the same frigid phrases benumbed her desire of pleasing, and her power of attention. Her vivacity forsook her; she fell into low spirits; they increased towards the end of her pregnancy, and she died eight days after she had been delivered of Lord Fillagree. Although Lord Torpid was certainly not a passionate lover of women, he loved children still less; he often said, that all children were bores, and that a man's own children were greater bores than any other. Lord Torpid, besides one brother considerably younger than himself, had two sisters. One of the latter had made an imprudent marriage in point of circumstances; and his lordship, who had taken little notice of her before her marriage, took none after it. He seemed as little interested about his other sister, until he understood that she was courted by Lord Lofty, a peer of great fortune, and seventy years of age. Lord Torpid then waited on her, and perceiving that she was rather averse to the match, he observed, that it was natural for her to feel repugnant on such an occasion; but that she ought to consider that what was disagreeable in the business would be short-lived, and what was

advantageous would be permanent; for he was convinced Lord Lofty could not live above one year.

This overcame his sister's repugnancy; she gave her hand to Lord Lofty; he declared himself the happiest of men, and survived his happiness three months and one night. His fortune and title descended to a son by a former marriage. Lady Lofty was left an ample jointure, and a considerable sum in ready money. As her husband's relations had little or no connection with her after his death, she was inclined to renew her intimacy with her brother, which had been interrupted for some time. Meeting him one evening at a concert, she inquired after his son; my lord informed her, that he had not seen him for a week past, because the child had been ill of a fever, which still continued, but he understood that the physician thought him better; he therefore took it for granted that he would recover.

Lady Lofty was proceeding to make farther inquiries concerning the child, but his lordship begged she would suspend her curiosity till another opportunity, as the musicians were just about to begin.

Her ladyship called the following day to see her nephew. She found him not entirely out of danger. She earnestly recommended a tea-spoonful of the syrup of violets to be given to the child every four hours, shaking the phial, which she said had saved her own life. The physician made no objection to this prescription. The child was somewhat better the next day, and gradually recovered. The physician did not dispute the merit of this cure with her ladyship, and from that time she seemed every day fonder of her nephew. Some imagined that her partiality proceeded wholly from the pleasing reflection that she had saved his life; others imagined that it was partly owing to his hair being of a fiery red, which was also the colour of her ladyship's; she herself indeed called it auburn; and she turned off a favourite maid, whom she overheard saying, that the hair of both her lady and the child was just as auburn as a carrot. But

whatever this partiality of Lady Lofty proceeded from, it was so great that she proposed to take the boy home to her own house, and to be at the entire expense of his education—a proposal that was joyfully agreed to by Lord Torpid.

One of Lady Lofty's favourite topics of conversation, after she took young Fillagree under her peculiar care, was the resemblance she found between the character and disposition of the young lord, and what was recorded of some of the most celebrated of his ancestors; for her ladyship was deeply read in the history of her own family, and particularly well acquainted with the marriages of all the different branches, which, indeed, was the most memorable of their exploits for the last century.

Although young Fillagree had not all the penetration that his aunt imagined, he had enough to discover the power he had over her affections, which he exerted to procure whatever he took a fancy for. She, on her part, took pleasure in gratifying his desires; but they became so unreasonable, that she sometimes hesitated. Whenever this was the case, the young lord fell into such violent fits of crying and sobbing, as terrified her into compliance, lest he should fall into convulsions, or burst a blood vessel. On these occasions Lady Lofty informed her confidential friends, that in this her nephew followed the example of his grandfather, who, she understood, had been subject to crying and sobbing all his lifetime, and yet had made a distinguished figure, as one of the lords of the bedchamber, in the reign of George I.

Young Fillagree was also apt to take a fancy for every tame animal, bird, or beast, that he threw his eyes on, and obliged his aunt to purchase them, much contrary to her own inclination; so that her house in the country was made a kind of menagerie. Her only consolation was, that in this he united the tastes of his great-uncle the governor, who was so fond of dogs, that he always slept with two or three in the room with him; and of her own grandmother, who had the same predilection for cats.

When crying and sobbing had been so often used, that they began to fail in their effects, the boy tried other ways and means of extorting what he wished for: having seen a repeating watch of peculiar construction and high price in the possession of a gentleman who dined one day with his aunt, he extorted one of the same kind from her, by threatening to go out in a frosty morning without a great-coat. He obliged her to purchase a horse for him at an extravagant price, as the only condition on which he would abstain from going a fishing in rainy weather. The capricious tyranny of the boy's temper augmented, as is usual, by being indulged; and while he refused to make the least sacrifice of his own tastes or humour on any consideration, he seemed to expect that all around him should accommodate to his. A few days before Fillagree went to the new school, his father, who had not seen him above two or three times since Lady Lofty had taken him under her management, happened to call at her house in the country; he had a gentleman who was related to the family in the carriage with him; they staid to dine with her ladyship, and were rather inclined to remain till next day; but several pretty strong instances of the disposition above mentioned were exhibited by young Fillagree during dinner. In Lord Torpid they occasioned no emotion; but the gentleman seemed somewhat surprised at the boy's petulance. Lady Lofty, remarking this, said, 'I have always made it a rule not to check any thing that indicated spirit in my nephew; ours has always been distinguished as a high-minded family, and your son, my lord, at different times, exhibits strokes of character, which are sometimes mistaken for caprices, but are in reality indications of his possessing the distinguishing virtues of many of his ancestors. To go no farther back *than our* great great grandfather, who ——————'

The earl, who had before begun to wish to be gone, and now dreaded that he would be entangled in the thread of the large clew of family anecdote, which he saw his sister ready to unwind, suppressing a yawn, said, 'I vow to God,

my dear sister, I am already convinced of all you were going to say————'

'*You* may be convinced, brother,' said Lady Lofty, 'but I question whether this gentleman is.'

'Upon my honour,' said the gentleman, 'I am every bit as much convinced as his lordship.'

'If you are both convinced,' replied Lady Lofty, greatly disappointed, 'no more need be said.'

'Not a word more, my dear sister,' rejoined Lord Torpid, ringing the bell; after which he ordered his carriage, and set out with his companion for London.

When they had proceeded a little way, the gentleman hinted the effect which her ladyship's indulgence might have on the character of Lord Fillagree.

'I have little doubt,' said Lord Torpid, 'of her making him one of the most capricious whelps in England.'

'How, then, can you permit him to remain with her another hour?'

'For this good reason,' replied his lordship; 'that it saves me a great deal of trouble and a good deal of expense; and she, on the contrary, is fond of working on the rough materials of which Fillagree's character is composed.'

'And so' rejoined the gentleman, 'your lordship has consigned your son into her hands,

> ———to develope, if she can,
> And hew the block off, and get out the man.'

'Exactly so,' said his lordship yawning, and then falling asleep.

CHAPTER XXV.

Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy in anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

THOMSON.

HAD Lord Fillagree's ill habits been less confirmed, or had he remained longer than he did at the school where he was now placed, he might have reaped considerable benefit from being among a set of boys who would not bear his arrogance, and under masters who gave it no protection.

The petulance of his malice was frequenty pointed against Edward; but most of his attempts to mortify him ended in the mortification of the aggressor. On one occasion, when a number of the boys were playing at cricket in a field near the school, and in the presence of one of the ushers, a person, who was looking on, being struck with the symmetry, vigour, and address of Edward, asked a boy, who had come to school only the preceding day, who Edward was?

The boy answered, 'He did not know.'

Lord Fillagree, overhearing the question and answer, burst into laughter, and said, 'You have asked a question, sir, very difficult to be answered; nobody knows who the devil he is.'

Edward heard the laugh, and suspecting, by the looks of the bystanders being all directed to him, that Fillagree had said someting insulting, he walked coolly up to him, 'May I request of your lordship to repeat what you have just said?'

'All I have said,' replied Fillagree, in a scoffing manner, 'is, that nobody knows what you are; you have the misfortune, sir, not to be known.'

'And all I say in return,' replied Edward, 'is, that

every body knows what *you* are; you have the misfortune, my lord, to *be* known.'

The laugh was now turned against Fillagree; but Edward returned to cricket without joining in it.

This tended to augment Lord Fillagree's hatred against Edward, which a fresh incident exalted to the highest point. The young lord was fond of a diversion, which, to the disgrace of human nature, was formerly practised, at a particular season of the year, in the streets of London and in many villages of Great Britain; it consisted of tying a cock to a stake, and throwing sticks at the poor animal till he was killed or unable to stand.

This horrid diversion was revived, through his lordship's patronage, by a fellow who lived near the school. The young lord himself, by dint of practice, had acquired such superior dexterity, that while other boys paid but a small pittance for a throw, the man declared he would not afford one to his lordship much under the full price of the cock. This distinction was so flattering to the groveling ambition of the young lord, that he considered it as an ample compensation for the wretched figure he made as a scholar. Although nobody liked better to sleep in a sound skin, yet nothing delighted him so much as beholding others, whether men or beasts, bruising and mangling each other; indeed, no kind of amusement seemed to interest him, unless some circumstances of cruelty belonged to it. When he walked in the fields, his great pleasure consisted in throwing stones at all the birds, or other unresisting animals, that he could reach. Sauntering alone, immediately behind the school, one morning, he saw a tame pigeon, a favourite of the master's, feeding a few yards from him; after attentively looking around, and believing that nobody saw him, he threw a stone, and killed the pigeon on the spot.

Whatever pleasure could be derived from the consciousness of such an exploit, his lordship, no doubt, enjoyed it; but he could have none from the applause of others. The bird being uncommonly beautiful and familiar with

all the boys, was not only the master's favourite, but, what seldom happens to favourites, was generally beloved. The young lord, therefore, durst not trust his greatest intimate with the knowledge of this act, but retired with all speed to a distance, that he might not be suspected.

Clifton, Edward, and another boy, however, had, from a back window of the school, seen the whole transaction.

'Let us go directly,' said the boy, 'and acquaint the master.'

'*I* shall not,' said Edward, 'and I hope neither of you will.'

'To my knowledge,' said the other, 'he hates you, and would do you every mischief in his power.'

'I know it,' replied Edward; 'and if he should continue to hate me, I am determined that it shall be without cause.'

'I don't like to be a tale-bearer more than you,' said the boy; 'but it is a pity that he should escape unpunished for such an action.'

'He shall not escape,' cried Clifton.

Edward earnestly begged that they would not mention what they had seen; representing, that although the deed deserved punishment, it was beneath them to appear as informers; that as they were known to be on bad terms with his lordship, it would appear as if they were actuated by revenge.

'I own that I *am* actuated by revenge,' cried Clifton; 'I will avenge the poor pigeon's death; for although I scorn to inform, I will pick a quarrel with him, and fight him.'

'You had not best pick a quarrel with him on this score,' said Edward; 'since that would certainly lead to the master's knowledge of the whole affair, which would be doing in a secret and indirect manner what you scorn to do openly.'

'Well, perhaps you are right,' said Clifton; 'I shall therefore say nothing about this business, either to the master or himself.'

This was agreed to; but an incident of a singular nature brought the whole to light a short time after.

Lord Fillagree had found it difficult to introduce the amusement of throwing at cocks among the boys; many of them, however, were fond of cock-fighting; and although interdicted by the master, some of them secretly kept cocks for that purpose. Lord Fillagree was particularly fond of this amusement, and was present, as often as he possibly could, at all the cock-matches that were fought in the neighbourhood. The most eminent cock-fighter in these parts was a butcher. This man had one very fine cock, which had won several battles, and gained him a good deal of money; but one day, being tempted by what he thought an advantageous bet, when the bird was almost exhausted with repeated victories, this wretch, with the unfeeling coldness of a covetous heart, matched him with a fresh cock. The generous animal began this last combat with unabated spirit; but it soon appeared, from his feeble attacks and tottering steps, that although his courage was entire, his strength was wasted; his opponent struck him a blow which was deemed mortal; he lay without motion on the ground, and the victory was declared in favour of the fresh cock.

The wounded veteran, however, did not expire on the spot, as was expected; but after some time shewed signs of recovery. Nevertheless, the loss of his money threw the man, if such a brute may be called a man, into so violent a rage, that, unmindful of the past merit, and unmoved at the mangled condition of the panting animal, 'Damn him,' cried the wretch, 'he will never gain me another shilling by fighting; but he is still worth throwing at, and so, my lord,' continued he, addressing Lord Fillagree, 'for half a crown, you may have a throw at him at the usual distance.'

The young lord accepted the offer; and the helpless animal would have fallen a sacrifice to the rage and wanton cruelty of two creatures, in many respects his inferiors, had not Edward accidentally passed that way. After be-

ing informed of the circumstances, he pulled out seven or eight shillings, all the money he had in his pocket, and offered them to the butcher for the cock, that he might save so fine an animal from a fate so cruel and unmerited.

'No, curse him,' cried the butcher, 'he has lost me a damnation sum of money; and I shall at least have the pleasure of seeing his brains beat out.'

Edward threw down the money, snatched up the cock, and declared he would not suffer him to be thrown at.

Fillagree said, 'the cock was the man's property; that he had a right to do with him what he pleased.'

A boy, of the name of Wormly, an obsequious companion of the young lord, supported his opinion, which encouraged Fillagree to lay hold of Edward, and endeavour to take the cock from him by violence. After being requested in vain to desist, he was checked by a blow from Edward, which brought blood from the young lord's nose.

The butcher, on making the same attempt, met with the same kind of rebuke from Clifton; who, with another boy, had just come up. The butcher returned Clifton's blow with such a force as brought that youth to the ground, where he received a second from Fillagree. The butcher, Wormly, and Fillagree, were now fiercely attacked by Edward and the other boy; and on Clifton's recovering and joining them, Fillagree took to flight, Wormly followed him; and the butcher bellowed for mercy.

'You ought to be ashamed to pronounce the word, villain,' said Edward; 'but what you would not shew to this poor bird, which merited so much, we will shew to you, though you deserve none.' So saying, he begged his friends to spare the fellow; and desiring him again to take up the money he had thrown down, as the price of the cock, he and his companions walked away; Edward carrying the cock with him, which indeed he had never quitted, having fought all the time with his right hand only.

CHAPTER XXVI.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
Young.

THE following day the butcher had the impudence make a formal complaint to the head-master of the sch that Edward had first robbed him of his cock, and th in conjunction with Clifton and another boy, had bea him unmercifully—adducing Fillagree and Wormly witnesses; who not only supported the butcher's accu tion in every point, but added fresh matter of charge their own account; but in the course of the examinat the true state of the case was made manifest; the b who with Clifton and Edward had been witness to killing of the pigeon, felt so much indignation at Fi gree's accusation of Edward, who had acted so differen part respecting him, that he informed the master of t incident also.

'Why did you not inform me of this immediately a it happened?' said the master.

'So I would,' replied the boy, 'had I not been p vented by Edward himself, who scorned to appear as evidence against one whom he knew to be his enem He then told the master all that passed between Clift Edward, and himself, at the time. Lord Fillagree w so confounded at this testimony, with the applause it p cured to Edward, and the disgrace it threw on hims that he was unable to offer a word in his own defen and seemed overwhelmed with conscious guilt.

The master then turning to the butcher, said, 'there is no law to punish such unprovoked and detesta wickedness as you have manifested, it is owing to its having entered into the mind of the legislature that e there could exist a wretch capable of it. Your hor conduct has proved what could not before be imagin

and you must henceforth be held in abhorrence by every person endowed with a single spark of humanity. As for the young man of whom you have had the effrontery to complain, all the world must approve of his conduct, as much as they must detest yours. Go, vile wretch, hide yourself from the eyes of humanity, to which you are a disgrace.'

The butcher slunk away amidst the hisses of the boys. The master then addressed himself to Fillagree in these words.—'You deserve to be severely punished, both for killing the pigeon, and also for offering to abet, in any way, the odious rage of that vile fellow. I am content, however, to pass over your behaviour without farther notice, because the pigeon was mine, and also in consideration of what you now suffer, from the wretched figure you make in the eyes of your school-fellows, which I am willing to hope will be sufficient to work a favourable change in your behaviour.'

Having said this, the master dismissed the boys; they attended Edward with the most genuine marks of applause, while Fillagree sneaked off to his chamber, abashed and confounded at the issue of an affair, from which he had flattered himself with the gratification of his revenge.

It was not in the master's power entirely to abolish cock-fighting, although he took great pains to make the boys relinquish a diversion, the tendency of which is to harden the heart, and to infuse a relish for sights of cruelty and bloodshed. There seems to be some principle in nature which renders the sight of fighting highly interesting to the generality of mankind. In this country, the only mortal combats which are permitted, and prevail as a public amusement, are those of cocks; but the shocking scenes which were acted on the Roman amphitheatres prove to what a height this taste for bloody spectacles may be brought in a whole nation. To behold men cut and mangle each other; to expose them to be torn in pieces fighting with wild beasts, became the favourite entertainment of that people, and increased to such a degree, that

all other amusements became comparatively insipid; they remained whole days in the amphitheatres, feasting their eyes on these horrid scenes, from which the calls of business or duty were often too feeble to draw them. Were the Romans of a different nature from the rest of mankind? or, were the hearts of that people gradually hardened by the horrid policy of permitting such spectacles? Is it clear that those who take delight in viewing cocks mangle and kill each other, but think with horror of what passed on the Roman amphitheatres, would not gradually come to relish the combats of gladiators and of wild beasts, if such combats were permitted by the government and laws of the country? Mankind are essentially the same in all climates; the points in which they differ are few and trifling when compared with those in which they agree. Britons are more humane than the Romans, because their government is better, their laws milder, and because the same scenes of cruelty are not exhibited before their eyes. The poet's observation respecting vice in general is peculiarly true when applied to scenes of cruelty:

> Which to be hated need but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first *endure*, then *pity*, then *embrace*.

If, then, a good government is one of the most powerful engines for precluding national vice and promoting national virtue, is it not the duty of every Englishman to do what is in his power for the preservation, not of the forms only but the spirit of that free constitution which was established in Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1688?

A few hours after the scuffle about the cock took place, Lord Fillagree had written a very partial account of it to his aunt, Lady Lofty, imagining that she would write to the master on the subject, and expecting that her ladyship's letter would make him declare against Edward, and in his own favour. In consequence of this manœuvre, Lady Lofty sent by express a letter to the master, in the following terms.—

'SIR,

'I have heard with astonishment that my nephew, the Right Honourable Lord Fillagree, was insulted in the grossest manner by a low boy, who by some oversight has been admitted into your school; this creature, I understand, is supported by charity, and came originally from an hospital.

'I take it for granted that you have already punished the villain: but I must farther insist, that he shall be without delay expelled; this is necessary for your own character, and without it you cannot expect that I, or others of the first rank, will permit their relations to remain at your school. I am, &c. &c. &c.'

How much both the young lord and her ladyship had mistaken the character of the master, will appear by his answer, which was as follows.—

'MADAM,

'I have the honour of your ladyship's letter, and must suppose that the affair between your nephew and young Edward has been very much misrepresented to you; for after a very full examination into all the circumstances, I can assure your ladyship that there is incontestable proof of the latter's having behaved through the whole with equal spirit and humanity, which indeed is conformable to the character I received of him when he first came to the school, and which he has supported ever since he has been in it. With regard to the unfortunate circumstance in this youth's situation, to which you allude, I have only to observe, that whatever his birth may be, his disposition, talents, and conduct, are such as would do credit to the most illustrious.

'Your ladyship must therefore perceive, that if expulsion were a measure necessary to be adopted on the present occasion, he is not the person on whom it would be exercised; and even had his behaviour been as blameable as it is praiseworthy, it is my duty to inform your

ladyship, that his punishment would neither have be increased nor diminished by what you might *insist* upo nor by the opinion of persons of any other rank, exce that of master of this school. As your ladyship has be pleased to hint at what you think necessary for my c character, that being a point which touches me only would be unreasonable to expect that you should g yourself farther trouble about it. I am, with all due spect, your ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

' JOSEPH GEORGICS.

The immediate consequence of this letter, as the m ter expected, was Lord Fillagree's removal from the schc From this time the countess often spoke against this p ticular seminary, and public schools in general, which s described as the nurseries of licentiousness and hot-be of sedition, where ranks were too much confounded, a where drudging assiduity and vulgar acuteness were son times permitted to triumph over the highest distinctio of birth; and she expressed her surprise that the sons the nobility were not kept distinct from those of co moners, by being placed in separate chambers when school, as the peers and commoners are in parliament, which means the superiority of the nobility over comm ers, in all praisworthy endowments, would be as evid in the public schools as it is in parliament.

CHAPTER XXVII.

—We might have spared our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess.

MILTON.

CLIFTON and Edward remained a considerable time this school, which proved advantageous to both, not or on account of the progress they made in classical lite ture, but also from the services they reciprocally rend

ed each other. Clifton's attachment to Edward drew the attention of several persons of rank on the latter, by whom otherwise he probably never would have been noticed; and the high esteem in which Clifton was held by Edward, gave the former an importance in the eyes of a few discerning men, which he would not have derived from his fortune and birth.

The period at last arrived when Clifton's relations thought proper that he should go to the university; and when the two youths separated at the summer vacation, they expressed mutual hopes of meeting there. Mrs. Barnet's inclination was, that Edward should have a complete education in the first place; and that he should then be left to his own choice, with respect to his profession. With this view, she wished that he should pass some time at one of the universities; but while she was considering how to render this measure agreeable to her husband, an incident took place which saved her all farther thought on that head.

An old acquaintance of Mr. Barnet's happened to call upon him one day, when his brother-in-law, Mr. Temple, and his cousin, Wormwood, were with him. In the course of conversation, the gentleman mentioned his intention of sending his son, a youth of eighteen, to one of the universities.

'I presume,' said Mr. Wormwood, 'your son is intended for the church.'

'No, sir,' replied the gentleman, 'he has always shewed an aversion to the church.'

'He is intended, perhaps, for the study of physick,' resumed Wormwood.

'So far from it,' said the gentleman, 'that he loaths physick more, if possible, than divinity.'

'Your son may make a very respectable figure in life, for all that,' said Mr. Barnet; 'for I must own I was very much of his taste at his age.'

'Well, but what advantage,' resumed Wormwood, 'do

you propose to your son from spending two or three ye
at the university?'

'In the first place,' replied the gentleman, 'he will
removed for two or three years from the seductions of L
don, which I think a very great advantage.'

'A very great advantage, indeed!' added Mr. Barn

'It is an advantage, however,' said Mr. Wormwo
'that he might reap in passing his time in any county
England, Middlesex excepted.'

'That is very true likewise,' rejoined Barnet, afte
little musing—'Yes, to be sure, he is as clear of the
ductions of London in Cornwall or Cumberland, as at C
ford.'

'The greatest inducement to study is the pleasur
affords,' resumed Wormwood, 'if your son has a taste
study, he will indulge it wherever he goes.'

'I cannot say, that hitherto he has shewn any taste
it,' answered the gentleman.

'You had best wait till he does shew a little,' a
Wormwood, 'before you send him to the university;
although such a taste may be strengthened and improv
it seldom is created there.'

'It is precisely, because he has betrayed a distaste
study every where else, that I have taken the resoluti
of obliging him, much against his own inclination, to p
a couple of years at the university, in the hopes that
may acquire a fondness for it there,' said the gent
man.

'Why, sir, you may just as well shut a man up i
cathedral for a couple of years, on purpose to give hi
taste for the church,' rejoined Wormwood.

'You must allow,' said the gentleman, 'that it is i
possible for a young man to be so dissipated at a semin
of learning as in the capital.'

'I will allow that it is impossible to be dissipated
the same manner,' said Wormwood; 'but lounging
the morning, and drinking port all the evening, are

unlikely to create a taste for study, as passing the same time at Hyde Park and the theatres.'

'The access which students have to the public libraries is surely a great advantage,' resumed the gentleman.

'I am told,' answered Mr. Wormwood, 'that your own library in the country is an excellent one.'

'Not equal to those in the universities,' said the gentleman; 'and if students do not profit by them there, it is their own fault.'

'If my son were to mispend the time allotted for study, it would afford me no consolation,' replied Mr. Wormwood, 'that it was his own fault; neither would it make much difference, whether this happened at the university or at my own house; only at the latter I should probably be sooner acquainted with it.'

'He may attend the public lectures at the university,' added the gentleman.

'Whether it is owing to their being ill attended to, or from some other cause, I cannot say,' answered Mr. Wormwood; 'but I believe these are pretty much laid aside.'

'If they are,' said the gentleman, 'still there are many persons to be found at our universities exceedingly well qualified to assist young gentlemen in their studies.'

'There certainly are,' resumed Wormwood; 'but as your son will need but *one*, he will reap no additional advantage by going where there are many.'

'He may be privately instructed at either university,' said the gentleman.

'Not more privately,' answered Wormwood, 'than at your house in the country.'

'One person cannot teach another every thing,' said the gentleman; 'particularly one of my son's age.'

'My dear sir,' rejoined Mr. Wormwood, 'I am so far from thinking that one man can teach another every thing, that I have long had a notion that no man can teach another any thing.'

'How do people acquire learning, then?' said the tleman.

'They teach themselves,' answered Wormwood.

'But what becomes of those who cannot take that ble?' the other asked.

'They learn little or nothing,' answered Wormw 'for although a little Latin and Greek may be whip to a boy at school, whether he will or will not, all is forgot, if they do not afterwards cultivate those langu from taste. Believe me, therefore, sir, that until youn has acquired a real fondness for study, until he fin one of the enjoyments of his life, to which he is le the pleasure it produces, it will be of little importan send him to the university. Indeed, if he is sent co ry to his own inclinations, the probability is, that his like to study and literary society will increase th whereas, if he had already some taste for such pur and such society, he would himself be impatient t there; his taste would be improved, and he might quire more literary knowledge than, perhaps, he c in the same time, and with equal application any w else. All depends on his own turn of mind; witho strong desire, nothing can be learnt at your son's Where many masters are employed, it generally hap that the least is learnt; but he that is fond of study soon find those who can assist him.'

The gentleman, after a considerable pause, resume 'Most of the young men of rank, in this country, two or three years at one or other of the universities early acquaintance and friendship with some of them be highly advantageous to my son, as it has been to m others.'

'I have heard that argument so often used,' Wormwood, 'as a reason for sending young men to universities, that I begin to think it has more exten weight than any other; it operates on the mind like great prizes in the lottery; people are so much tem by them as to forget that it is a losing game on the wh

and that the acquaintance and example of those high-born youths may lead others into habits and pursuits which will more than counterbalance all the advantages to be derived from their friendships, although there were a certainty of retaining them. Besides,' continued he, 'if your greatest inducement in sending your son to an university is his forming an acquaintance with men of quality, I imagine I could put you on a plan which would give him a still better chance of succeeding.'

'Pray, what is that?' cried Barnet.

'Send him to Newmarket and the gaming-houses,' answered Wormwood.

'I believe there is something in that,' cried Mr. Barnet; 'for there is Tom Sweepstakes, whose father was a cook, and who never studied any thing but hazard and horse-racing; yet he is hand and glove with a greater number of lords and dukes than any fellow of any university.'

Mr. Temple, who hitherto had listened to the conversation without taking any part, now addressed himself to Wormwood in the following terms.—

'After all you have said, it is evident, that the utmost which can be done to render a seminary of education useful, is to unite in it as many inducements to study as we can, and exclude whatever corrupts the morals, and tends to promote dissipation. Those objects are, in some degree, accomplished at our universities; where the taste of the student may be formed to literature by the society and conversation of men of letters, where he has a command of the best books in every branch of learning, is stimulated by emulation and by literary rewards, while he is sequestered from the splendid luxuries of life, the dissipating amusements of the capital, from assemblies, operas, plays, and has nothing presented to his view but such objects as favour contemplation, and excite the desire of intellectual improvement. There is not, indeed, an absolute obligation on the young men to study; they are not compelled to their tasks, nor terrified to exertion

by the same means that are used at inferior seminaries—and you yourself, Mr. Wormwood, have admitted, that after a certain age whatever a person learns effectually, he acquires by his own voluntary efforts; and that those who rely on the labour of teachers learn little or nothing. At our universities, no doubt, as every where else, many young men are averse to study, fond of pleasure, and incapable of steady application. The ablest instructors, and the best instructions, will be of little use to youths of such dispositions, and they will receive as little literary improvement at the university as they would have done had they passed the same time in the country or in the capital. The fair question is, Whether a young man, with a taste for letters, and a desire for knowledge, has it, or has it not, in his power to improve himself more at the university, than he could in the same time any where else in this kingdom? Now, that the inducements to study, and the means of literary improvement, are united there as successfully as in any other part of this island, or in Europe, seems probable, from this observation, that no country, or seminary of learning in Europe, has produced a greater number of eminently learned men than England, the most distinguished of whom were educated at its universities.'

Mr. Wormwood, finding himself unprepared to make a serious answer to Mr. Temple's observation, was driven to the subterfuge of attempting a jest, instead of an argument; he said, with a careless air, 'This fertility of learning is, no doubt, owing, in a great measure, to the quantities of port wine which is drank at the universities.'

Mr. Temple not deigning to make any return to this, the conversation took a different turn.

The same evening Mr. Barnet, who never understood irony, however obvious, being alone with his cousin Wormwood, said to him, 'I never knew that port wine was so much relished at the universities.'

'Relished!' cried Wormwood, whom the claret he had drank after dinner had put him in a gayer mood than

usual; 'that *it* it is, (continued he), most of the students, over and above all their other improvements, acquire at the universities a decided taste for port wine.'

'It is the best taste they can acquire,' said Mr. Barnet; 'for it is not only the cheapest, but also the wholesomest wine they can drink—I have always found it so.'

'It does not inspire those light airy fancies,' said Wormwood, 'which your thin sparkling French wines produce, but solid, substantial, and weighty conversation.'

'I have always found it so,' repeated Mr. Barnet.

'Port wine inspires politics as copiously as the streams of Castalia did poetry,' continued Wormwood.

'As for my part,' said Mr. Barnet, 'I never taste any stream whatever; but I have been told that the greatest politician in the kingdom drinks nothing but port wine.'

'How could he otherwise have stood so long against opposition?' rejoined Wormwood.

'I suspect,' said Mr. Barnet, 'that the leading members of opposition deal too much in your frisky French wines, and in that same stream you mentioned.'

'You think, perhaps, they had better apply to the great politician *you* mentioned, for a portion of his port,' said Wormwood.

'That is my real opinion,' answered Barnet.

'It must be owned,' said Wormwood, 'that a very great many people in this country are of the same opinion.'

Here the dialogue was interrupted by Mrs. Barnet's joining them.

Perhaps it would be too much to assert that Mr. Barnet was determined to send Edward to the university, entirely by the hopes of his acquiring a taste for port wine, and so becoming a more agreeable companion to Barnet himself; but he certainly often regretted that the boy did not relish it, and was sometimes a little out of humour with his wife for encouraging him in his abstinence; and it is also certain that the day after this conversation with Wormwood, he told Mrs. Barnet that he was resolved to send Edward to the university, on pur-

pose to finish his education. Mrs. Barnet approved ly of this measure, which was put in execution a for after.

The friendship which had so long subsisted be Edward and Clifton continued with undiminished f at the university, notwithstanding a considerable ence in their characters.

The latter displaying a fire and impetuosity of t which often overleaped the bounds of prudence o priety, while the passions of the other were more the controul of reflection.

This difference seemed to have arisen from their site situations in life, more than from any original ence in their dispositions or natural powers. One nobly descended, the heir of a considerable fortune, didly connected, surrounded by those who admir vivacity and encouraged his dissipation. The dep state in which the other was placed stimulated ex and awakened circumspection. The first state ofte duces an arrogant and unfeeling character. Th prevented in Clifton by early hints from his mothe notwithstanding her life of fashionable dissipation, woman of good understanding and great benev The second state sometimes sinks the mind into de ency; or, which is a still greater misfortune, by su ing flattery and fawning, produces an abject char this was prevented in Edward by a native fund of ness and manly pride.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

As, fore'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below:
Him emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were his elasticity and fire. Pope.

At the university Edward became acquainted with all the companions of his friend Clifton, the natural carelessness and gaiety of whose temper rendered him less delicate in his choice than he ought to have been in so important an article; the relish he had for whatever was singular and ridiculous in character led him sometimes to prefer the company of those who were so distinguished to more estimable society; from this, more than from being his kinsman, proceeded that degree of intimacy which subsisted between him and Mr. Carnaby Shadow. This young man was the son by a former marriage of Lady Mawkish, who was nearly related to Clifton's mother; he was of course son-in-law to Sir Mathew Mawkish, whose behaviour to the lame sailor on the heath it is hoped the reader has not forgot. As Sir Mathew is about to appear again on the scene, it will be proper to give some account of his birth and parentage.

It was fortunate for Sir Mathew, who valued himself for being much of a gentleman, that he was born in the city of London; for had he been born elsewhere, there is a chance that he never would have passed for a gentleman at all; for it is only in London that people of the sphere of life in which his progenitors moved could have accumulated such a quantity of riches, as, by the courtesy of England, procures the title of gentleman to the meanest of mankind.

Yet as often as Sir Mathew had occasion to mention his *family*, he pronounced the word rotundo ore, and with

as strong emphasis as if it had been emblazoned with the proudest hieroglyphics of heraldry.

All we could ever learn, however, either from written annals or oral tradition, concerning the house of Mawkish, is, that the grandfather of the present Sir Mathew was renowned for one of the best furnished slop-shops in Wapping; and that his father was for many years an eminent oilman in the environs of Dury-lane. His mother likewise distinguished herself by various improvements in the mysteries of smoking and pickling, so that the very best smoked tongues and nicest pickles in London were thought to be prepared and sold by her.

By the joint efforts of this respectable couple they accumulated a considerable fortune, with part of which they purchased a moderate estate at no great distance from London, to which, in the wane of life, they retired with their family, consisting of a son and daughter. The latter died young; the son had an university education; and on the death of his father came into the possession of a very considerable fortune, which it was the ruling passion of his mind to increase; he disdained, however, to enter into any of those lines of life which are called commercial, but determined to pursue riches with all the assiduity of a trader in a different path. His plan was to get into parliament, where he thought his genius could not fail to conduct him to greater wealth and importance. One consideration afflicted him; he thought he observed in the minister rather a prejudice against men of genius; that he chose to place in some of the most lucrative offices and nearest to himself, persons of acknowledged dulness and devoid of eloquence: he regretted this, but expected that he should have address sufficient to create an exception in his own favour. It was generally allowed that Sir Mathew possessed a very large share of vanity; yet it was sometimes a subject of dispute whether he was not more avaricious than vain. In forming his acquaintance, his rule was to connect himself with those who might assist him in his advancement in life, and never require his

assistance in return: he assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of the opulent and powerful, literally observing a maxim which had been often repeated to him by his father—

> Such a man as you would be,
> Draw into such company.

By a few years constantly employed in making this collection, he formed at last, what he thought, a brilliant assortment of friends; it must be confessed, however, that it consisted of a few fortunate knaves, a considerable number of wealthy fools, and some noble lords, mightly inclined to be of the first class, but really belonging to the second.

Sir Mathew's views enlarged with his success: as he rose in the scale of importance, his ambition augmented in force, *vires acquirit eundo*. He had no sooner purchased a seat in parliament, than he looked with the eyes of confidence to some lucrative and distinguished office. Such a mark of the minister's attention he thought he had a claim to on various accounts, particularly on that of his eloquence; a talent, which, in his own opinion, he possessed in an eminent degree, and which he was fond of displaying even in private company. He usually spoke, on the most frivolous subjects, in such a declamatory style, and delivered the most common-place sentiments with such force of emphasis and gesticulation, that an inattentive hearer might have mistaken his verbosity for the dictates of wisdom and profound reflection.

He attempted to impose, in the same manner, on the House of Commons, and for this purpose he studied a few speeches, and pronounced them with all the pomp of an actor, and all the emphasis of gesticulation: but the energy of his delivery could not give weight to matter so specially light; it was like firing loose feathers from the mouth of a cannon—much noise, but to no effect. For however the members may be divided by the spirit of party, yet neither the influence of administration, in that house,

nor the partiality of opposition, can save dulness from ridicule, nor prevent wit and eloquence from open applause: So that Mr. Mawkish's orations (for he was not then a knight) were reduced to their real value, and heard with that contempt which was their due.

When Mr. Mawkish found that his parliamentary talents did not push him up the ladder of fortune so quickly as he expected, he thought of assisting them by an advantageous marriage. He had as high an opinion of the charms of his countenance as of his oratory:—in the judgment of many, they were much on a footing, and equally insipid.

He paid his addresses to Lady Bab Shadow, by birth a woman of quality, and widow of a gentleman of that name. It was generally said that her ladyship had married Mr. Shadow from pure love; but there was no reason for this assertion, except that nobody could discover in Mr. Shadow's character and situation in life any rational inducement for a woman in her's to marry him. Lady Bab, however, after his death, called him the best of men, and declared, that although she were to live a thousand years she never would marry again, so great was her respect for his memory. Mr. Mawkish paid his addresses notwithstanding; his eloquence was more successful with Lady Bab than it had been in the House of Commons; she consented to marry him a year and one day after the death of Mr. Shadow, and consigned to her second husband all the personal charms she had formerly devoted to the first: it must be confessed the cargo was not splendid; Mr. Mawkish himself used to say, that it was not a *set of features or complexion that he admired.*

His aspiring mind was touched by contemplating her connections and her favour at court, which he thought much greater than it was in reality. While such contemplations afforded him pleasure, he was secure from one source of mortification that humbles the pride of some husbands—the lustre of his own understanding could not be obscured by the brilliancy of his lady's.

Lady Bab Mawkish was unquestionably a very weak woman; some people have asserted that she was, without exception, the silliest woman of quality about court. This was going too far, and could be believed only by those who were better acquainted with Lady Bab than with some other ladies of quality about court.

Soon after the marriage, a relation of her ladyship having been created a knight of the Bath while he was abroad, that gentleman, at Lady Bab's solicitation, appointed Mr. Mawkish to represent him at the instalment, by which proxy he obtained the honour of knighthood, and became Sir Mathew Mawkish. This trophy, which generally terminates the vista of ambition to physicians, surgeons, painters, and aldermen, did not satisfy that of Sir Mathew Mawkish: he ardently looked towards some important office, and had even hopes of obtaining a peerage at no very distant period; flattering himself that he should have his two predominant passions, avarice and ambition, fully satisfied. He was disappointed in both; the first *cannot* be satisfied, and he was not created a peer.

Yet Sir Mathew and his lady were the two most assiduous attenders of the levee and drawing-room within the bills of mortality. Besides other motives, Sir Mathew delighted in seeing his own name in the list, which, for the edification of the public, the compilers of newspapers exhibit of those who were present at the last levee: it was a great mortification to him for a considerable time to find himself neglected; but at length he fell on means to have the name of Sir Mathew Mawkish always inserted among *the distinguished characters* who had been at court the preceding day, and Lady Mawkish had every article of her dress mentioned after every birth-day.

But finding that all this personal assiduity, joined to the influence of his wife's relations and his own parliamentary talents, produced not the desired effect; perceiving that one batch of peers was created after another, without any notice being taken of him; he lost all pa-

tience; swore that the peerage was prostituted in such manner, that it was a disgrace for a gentleman to be the order; and that, for his own part, 'by God, he was determined never to be a peer;—his majesty might take it as he pleased.'

Sir Mathew had observed pretty strong symptoms of weakness in the administration, which, joined to his humour, determined him to vote with opposition—and before the end of that very session, he had the pleasure of seeing the party he had joined established in power; of course, all his hopes revived, and his aversion to a peerage abated every moment. But when he thought himself in a fair way of obtaining the object of his wishes, a new administration was suddenly formed; the party he had joined was turned out; and he himself again ranked among the opponents of administration; a situation very unsuitable to the mind of a servile worshipper of power devoted to any government or any minister, while there existed, or the other kept his place. Thus, by a most unexpected jumble in politics, Sir Mathew Mawkish, with some other unfortunate gentlemen, whose political creed was the same with his, found himself at once shuffled into opposition, and obliged to act contrary to his determination and principles. Without one sentiment in common with the leaders of the party he had joined, and incapable of tasting the spirit of their conversation, or putting a just value on their talents, he was under the necessity of voting with them. No man ever more heartily repented any act of his life than Sir Mathew Mawkish did the unfortunate fit of anger which made him desert the ministerial banners, and inlist with those who had so little chance of ever having the power to promote his interest the only motive which, in his opinion, a man of sound judgment could have for being of either party, or, indeed for being in parliament at all. And when instances were quoted of men who are actuated by no discernible motive but a regard for the interest of their country, he considered them, to whichever party they belonged, and who

ever their reputation for good sense might be, as nearly approaching to idiots.

Sir Mathew had all possible inclination to make another wheel, and return to the ministerial party; but he dreaded the resentment of his new friends, and the ridicule with which he well knew they would overwhelm him; and, therefore, although he was determined to quit them, he waited for some pretext, and in the meanwhile he attended the house less punctually than formerly. But on his hinting an intention of staying away when a debate very interesting to the party was expected; it struck even Lady Bab so much, that she said, 'Do you not risk forfeiting the friendship of the leaders of opposition, if you do not assist in promoting their measures?' To which Sir Mathew replied, 'Of what value, my dear, is the friendship of those who have nothing to bestow? As for their measures—though, no doubt, they think them calculated to bring themselves into power; yet, what is to be expected from men who never accomplish the object they have in view, or having accomplished it, allow it to escape immediately after? They are the most unlucky crew that ever ventured on the same bottom; they are constantly in storms, or with the wind blowing directly in their teeth; and if, for a wonder, a gale should spring up in their favour, when they seem ready to reach their long-wished-for harbour, the wind veers about in an instant, and puff—they are blown back into the bleak and boisterous ocean of opposition.'

Sir Mathew's displeasure at both parties gained on his mind daily, until at length detesting politics, and out of humour with himself, he retired with his lady to the country in disgust. Few of the fair sex could be less calculated than Lady Bab Mawkish to cure a man of disgust; the state of mind, therefore, in which he left town gained strength in the country; he endeavoured, indeed, to confine his ill-humour to his own family; but, like the business of a tallow-chandler, although its effects were strongest at home, yet it became also a nuisance to all the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then rising sudden to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow;
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighingly reclin'd,
And court the vapoury God soft breathing in the wind.

THOMSON.

MR. CARNABY SHADOW was educated at Westminster school, from which he was in due time sent to Oxford; he soon forgot at the latter all that he had been forced to learn at the former. After continuing three years at the university, he passed two years in the capital, without once thinking of any settled plan of life, or any body suggesting to him that any such plan was expedient; for although his fortune was originally considerable, he had already contrived to dissipate all that was left by his father in ready money; his mother's jointure absorbed a great part of his estate, and he was reduced to a very limited income. It was, therefore, suggested to Lady Bab, by a relation of her late husband, that it would be highly expedient for her son to adopt some profession. Her ladyship, being strongly impressed with the propriety of this, wrote to her son to come immediately to Sir Mathew's house in the country, as she had business of *great importance* to communicate to him.

Nothing could be more unfortunately expressed than this letter, because Carnaby had a kind of horror for the very name of business, particularly if it was of importance; and, besides, he was not very fond of his mother's company, and had a complete abhorrence of Sir Mathew's.

He therefore made one excuse after another for not leaving the town, being determined not to go near them

until this business of importance should be terminated. Lady Bab, however, became so impatient that she wrote to inform him, that since he could not come to the country, she had resolved to go to town, and would expect that he would meet her on a particular day, which she mentioned, to settle the important business. This terrified Mr. Shadow so much, that he set out directly for Bath, desiring the people at his lodgings to say, that he had gone the day before, and had not received her ladyship's letter.

Disappointed of seeing her son, Lady Bab sent for that relation of her husband who had first suggested the propriety of Carnaby's applying to some profession. She informed him of her errand to town, and at the same time asked his opinion respecting the profession which it would be most proper for her son to adopt. The gentleman mentioned the army as the most honourable; adding, that he imagined her ladyship should purchase an ensigncy in the guards without delay. To this Lady Bab answered, that the same idea had struck herself; but she understood that the king was a little too apt of late to send the guards abroad in time of war, which had obliged several valuable officers to sell out of the army.

The gentleman seemed a little surprised at her ladyship's objection, and hinted, that without seeing some service in the time of war it would be impossible to acquire the knowledge necessary for a general officer, which was a rank, no doubt, that she expected her son would attain in due time.

'I must ask your pardon,' said Lady Bab; 'I myself am acquainted with some excellent general officers, who never served abroad, or in the time of war; but my son's going into the army is out of the question, since the original use of the guards seems to be quite altered.'

'Pray what does your ladyship think was the original use of the guards?' said the gentleman.

'To defend the king and royal family at home,' replied Lady Bab; 'and, therefore, it was natural to expect that

he in return would prevent them from being exposed t dangers abroad; but his majesty, it seems, thinks othe wise, and we must submit. But as the law is the ne honourable profession to the army, I hope my son wi choose it for his profession. Having had an universit education, he is, in all respects, fitted for that line of lif in which his family connections can help his promotio as effectually as they could had he chosen the army.'

The gentleman perceiving that her ladyship asked h advice, as is usual, on a point which she had already d cided, did not take the trouble to state the objectio which occurred to him against her project; and, in con pliance with her request, he proposed it to Carnaby c his return to town.

Although this gentleman put the proposal in the mo favourable light, to render it agreeable to Carnaby, ye as he could not avoid hinting the necessity of *studying* th law before it could be turned to any account, the you was somewhat alarmed; he had been forced to study greatly against his appetite at Westminster, that he r tained an aversion to it all the time he was at Oxfor and still felt a little squeamish when the word study w mentioned.

But on being afterwards assured by an old chum, th to give him a right to practise law, it was not studyin but eating, that was requisite; that the former was e tirely optional, and often omitted by those who are call students of the law. What was indispensably necessa was, that he should eat commons twelve times; that th must take up five years to all who have not been educa ed in one or other of the English universities; where if they have had that advantage, two years would be d ducted, of course he might be called to the bar withi three years, provided that he paid his quarterly dues f twelve terms.

Carnaby was a good deal relieved by this account of t matter, and as he was a little in want of money and e pected a supply from his mother, he wished to concilia

her as much as possible, and gave her to understand that he had no objection to the study of law, and was ready to begin when she pleased.

Lady Bab was delighted with this instance of compliance in her son: she immediately caused the genteelest chambers that could be had to be taken for him. Carnaby mentioned a considerable sum that would be necessary to purchase law-books. But Lady Bab had already taken care of that, having procured from an eminent lawyer of her acquaintance an ample list of books, which she informed her son were already ordered, and would be sent to his chambers as soon as they could be got ready. This was somewhat of a disappointment to Carnaby, who had no intention to expend on books the whole sum he expected to be advanced for his library. It was some consolation, however, when he saw them brought home, and arranged according to their various ranks on the shelves; for his mother had ordered them to be all bound in red morocco and magnificently gilt, so that they had more the appearance of a gay assembly of officers of the guards, all glittering in their full uniforms, than being related in the smallest degree to the sable brotherhood of Westminster-hall.

When Carnaby did not know what to do with himself, which was often the case, he sometimes made a journey to Oxford to see his young cousin Clifton, and became acquainted with all his companions. Being considerably older than any of them, and looked on as a man of fashion, those youths were highly flattered by being of the party when he came to pass a day or two with Clifton, who was too apt to be enticed to return the visit, and sometimes persuaded Edward to accompany them to the capital, where Carnaby made them acquainted with companions far more dangerous than himself.

At the university, Carnaby had been considered as one of the best-natured fellows in the world; he seemed to have no object nor will of his own, but continually agreed to whatever was proposed by others; and when no one

was at hand to suggest what should be done, he lounged from one place to another, so entirely devoid of thought, that when he returned home he could no more give any account of where he had been than if his legs had walked away with his head and body, without consulting the former in the least on the subject. This indolence and indifference extended even to his dress, which alarmed Lady Bab with the apprehension that he would degenerate into a sloven. Her ladyship, however, was not allowed to remain long under this dread; for soon after he came to town, he took a new turn, and from a sloven became a fop.

Although Carnaby had frequently found time a great load at the university, yet on his first coming to London he thought it equally oppressive; for it had been represented to him, that eating and keeping terms were not all that was necessary to give the reputation of knowledge in the law; that it was also incumbent on him, at certain seasons of the year, to remain several hours every day in his chambers; and, as often as any body called for him, to be found with two or three large law-folios open on the table before him. This Carnaby thought so intolerable a slavery, that although he was assured of its being the universal practice, he never submitted to it, except when he knew that Lady Mawkish was in town, because she was apt to carry her acquaintance to admire the library and learning of her son. But as soon as he knew that she had set out for the country, he neglected his folios, and turned his attention to dress.

A bias to this kind of foppery is a misfortune to a mind of any vigour, which is capable of being turned to objects of importance; but to a mind entirely relaxed by indolence it may rather be an advantage, by warding off weariness, and precluding a taste for drinking or other pernicious resources.—It certainly helped Carnaby to get over many an hour which hung heavy on his hands; for the accuracy and minuteness with which he attended to all the variations of dress, as they appeared on the great

leaders of fashion, were astonishing to those who were acquainted with his former indifference and inattention. And as soon as he made any new discovery, whether in the height of the cape of the frock, the cut of its sleeve, or in the length of the breeches, he communicated it to his own tailor, by whose rapid industry, although Carnaby was merely a copier, he sometimes passed for the original inventor. And as boots and buckskin breeches are essential articles in a British coxcomb's wardrobe, he was profusely provided with both; indeed none of the most eminent collectors of the age, a few persons of high rank and fortune excepted, surpassed him in the variety of switches, horse-whips, shoe-buckles, shirt-pins, seals, and watch-chains, which adorned his museum. The hair-dresser, with the help of the sportsman's calendar and Harris's list, cleared him without a great deal of yawning of two hours immediately before dinner; after which he was seldom at a loss, having the playhouse or opera till eleven at night, and Ranelagh or the tavern until three in the morning, when he was not engaged to some ball or private dance, to which and to dinner he received frequent invitations; which, with the cards of his visitors, were attentively placed on his chimney, such as were graced with titles being conspicuously mustered in the front, while the lower order occupied the centre and rear ranks.

CHAPTER XXX.

Creatures of every kind but ours
Will comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day. SWIFT.

CLIFTON and Edward happened to be at Carnaby's chamber one day, when Lady Bab Mawkish entered. Clifton had always been a great favourite with her ladyship; but

she had heard, with indignation, that he had formed a intimacy with a youth of low birth, and had intended t take the first opportunity of remonstrating with him on th impropriety of such a connection; but when Clifton pr sented Edward to her, she was so struck with the beaut and symmetry of his face and person, that she change her resolution, and engaged all the three to dine with h the day following; and afterwards made Clifton promi to visit her in the country, and bring his friend with him as soon as they could leave the university for a week c two.

The two youths went soon after, and were accompanie by Carnaby; they were received with kindness by Lad Bab, and with the appearance of it by Sir Mathew, wh thought it his interest to pay respect to one of Clifton family, and on his account was also civil to Edward. A though Sir Mathew lived at no great distance from M Barnet's family, they were little acquainted; he despise Barnet as a mere cit, unconnected with people of qualit —but at present Sir Mathew had a point to carry in th country, in which he had no hopes of succeeding, Barnet, whose interest was more affected by it tha that of any other, should oppose him. This circum stance Sir Mathew communicated to his lady, and she directly began to cultivate an acquaintance with M and Mrs. Barnet, which grew to some degree of int macy.

Sir Mathew invited them to dinner, while Clifton an Edward were with him. Miss Barnet had left her board ing school some time before, but she was at this period a Brighton with Mrs. Temple, who had gone there on ac count of her health. Carnaby also happened to be absen from this dinner, which gave Lady Mawkish more free dom to expatiate on the promising talents and high ex pectations of her son, and the figure he was likely to mak as a lawyer and statesman;—this was a favourite topi with her ladyship.

Mr. Barnet happened to observe, 'that if he should

turn out to be a good lawyer, there was no need of his being a statesman also.'

'It is of importance, however,' said Sir Mathew, 'to a man who is in parliament to be at the same time of a *profession*, because that circumstance can do him no harm while his friends are in power, and may be of great use,' added he, with a sigh, 'in case they should, by any cursed accident, be turned out.'

'What is the best profession, do you think, for a statesman to be of?' said Mr. Barnet.

'No profession is so lucrative as the law,' answered Sir Mathew.

'I beg your pardon,' rejoined Mr. Barnet; 'the mercantile is as lucrative at least.'

'The mercantile leads to riches, but not to honours,' said Lady Mawkish.

'It is a great honour to be rich, an please your ladyship,' said Mr. Barnet.

'I was just going to say so,' added Sir Mathew.

'But it is still greater honour,' rejoined Lady Mawkish, 'both to be rich, and lord chancellor of England.'

'I do not fully perceive,' said Mr. Barnet, after ruminating a little, 'how the lord chancellor (begging your ladyship's pardon) comes to be introduced at present.'

'I made the observation, Mr. Barnet,' replied Lady Mawkish, 'because my son is to be immediately called to the bar; and considering his connections and abilities, there can be little doubt, sooner or later, of his arriving at that dignity; which proves that the profession of law is preferable for him.'

'Push round the bottle, Mr. Wormwood,' said Sir Mathew, a little out of countenance, and wishing to change the subject of discourse.

'I beg leave to drink the health of my lord chancellor Carnaby Shadow,' said Mr. Wormwood filling a bumper.

Observing that some relations of Carnaby's who were present, seemed still more uneasy than Sir Mathew; and

and that Mr. Wormwood was sharpening all the weapons of his ridicule, Mrs. Barnet put her husband in mind that they had a good way to drive, and had best order the carriage.

They set out a little after, and were accompanied in the coach by Mr. Wormwood.

What Lady Mawkish had said respecting the profession of the law had made a strong impression on the mind of Mr. Barnet; after a pretty long silence, he asked his wife abruptly, 'If she did not think that the business of a lawyer was one of the best that a young man could be bred to?'

It struck Mrs. Barnet at the instant, that her husband's question regarded Edward, as Mr. Barnet had, on former occasions, spoken to her respecting the profession he ought to be bred to; but she had, with her usual address, procrastinated any decision on that head, until he should have remained a sufficient time at the university, which being now accomplished, she answered, 'that the business of a lawyer was one of the best that a young man could follow, provided that he was thoroughly well educated, of quick parts, and capable of strong application.'

'I am precisely of the same way of thinking,' resumed Mr. Barnet; 'which makes me very much repent my not having followed that profession myself, according to my grandmother's advice.'

Mrs. Barnet was so much stunned with this observation, that she could hardly draw her breath. Her husband continued.—

'If I had entered at the Temple when my grandmother first proposed it, I should have certainly been at this moment chief-justice of the Common Pleas, instead of the present chief-justice.'

'Without disputing the *probability* of the thing,' said Mr. Wormwood, 'I do not see the absolute *certainty* of it, even although you had taken your grandmother's advice.'

Mr. Wormwood had no sooner finished his observation,

than Mrs. Barnet threw him such a look of disapprobation as determined him to suppress his sarcasms and irony for the rest of the journey; for he had the highest respect for her, and was unwilling to disoblige her.

But Mr. Barnet directly answered, 'I must of course have been chief-justice before him, because he did not enter as a student at any of the inns of court until a full year after my grandmother proposed that I should.'

Perceiving signs of distress in his wife's countenance, 'I see, my dear,' continued Mr. Barnet, 'that this makes you uneasy, and therefore I am sorry I mentioned it, and will endeavour never to mention or put you in mind of it again; although I must confess that it is cursedly provoking to reflect that I have lost so good a place, merely by a little childish obstinacy; for I am told that an exceeding good salary is annexed to the office of chief-justice; and every body knows that a judge has nothing to do but to sit on a cushion and deliver his opinion, which, be it right or wrong, nobody dares contradict; besides, no set of men live better than your judges, as I myself can attest, having sometimes dined with them at the assizes.'

Mrs. Barnet being unable, and Wormwood afraid to speak, a considerable silence ensued; at length Barnet resumed.

'Pray, my dear, was it not for a public oration that Edward obtained one of the gold medals, when he was at school?'

'The last he got,' replied Mrs. Barnet, 'was for a Latin oration, which was much admired.'

'Well,' resumed Mr. Barnet, '*it stands to reason* that he could make English orations fully as well, and for them, instead of two or three gold medals, he may get two or three thousand golden guineas, perhaps, in one year.'

'I do not know what you mean, my dear,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'I mean,' replied her husband, 'that Edward had

best become a lawyer, and make orations in Westminster-hall. I am convinced he will succeed every bit as well as Mr. Carnaby Shadow, for all Lady Bab's boasting.'

'I am convinced of that also, my dear,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Then it does not signify talking,' rejoined her husband, 'Edward shall begin to study the law without more delay; for who knows, my dear, but that he may obtain the promotion I missed, and thereby be enabled to reimburse me for all the expense I have been at on his account.'

Barnet had a sincere regard for Edward; nobody's company gave him more satisfaction, and Mrs. Barnet found little difficulty in making him advance all the money necessary for the youth's education and expenses; yet the native meanness of Barnet's mind was ever apt to discover itself, in spite of all the pains his wife took to give him a more generous way of thinking.

Perceiving that she blushed at what he had last said, he immediately added, 'Do not imagine that I grudge the expense I have been at on Edward's account; I only say, my dear, that it would be a *satisfaction* if he were in a situation to enable him to shew his gratitude.'

'It is impossible to be more grateful than he is,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'*That* I would risk my life upon,' added Wormwood.

'I do not dispute it,' rejoined Barnet; 'though I must confess that I have known people who professed a vast deal of gratitude as long as they were unable to make any return for the benefits they had received, and yet seemed to have very little when they had it in their power to repay them.

'I am certain that our Edward is not of that disposition,' said Mrs. Barnet, with earnestness.

'I hope not,' replied her husband, 'and I do not think he is; all that I say is, that it will be a *satisfaction* to me, and also to you, I dare to say, to see him repay the whole

expence we have been at on his account, including the lawful interest, because that would put his gratitude out of doubt; and after all, it would detract nothing from my generosity, since I could not be positively certain when I advanced the money on his account, whether he ever would have the power and inclination to repay me or not.'

'I will answer for the inclination,' cried Mrs. Barnet.

'Truly, my dear,' replied her husband, 'if he has not the power, the inclination is a mere matter of moonshine; for which reason, if he never has the one, I shall not trouble you, nor any body else, to become responsible for the other.'

When they came home, Mrs. Barnet went directly to her own apartment, and left the two gentlemen seated in the parlour.

'I should be glad to know, my good friend,' said Wormwood, 'whether you do not feel very *comfortable*, when you reflect on the services you have rendered to so fine a young man as Edward?'

'To be sure I do,' answered Barnet; 'I have felt something of that nature almost every day since my wife first brought him to the house.'

'Perhaps you have had nearly as much satisfaction in such reflections, as in the recollection of the most magnificent dinner you ever gave?'

'A great deal more,' replied Barnet; 'for I recollect having given magnificent dinners to people I hate.'

'Possibly,' continued Wormwood, 'the reflections I allude to have been as comfortable to you as even the best dinner you ever eat yourself.'

'I cannot say quite so much as that,' replied Barnet; 'because nothing can be so comfortable as a good dinner while one is eating it; though it sometimes lies a little heavy on the stomach after it is over; whereas the reflections you mention makes one's heart the easier and lighter the longer they continue.'

'The wisest thing we can do then, my friend,' said

Wormwood, ' is, to lay in store that kind of nourishment which is the most pleasant of digestion.'

Edward himself had, like most youths at a certain age, an inclination for the army, and had given Mrs. Barnet some hints to that purpose; but she being averse to that plan, did not encourage it, and he lost hopes of it so much, that when the scheme of his studying law was proposed to him, as the most agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, he expressed no reluctance, although he was by no means fond of the profession.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil.
——————— If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

MILTON.

AN occurrence took place a little before this period, which did much honour to Edward.

He had been long fond of the exercise of skating, in which, as in most others, he displayed uncommon address. While he was indulging himself in this amusement, with many others, the ice broke under one young man at a place where the water was deep enough to have drowned him; all who were near him fled immediately to the shore. Edward, at some distance, and with the graceful rapidity of *the feathered mercury*, was gliding over the surface when he saw the confusion, and heard an exclamation, that young Lord Fillagree would certainly be drowned. He immediately checked his course, and then moved towards the youth, whom he beheld holding by

the edge of the ice, and struggling to extricate himself; but as often as he made an effort to get out of the water, the ice broke, and he again fell in.—Several who observed Edward's intention called to him not to proceed, for if he did, he could only lose his own life, without saving the other's. Notwithstanding this prudent advice, he persisted in advancing towards the young man, who, despairing of the success of his own efforts, kept his hands and arms above the sound part of the ice, and cried loudly and incessantly for assistance. As Edward approached, he begged him to be silent, and then holding his handkerchief by one corner, he threw the other to Fillagree, at the same time extending his arm to the utmost, that he might keep the weight of his own body as far as possible from the broken part of the ice, and that the sound might have the better chance of sustaining the youth when he should get upon it.—At that instant a sailor, who had not before been on the ice, but viewed the scene from the shore, ran towards Edward, calling, 'Avast, avast, brother; the sliders on which you stand have no hold; that squalling lubber is more likely to drag you to the bottom than you to heave him above board, or tow him ashore; catch fast hold of this here with your larboard hand.' So saying, he jerked the end of a piece of rope to Edward, while he himself stood firm on the ice, holding the other end. 'Now, boys, bear a hand,' cried he; 'hilloa, pull away.' It now appeared that the weakest parts of the ice had been already broken by the repeated exertions of the young lord; for when by a new effort he got above the ice it did not give way; and holding by the end of the handkerchief, he was pulled to a safe part of the ice by Evilen and the sailor.—The latter, after contemplating the young lord with a look of contempt, said,—'Zounds, what a squalling you did make, friend; d——n me if I have not seen a whole ship's crew go to the bottom with less noise than came from your single jaw-port.'

Edward could not help laughing at this speech of the

sailor. Whether it was the shivering condition in whi Lord Fillagree was that deprived him of recollection, his being offended at the sailor's speech and Edwar laughing, cannot be known, but he certainly went aw with all the expedition he could, and without saying word to either.

Edward then, shaking the sailor by the hand, offer him a guinea for his assistance in saving the young lo from being drowned.

'He is not worth the money, by G—d,' said the sa or.

Edward begged him to take it.

'Well, since you insist upon it, master, I'll accept your guinea,' resumed the sailor; 'but on my conscien you have a hard bargain.'

Lord Fillagree went abroad soon after, without wai ing on Edward, or ever expressing any sense of oblig tion.

At that time Edward was involved in a species of di tress which he had hitherto been unacquainted with. young man happened to be present when he received remittance from Mrs. Barnet to clear off his year's a counts, and supply him with money for the immedia exigencies of the present term. This youth earnestly a plied to Edward for the use of the whole, on a plausib pretext, and with the strongest assurances of repaying within a certain time. Edward relying upon this, i trusted him with the whole; but two days before t term of repayment, the borrower left the university i many people's debt. This event afflicted Edward ve much. Several tradesmen had given in their account with intimation, that they were in great need of the m ney. When he reflected on the generosity which Mr Barnet had always shewn in regulating his allowance, augmented his distress; he felt the greatest reluctan from communicating this affair to her; he would have a plied with less uneasiness to Clifton, but on his first g ing to the university, she had advised him never to ho

row money from his fellow-students. Besides, Clifton had been for some time at the house of the earl of Frankvil, to whom he was related. As Oxford was on the road between this nobleman's house and the capital, he always sent for Clifton as he passed, and the youth had presented Edward to him; in consequence of which, and of the style in which Clifton spoke of his companion, Edward had been invited with Clifton to Frankvil-house. This invitation he had declined.

When Clifton returned, he assured Edward that he was a prodigious favourite with the earl, who had heard of his adventure with Lord Fillagree. 'Notwithstanding his regret that the puppy was not drowned,' added Clifton, 'the earl admires your conduct exceedingly, and he told me in express terms that I should not be a welcome guest at Frankvil-house, unless I took you with me; and repeatedly in the hearing of a pretty numerous company expressed a strong inclination to serve you; and what he expressed I am sure he sincerely wishes to have an opportunity of performing, for he is in all respects a man of honour.'

While the two friends were talking on this subject, a letter was delivered to Edward. He shewed marks of indignation while he read it.

'That epistle does not seem of an agreeable tenor,' said Clifton.

'Yet it relates to Lord Frankvil and you,' replied Edward, handing him the letter—which Clifton read as follows.—

'SIR,

'This will inform you that the living of ——— is just become vacant; it is in the gift of the earl of Frankvil. The writer hereof is willing to pay into your hands the sum of £500, provided you will use all your influence with his lordship to bestow that living on a certain clergyman of great piety and learning, who will be mentioned to you. You shall have security, I say, that £500 will be paid to

pride of my life to be considered as his friend; but I have a strong reason for wishing that he should not know that I ever presumed to mention him to your lordship.'

The noble lord then assured him that it should be as he desired.

Edward's reason was founded on an idea that Mr. Temple might be a little hurt in having it believed that he was indebted for this piece of good fortune to the recommendation of an obscure youth; and that it would afford him satisfaction to think he derived it from the influence of his own reputation on the mind of the earl.

CHAPTER XXXII.

> Dullness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
> Rememb'ring she herself was pertness once.
>
> POPE.

Sir Mathew Mawkish and his lady continued to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet with the greatest assiduity; it was more difficult for her ladyship to succeed with Mrs. Barnet than for Sir Mathew to gain on the mind of her husband. What rendered Lady Mawkish's company more agreeable, however, than it otherwise would have been to Mrs. Barnet, was the favourable manner she always spoke of Edward, who had now left the university, and had chambers in the Temple. He passed most of the recess at Mr. Barnet's house in the country, and Lady Mawkish's visits were more frequent while he was there than at other times. Her ladyship often recommended to the youth to cultivate the acquaintance of her son, who, from his superior knowledge and experience, she observed, would be an useful adviser to a young man just beginning the study of law; and to Mr. Barnet she hinted, that Carnaby's talents and connections would speedily raise him to situations in which he might be of great use to Ed-

ward. She expressed, however, some regret that her son had unfortunately neglected being called to the bar, which he was entitled to have been at the preceding term, and enjoined Edward to put him in mind, when he returned to town, to take the necessary steps for that purpose at the ensuing one.

When Edward returned to London, he called one day on his friend Clifton, with whom he found Mr. Carnaby Shadow, who immediately proposed that they should dine together at a tavern; Clifton readily assented; and Carnaby said, that as he was on his way to Hyde-park, he should order dinner at the tavern as he passed. He then left them, and mounted his horse, which was at the door, and which being a new purchase, he was impatient to exhibit in the streets and in the Park.

'What an easy tempered good-natured fellow he is,' said Edward.

'But wonderfully insipid in a morning,' said Clifton.

'I observe that you are more apt to push the bottle when he is in company, than at other times,' said Edward; 'you are never at rest till you get him half tipsy.'

'Certainly,' replied Clifton; 'and don't you know the reason?'

'I cannot say I do,' answered Edward.

'Because,' said Clifton, 'small beer, when brisk and frothy, is sometimes agreeable enough; but when flat, there is no swallowing it.'

When they met at dinner, and when Mr. Shadow had attained what Clifton thought his most amusing point, Edward, recollecting Lady Bab's injunction, told him, that his mother was impatient for his appearance at the bar as a counsellor.

'To tell you a secret,' said Carnaby, 'I would just as soon appear at the bar as a prisoner.'

'That is a secret, which I confess I should not have expected from one of the profession you have chosen

'D——n the profession!' cried Carnaby; 'it was none of my choosing; I hate it mortally.'

'What reason can you have for so strong an aversion

'What reason! What reason!' repeated Carnaby; 'very good, a very solid reason.'

'That I should expect, of course,' said Edward.

'Clearly,' added Clifton, 'as it has so much weig with you! but, after all, on what is it founded?'

'On what is it founded!' exclaimed Carnaby; 'wh on those cursed eternal periwigs which counsellors a obliged to wear in all weathers, when they appear at t bar; no consideration on earth could prevail on me make myself look so like a gigg; and if I were willing, don't believe my head could support one of those hideo periwigs for an hour together.'

'You think then,' said Clifton, 'that to be a lawy it is necessary to have a very strong head.'

'Whatever is necessary, my aversion to those d—— periwigs is unsurmountable.'

'That is unlucky,' said Edward, 'considering wh Lady Mawkish has in view for you.'

'True,' cried Clifton; 'for if you boggle so much the tie-wig of a simple counsellor, how could you sup that enormous weight of periwig which the head of e chancellor of Great Britain is doomed to bear?'

'They shall doom my head to the block sooner, plied Carnaby.

'Only imagine,' rejoined Clifton, 'to be awfully ed on a wool-pack, during a whole session of parlia

'Dreadful!' cried Carnaby.

'Sessions after sessions,' added Clifton.

'Shocking! shocking!' exclaimed Carnaby.

'Not to mention the chance of a trial by impea at Westminster-hall,' said Edward.

'Name it not,' cried Carnaby.

'There obliged to remain,' continued Edward winter to midsummer in sight of *all manner of* hearing examinations, and cross-examinations, and replies, sufficient to confound the clearest Christendom, even although it were not buried luminous mass of horse-hair.'

'Fogh! Fogh!' cried Carnaby.

'He is almost choked with the bare idea,' said Clifton.

'Eh gad, and so I am!' resumed Carnaby; 'and rather than be suffocated in that lingering manner, I would choose to be buried at once in my cool grave.'

'This, however, is supposing the worst that could happen,' resumed Edward; 'for even if you were to proceed in the profession of a lawyer, you might possibly escape being buried alive in a chancellor's wig; at all events I think you ought to make *an effort* to please your mother, by appearing, for once at least, in the wig of a counsellor.'

'Curse efforts,' cried Carnaby; 'I always detested them, and never could make one in my life.'

'Forgive me,' said Edward; 'I think I could put you in mind of a very vigorous effort, which Mr. Clifton and I were witnesses to your making of your own accord.'

'I do not know what you mean,' said Carnaby.

'Nor I,' added Clifton.

'Do you not remember,' resumed Edward, 'our calling one morning at your chambers, when we found you struggling, with all your might, to squeeze yourself into a new pair of buckskin breeches? I am sure I shall never forget the strenuous efforts you made on that occasion.'

'Why, on that occasion, you shewed yourself capable of the most laudable exertions,' rejoined Clifton.

'The most pains-taking man on earth could not have pushed more earnestly to gain a livelihood for himself and family,' added Edward, 'than you did to carry your point on that occasion.

'Yes,' replied Carnaby; 'but that was a different affair.'

'It must be confessed,' added Clifton, 'that studying law is one thing, and pulling on a pair of breeches is another.'

'Assuredly,' resumed Edward; 'for many people drop the one, who wish to wear the other all their lives.'

'What I meant to say,' replied Carnaby, 'was, that

studying the law is a bore, and disturbs one's head whereas—'

'Tight breeches,' said Clfton, 'pinch elsewhere.'

'I remember, however,' rejoined Carnaby, 'that on the occasion you allude to, I was very much puzzled whether to proceed or draw back.'

'Like Macbeth, you recollected,' said Edward, 'that

——should you wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Dangerous Connections.

From the time that Edward left the university he had been principally intent on the study of history, the nature of government, the spirit of laws in general, and other kinds of knowledge which are rather preparatory to, than forming a part of the business of a lawyer.

His mind being delighted with these studies, he pursued them with eagerness and success.

But when he came to apply himself to the study of the municipal law, and the forms of the courts, he found more laborious, because less entertaining, and he was the more readily led into dissipation. No young man could have more natural ease and less affected wisdom; his dislike of formality and reserve was sometimes made use of by his young companions, as a means to seduce him to be of their parties. In general, his good sense and steadiness enabled him to reject their proposals, except when they were supported by his friend Clifton, whose fondness for humour made him find entertainment in the ridicule as well as the talents of those with whom he kept company. As Edward seldom could resist the importunities of Clifton, he sometimes had cause to repent the excesses into which he was led, the effects of which ge

rally extended a day or two beyond that in which they were committed; so that one night, disagreeably spent with Carnaby and his companions, generally lost two days study to Edward.

Among Carnaby's most intimate companions, one was devoted to the bottle, another to play; the first, whose name was Myrtle, had early in life lived two years with a relation in the country, who being an habitual drunkard, had gradually seduced him into frequent intoxication. This young man had once promised better things. At the time on which he first went to reside with this unfortunate relation, he was of an active temper, of a most obliging disposition, a lover of sincerity, with great natural quickness, some desire of fame,—the most blessed of all dispositions for a man of fortune; because it is the source of improvement, and the best preservative against that miserable bane of men of fortune, *ennui*. Of all the contrivances to exclude this intruding demon from the mind of man, the most debasing and destructive is, the use of intoxicating liquors; that pernicious habit blunts all desire of improvement, deadens emulation, obscures the understanding, sinks the soul into sluggishness, renders men insensible to the love of reputation, familiarizes them with the idea of contempt, and extinguishes every [illegible]ment but that maudlin delirium excited by spirituous liquors, which soon hurries them to their graves.

Poor Myrtle was advancing to this deplorable state; he rose every morning with a confused head and heart, filled with remorse; his nerves unstrung, and his temper unsupportable. For those complaints he sought a cure in the very source of his disease; and did not recover any degree of ease and good humour until he had lodged a considerable quantity of strong liquor in his stomach: this proved a most treacherous palliative; all his ailments recurring with augmented force the succeeding day, and requiring an increased dose to alleviate them. The only comfortable part of his life, therefore, (if any part of such a life could be called comfortable), began

some time *after* dinner; as for the dinner itself it afforded him none, so completely was his appetite destroyed; but after a certain number of glasses, his ill-humour gradually diminished, and as the bottle continued to circulate, he advanced in cheerfulness to a certain point, at which his ideas from gay became confused, acquiring every moment more and more obscurity, until he was carried, in a state of stupor, to bed.

Having thus perverted the faculties of the youth's mind, and blunted all his powers of enjoyment, his obliging relation died, and left him a large estate to enjoy; and the young man was often quoted as one of the most fortunate men in the kingdom.

Mr. Shuffle was Carnaby's other companion. He in reality hated wine, although he sometimes affected a great disposition for jollity; he then promoted drinking, while, with all the address he was master of, he passed the bottle, and often assumed the appearance of being flustered when his senses were quite clear, which appeared as soon as the cards or dice were introduced; but if by any accident, in spite of his caution and address, he felt his memory or presence of mind disturbed, no entreaty could prevail on him to play.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit. JUVEN.

Mr. Carnaby Shadow was a loser by both his companions; one injured his health, the other his purse. Although he had no taste for wine, and disliked gaming, he was in danger of falling a sacrifice to both, from a weakness he had in common with many better men; namely, an inability of resisting solicitation. Had Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Shuffle been men of rank, or greatly dis-

tinguished as men of fashion, Carnaby would infallibly have become a drunkard or a gamester; but as they were neither, he never thought of them when they were out of his sight, and never fell into their peculiar vices but from their importunity. Carnaby had another weakness of a less dangerous, but a more ridiculous nature; that of imitating the dress and peculiarities of every fashionable man with whom he was acquainted. If he happened to pass a short time with a person of this description who spoke quick, Carnaby's words were observed soon after to flow more rapidly than usual; and this increased velocity continued until he met with a more distinguished person who spoke slow; but if that person was absolutely a stutterer, Carnaby was observed to take as much pains to check certain words, as his noble model did to pronounce them. He was at one time seized with a convulsive shake of his head, which lasted near two months; at another he seemed to be almost deaf, and was not cured of the affectation till a certain noble lord had quite recovered his hearing. Carnaby had always shewn a partiality for red wines; but on hearing a noble duke declare that he preferred white, Mr. Shadow, for a considerable space of time, confined himself to sherry and champagne. These ridicules, joined to his excessive good nature, rendered his company highly amusing to Mr. Clifton, whose enjoyment was greatly increased when he could persuade Edward to partake in it. On one occasion, Carnaby having engaged Mr. Clifton to accompany him to certain races, the latter prevailed on Edward to be of the party. The day after the three young gentlemen had set out, Mr. Shuffle called at Carnaby's lodgings, and understanding from the servant that on their return from the races they intended to dine at a particular inn on the road, at no great distance from town, he formed the design of meeting them there. Without explaining his intentions to Mr. Myrtle, he persuaded him to accompany him in a visit to an acquaintance of both, who had a house near the same road, but several miles

farther from town than the inn in question. Mr. Shuffle's scheme was to meet the three youths at the inn, and to engage them in play after dinner, when Myrtle should have warmed them with wine.

When Mr. Shuffle and Myrtle arrived at the inn, they saw Edward and Carnaby standing in the court. The latter told them they had just arrived; that Clifton had left them immediately after the races to visit a relation, but they expected two other gentlemen, for whom they had ordered dinner, and that he hoped Messrs. Shuffle and Myrtle would be of the party. Although Shuffle was disappointed when he heard that Clifton was not to come, he expressed much joy at this accidental rencontre, as he called it, and accepted the invitation. Myrtle went directly to inquire about the wines, and took a glass of Madeira by way of trial.

In paying the last post, Shuffle finding there was an overplus of nine shillings, gave it to the two postillions who had driven Myrtle and him.

As he ordered this ample recompense with a loud and boasting voice, he was heard by another postillion who at that instant drove a chaise and pair into the court. A decent looking woman, but whose features bore the marks of sorrow and adversity, stepped out of the chaise; she immediately inquired if any stage coach for London was expected to pass soon; and being told that one would pass within half an hour, she said that provided there was room she would proceed by that conveyance. She then paid the postillion his fare, and gave him a shilling for himself. Th fellow looking at it scornfully, said with an insolent tone to the lady, 'What is this for, mistress.' To which she mildly replied, 'I am sorry, friend, I cannot afford to give you any more at present; for to say the truth, I have scarcely money sufficient to clear my expenses to London.'

'If I had known as much,' retorted the fellow, 'damn me if I should have driven so fast. Ay, Jack,' continued he, addressing one of the postillions who had driven Shuffle

and Myrtle, 'you have met with two generous gentlemen, but I have picked up a shilling b—ch, by God.'

'Yor don't expect always to have the best luck, do you?' said the other. 'Don't you remember the last time we met that I received only eighteen pence for driving two officers sixteen miles, and I saw you get half a crown for bringing one man ten.'

'What the devil could you expect from two beggarly officers in the army?' resumed the first postillion; 'whereas the gentleman that I drove that day was a master butcher in Clare-market.'

At the commencement of this dialogue, the lady had walked into the inn. The grooms and footmen who filled the court applauded the postillion's wit with loud laughter, in which they were joined by Shuffle and Carnaby. Edward was otherwise affected.

Having followed the lady into a parlour, he found her wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

'Pray, madam,' said he, 'do not allow the brutality of that fellow to affect you too much; he is really not worth your notice.'

'I know it, sir,' said the lady; 'and it is not his rudeness that affects me; but the reflection on my own irreparable misfortune, in the loss of him, who used to protect me from such insults.' Here she burst anew into tears, and continued for some minutes to sob as if her heart were breaking.

When she seemed to have recovered herself a little, 'I hope you will forgive me, madam,' said Edward, in the most respectful manner; 'but I heard you hint that your finances were slender at present; may I beg therefore that you will oblige me by accepting of this trifle, till you are in easier circumstances.'

The lady looking with surprise at him, said, 'You are extremely good, sir; but I believe I have money enough to carry me to town, where I am not without hopes of getting a supply e'er it be long.'

'Why should you run any risk, madam?' replied he

with earnestness; 'you may not find your friends directly on your arrival; what I offer is a trifle—only five guineas—for which I have no immediate use, and you shall repay them when you please. I earnestly beg your acceptance of them. Pray do, madam, you will indeed oblige me very much.'

The lady desiring to know to whom she was obliged, and taking his address, at length yielded to his entreaties, and accepted the five guineas.

When Edward withdrew, to his pleasure and surprise he met Mr. Temple in the passage. That gentleman had arrived some hours before on his way to London, and had been detained at the inn by an incident that shall be explained in due time.

While he sat in an upper room, he had heard the laughter of the grooms and footmen, and on one of the waiters entering, he asked what was the occasion of all that mirth? 'They are laughing,' answered the fellow, 'at a kind of a gentlewoman who is just arrived in a post-chaise. Scarcely having money enough to hold out the remaining posts, she could give the postillion only a shilling, which to be sure is a little upon the shabby order in such rainy weather; and she now sits moping by herself, until the arrival of the stage-coach, which to be sure is more fitter, an' please your honour, for such second-hand gentry, than a post-chaise.'

Mr. Temple desired to be shewn where the lady was, in a manner that indicated displeasure.

'I meant no offence, please your honour,' said the waiter. 'I always respects the cloth, because they orders the best of whatever is in the house, and sometimes allows to waiters genteelly.'

Mr. Temple having again desired to be shewn to the lady, was informed that a gentleman was with her. Waiting until he could speak to her alone, he met Edward, and being at the same instant told that the lady was disengaged, he desired Edward to wait a few minutes for him in another room. Mr. Temple himself then went to

the parlour in which the lady was, and in the most delicate terms made her an offer of the same nature with that which he had prevailed on her to accept.

'This is very surprising,' exclaimed the lady, 'that two proposals of this nature should be made to me in one day.' She then assured him that he had been anticipated in his generous intention, and that she no longer stood in need of the assistance he seemed so willing to lend.

Mr. Temple had no notion that Edward was the person who had been with the lady when he met him in the passage; but he shewed great satisfaction as soon as he discovered from her description that it was so.

'I presume, sir,' said the lady, 'that charming youth is a near relation of yours; sure I am, your souls are akin.'

Mr. Temple bowed without farther explanation, and then hinted a desire that she would place the same confidence in him that she had in Edward, and oblige him by accepting his offer also. To this the lady replied, 'that she was not quite satisfied with herself for having yielded to the entreaties of his friend. It is possible,' continued she, 'that I may not have need of the money he has lent me; but there was so much goodness in his motive for making me the offer, so much candour and benevolence in his countenance, and such delicate earnestness in his manner, that I found them irresistible; and when I accepted, it was really in some degree to oblige him. The same motives would have made the same impression,' continued she, 'had your humane proposal preceded his; but you see, my good sir, there is no longer the same necessity.'

Mr. Temple seeming uneasy at her persisting in her refusal, the lady added, 'I am exceedingly sensible, sir, of your goodness; and although your young friend was in too much hurry to hear my story, perhaps you will have patience to learn something of the person you are so ready to oblige.'

She then informed Mr. Temple, that she was the widow of an officer of the artillery, who had died in the West Indies; that she had one son, a youth of about thirteen, who was at school in London; that she had hardly any thing to maintain herself and this boy, except the pension of a subaltern officer's widow; that she had been living with a relation in the country for a considerable time, on purpose to enable her to pay her son's expenses at school, and was now on her way to town to see her son, and make interest to get him received as a cadet on the establishment at Woolwich.

Mr. Temple said, he was happy she had informed him of her errand to London, because he had hopes that it would be in his power to promote her views, as he had the honour of being known to the master-general of the ordnance, and would certainly speak to him in favour of her son; adding, that from the known attention he paid to the duties of his office, and the patronage he willingly bestowed on the sons of officers, there was little room to doubt of success.

The lady poured forth a profusion of grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Temple, while he wrote in his pocket-book the name and situation of the school where her son was, with her own address, that he might know where to find them in London.

The waiter entered to inform her that the stage-coach was arrived; that he had secured her a place, as one of the passengers was to go no farther in the coach; and that it would not proceed for near an hour, by which time he hoped that the rain, which was very violent, would abate.

On leaving the lady, Mr. Temple found Edward in the passage. The coachman having assisted a young woman with an infant in her arms, from the coach-box, was leading her, drenched with rain, and the water pouring from her clothes, into the kitchen. Edward and Mr. Temple followed them. Sir Charles Royston, who has been al-

ready mentioned, and Colonel Snug, of whom the reader will know more hereafter, stood before the fire; they waited for fresh horses to their chaise.

'If that creature comes hither,' cried the colonel; 'by G—d we shall be all afloat!'

Edward drew a large chair near the fire, and expressing sympathy at the state she was in, desired the woman to sit down.

'I do not mind myself,' said the poor woman; 'but I fear for my child.'

Her apprehensions were without foundation; for when the rain began she had pulled off her cloak, and stript herself of some other parts of her dress, to screen the infant; and although she herself had been soon wet to the skin, when the cloak and other wrappings were removed, the child's usual clothes were found quite dry.

While the mother, still apprehensive that her child might have suffered, examined him with affectionate solicitude, the infant seemed alarmed at the number of strange faces that were gazing on him, which Edward remarking, gently pressed the woman's head nearer the child, and at the same instant tickling the cheek of the latter, repeated from Virgil's eclogue—

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

The infant, as if it had understood the words, dissipated the mother's fears, and repaid her care by immediately smiling in her face.

Edward then whispered the landlady to take the poor woman into a bed-chamber, and give her a dry gown and cloak, for which he would indemnify her.

The landlady did as she was desired.

'Poor young woman,' said the coachman, as she left the room, 'I am sorry there was not room for her within the coach; she has been exposed to the rain above two hours; and I am sure she is drenched to the skin, and is much to be pitied.'

'She looks like a new-ducked w—re,' said Sir Charles Royston, with a laugh.

'She is not handsome enough to be of that profession said Colonel Snug.

'A woman under misfortunes has a right to be pitied please your honours,' said the coachman, 'whether she handsome or not.'

'She may have a right to what she pleases; but no body ever troubles their heads with those who are no handsome,' rejoined Sir Charles.

'Handsome *is* who handsome *does*, please your ho nours,' said the coachman;—'this poor woman pulled th clothes from her own back, and exposed herself to th storm to protect her child—that is what I calls hand some.'

'Ay, my good fellow,' said Mr. Temple, clapping th coachman's shoulder; 'and what every humane and fee ing man will call handsome.'

'Parsons, to be sure, are in general men of feeling said Colonel Snug, sneeringly.

'Brave men are generally humane,' replied Mr. Tem ple, fixing his eyes on the colonel; 'and when a soldie is otherwise, he dishonours his profession.'

'The rain was so violent, and continued so long,' re sumed the coachman, 'that I fear the poor woman wi suffer in her health.'

'Those creatures never suffer in their health,' sai Snug; 'I have seen soldiers wives, with children on thei backs, keep pace with the men on a march in the midd of frost and snow, and I never heard of their being th worse for it.'

'It is nothing to those who are used to it,' added Si Charles Royston.

Mr. Temple, suppressing his indignation at this di course, and addressing the coachman, said, 'Friend, yo seem to take some interest in this poor woman; pray wha do you know of her?'

'All that I know, please your honour, about this her young woman just gone out is, that her husband is a sea faring man; who was taken by a press-gang in the street

of London about a month ago, and sent to Portsmouth. When she heard of this, she followed him without more delay, notwithstanding her grief for such an accident; whereof she took her child with her, and remained there until the ship on which her husband was aboard sailed, and most of her money was expended on necessaries to fit him out, which she sent to him after she came ashore, by the boatswain, although her husband, like an honest-hearted sailor, had desired her not to do it, for fear of distressing her; and so, being short of money, she took a seat on the outside of my coach, and to be sure she did nothing but cry and sigh, although I said all I could to comfort her, by telling her of a relation of my own whose husband went to sea, and left her with five children, instead of one; and he was absent for nine years without her ever seeing him, and yet he returned at last in perfect health, and with a good deal of money, about a month after his wife's death. I told the poor woman all this to keep up her spirits, saying, that I hoped the same would not happen to her, as to the article of dying, but only as to her husband's returning in perfect health, and with a good deal of money; but all I could say was not able to comfort her.'

'I hope you was able to comfort her, however,' said Colonel Snug, 'when she was stripped; for I think you told us she stripped herself at last?'

'When the rain began,' answered the coachman, 'she stripped herself of part of her clothes to shelter her child; and without disparagement, I hope that you, nor none of your relations, ever stript for a more sinful purpose.'

'Do you know, friend, to whom she goes when she arrives in London,' said Mr. Temple.

'She told me,' replied the coachman, 'that she was going to her husband's mother, who is a poor woman who lives in Holborn. Her own father is butler to Mr Blossom, a rich nabob from the East Indies; but he was so enraged at her quitttng her service to marry the sailor, that he has not seen her since, although the sailor is of an

honest character and a handsome man; but handsomeness in a husband, please your honour, is nothing to a father, although it is a great deal to a daughter.'

'I am very well acquainted with Mr. Blossom,' said Mr. Temple; 'and I will speak to him on the subject, and I hope he will prevail on his butler to receive his daughter with kindness, and provide for her and her child till her husband shall return.'

'God Almighty bless you, my good sir, for your intention,' cried the poor woman, who returned to the kitchen with the landlady, and overheard Mr. Temple; 'but my father, who is a very honest man, is so passionate, that it will be difficult to bring him to consent to take me home; and if he did he would be apt to speak of my dear Richard in a way that would break my heart.'

Mr. Temple desired her to make herself easy, as he should take care to mention the affair in such a manner as would reconcile her father.

Sir Charles surveyed her with astonishment; he could hardly believe she was the same whom he had seen shivering with cold and drenched with rain a little before. Anxiety for her child had likewise contributed to drive the rose from her cheek, impair the lustre of her eye, and to give her the sickly look of dejection. The alteration of dress, the refreshment she had taken, and above all the cheering smiles of her infant, had now restored the native beauty of her countenance, which was also augmented by the glow of gratitude.

'Upon my soul, my dear, I am glad to see you so much recovered,' said Sir Charles; 'I was afraid you had suffered from the rain. As for the gentleman in whose service your father is, he is my intimate friend. O, I am convinced that he and I together will soon prevail on him to be reconciled to you; and, hark you, (added he, drawing her a little aside, and speaking in a low voice), you will call on me after to-morrow; there is my address; I shall by that time have seen your father, and will probably have good news to impart; in the mean—

time here is something to purchase clothes for your child.' So saying, he slipped a guinea into her hand with his card.

By this time Colonel Snug was seated in Royston's carriage, which had arrived the moment before. When Sir Charles was stepping in after him, he was followed to the door of the chaise by the young woman, who with an air of modesty and gratitude returned him thanks. Colonel Snug was somewhat struck also with the favourable alteration in the appearance of the young woman; and observing that there were a good many spectators, he was prompted by ostenation, with a slight mixture of good-will, to exhibit his generosity.

'La Plume,' he called with an air of dignity, as he drew on his glove; 'La Plume, give this young woman a couple of guineas on my account.'

When the poor woman had expressed her thankfulness for this fresh instance of liberality, La Plume came to the side of the chaise, and informed the colonel that his money was already expended all to within a few shillings, and desired five guineas more from his master that he might give two to the woman, and keep the rest for future disbursements.

'Blockhead,' cried the colonel, 'why did you tell me so before I drew on my gloves; it is impossible for me now to fumble for my purse; postillion, drive on.' The postillion obeyed, and the carriage disappeared.

The rustic group who were witnesses to this scene were shocked; curses against the colonel burst from every mouth, and when they came to comment upon his conduct, the general construction was, that he had ordered the two guineas to be given from sheer vanity, knowing that his valet had no money, and that the order could not be executed. In this, however, they were mistaken. Colonel Snug had really beleived that his servant had some guineas of his money remaining, and he intended *bona fide* that two of them should have been given to the woman. The colonel was in the habit of profusion, and

although always in debt, he was never in want, and the fore put little value on small sums. He had ordered t money to be given, because he was pleased with the w man's face, because she had attracted the people's att tion, and because parting with two guineas by a word his valet, gave him no trouble; whereas pulling off l glove gave him a little. The spectators had no idea th any man could so cruelly disappoint a person in the po woman's circumstances, merely to save himself so ve small a piece of trouble; for the most selfish villager h no conception of that degree of selfishness and insensi lity to the feelings of others which exists among the so of luxury and sloth in capitals, where the heart is rend ed callous by the daily exhibition of profusion contra ed with want, misery with mirth, and where people s so often the witnesses or accomplices of the ruin of frien or acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXXV.

La charité santifie les actions les plus communes, et l'orgueil corro les plus sublimes vertus. ROCHEFOUCAUL

During part of the foregoing conversation, Edward h settled every article regarding the young woman, and t stage-coach being ready, the landlady informed her th the clothes she had borrowed were now her own, t young gentleman having paid for them, and for an insi passage for her in the coach.

The poor woman, unable to express her gratitud burst into tears.

Mr. Temple, having handed the officer's widow in the carriage, next lent his assistance to this woman.—'D up your tears, good woman,' said he, 'and step in; b let me advise you not to go near the gentleman wh whispered you, until I have prevailed on your father

me you, which I shall endeavour to do as soon as I get to London.'

She assured him, that she would observe his advice; and the coach drove away.

When he turned about he found Mr. Shuffle and Carnaby standing behind him; they had come in search of Edward, who presented Mr. Temple to Shuffle as a friend of his, whom he had prevailed on to dine with them.

In a short conversation which Mr. Temple had apart with Edward, immediately before they sat down to dinner, the former asked whether Edward intended to proceed to London that evening, or remain with those gentlemen at the inn?

Edward answered, 'That Mr. Shadow and he were determined to go to town very soon after dinner.'

'As for Mr. Shadow's determinations,' said Mr. Temple, 'you ought to be sufficiently acquainted with him to know, that their execution depends more on the will of the company in which he is than his own; and from what I have heard of two of his present companions, I think it is most likely that the one, by pushing the bottle, and the other, by proposing gaming, will detain him here for this night.'

'He shall remain without me, then,' said Edward; 'for I am resolved to go to town.'

It was then agreed, that in case Carnaby chose to remain, Edward should set out with Mr. Temple, who mentioned, at the same time, his having been already detained much longer than he originally intended; and that he now waited for a person with whom he had some business, and who would probably call for him before they had done dinner; soon after which he would order the chaise.

During the dinner Myrtle called for a variety of wine, and was continually inviting one or other of the company to drink.

Mr. Temple drank two glasses with him, but refused when he proposed a third.

'I never knew a man of your profession,' said Shuffle, addressing Mr. Temple, 'who did not love his bottle.'

'I have known several of yours,' replied the latter, 'who liked to keep themselves quite cool, and therefore declined it.'

As Shuffle lived by gaming, and knew that he was looked on as a *professed* gamester, this reply pinched him a little; however, after a short pause, he said, 'My profession! I have no profession but that of a gentleman, sir.'

'And did you never know a gentleman, sir,' answered Mr. Temple, 'who liked to keep himself cool, and therefore declined drinking?'

'Gentlemen! I spoke of clergymen,' said Shuffle.

'They are included in the other class,' said Mr. Temple; 'and in general support the character as honourably as the men of any profession whatever, without excepting those, sir, who *profess* to be gentlemen and nothing else.'

Mr. Shuffle was of a disposition to be insolent, when he could with safety, and peculiarly inclined to be witty on the clergy. Mr. Temple's manner convinced him, that it would be prudent to reserve certain jokes which he had ready prepared on that subject for some other opportunity. After a short pause the conversation became more amicable.

About an hour after dinner, Mr. Temple called for bill, saying he was obliged to go to town.

This demand for the bill was repeated by Mr. Shuff who heartily wished him gone, as he felt himself in co siderable restraint in his presence, and feared that would be a bar to some of his projects. He was vex however, when he heard Edward propose to Carnaby t *they* should go also.

This being violently opposed by Mr. Myrtle, Car declared that he could not think of quitting good com so soon.

'Then,' said Edward, 'as I am under that nece I will be obliged to Mr. Temple for a place in his c

In collecting the bill, Shuffle made such a deman each as left eighteen shillings for the waiter.

' Mr. Temple, after paying his proportion, observed, that this was a great deal too much.

' Pray what would *you* be for giving him?' said Shuffle.

' The third part,' at the utmost,' replied Mr. Temple; ' and in giving more I should think I did wrong.'

' What would you do with the remaining twelve shillings?' said Shuffle. ' I will be damned sooner than take a sixpence of it.'

' There is no need of the alternative,' said Mr. Temple, ' as I think the twelve shillings may be better disposed of than either by giving them to the waiter, or resuming them ourselves.'

They all agreed that he should dispose of them as he pleased. Mr. Temple then rung the bell, and desired that the young man who waited below to speak to him might be sent up.

' Gentlemen,' said he, addressing the company, ' I arrived here this morning a considerable time before any of you; and, as I passed into the parlour, I saw the youth I have now sent for pay half a crown to the waiter for a bottle of wine; he was pale, emaciated, and seemed to stand more in need of victuals than of drink; he had, besides, a look of sorrow which interested me. ' Is that wine for your own drinking, my lad?' said I. ' God forbid!' answered he, with a look of horror.

' On my inquiring farther, he told me, that his aunt was ill of a putrid sore throat; that the apothecary had sent some powders of Jesuits bark, with directions that they should be taken in port wine. I asked, if he himself was at the expense of this? Before he could answer, the ostler, who stood by, said, ' Ay, that he is, and of the apothecary's drugs also.'

' Well,' resumed the youth, ' and so I ought; did not she maintain me when I was a helpless child, after my father and mother's death, and prevent my coming on the parish?'

' It is not every one, however, that would do the

same,' replied the ostler; 'but thou art a worthy soul, Joe, and God's blessing will follow thee.—This poor young fellow,' continued the ostler, addressing me, 'has taken as much care of his aunt, as if she had been his mother.'

'Well, and so I ought,' said the youth; 'she took as much care of me as if I had been her son.'

'I then asked him,' continued Mr. Temple, 'by what means he was enabled to maintain his aunt.' He answered that he was a house-carpenter, and gained sometimes two shillings, and sometimes half a crown a-day. The ostler again broke in, saying, that the young lad had almost killed himself, by working extra-hours, as he called it, to procure necessaries, and doctor's stuff to his aunt; adding, that, to his knowledge, the very coat that ought to be on his back was at that moment in pawn for that purpose.

'What care I for a coat?' said the youth; 'if my aunt recovers, I will soon get another coat; but if she die, where shall I find so kind a relation?'

'Here the tears flowed from his eyes; and I confess, gentlemen,' continued Mr. Temple, 'I was much touched with the dutiful and generous behaviour of this young man; and——but here he is.'

It was evident from the youth's wan face, and emaciated person, that very little of his wages had been spent on his own diet.

'Well, Joe,' said Mr. Temple; 'how did you leave your aunt?'

'Much better,' replied he, 'thanks be to God and your honour; she has taken two of the powders and two glasses of wine, and is so much revived that the apothecary now thinks she will recover entirely.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said Mr. Temple; 'and to inform you, that those gentlemen desire you will accept of twelve shillings to assist yourself and her until her health is quite re-established.'

'I am much obliged to the gentlemen,' said Joe

the six bottles of wine you sent from the inn, and the guinea you gave me ——'

'Well, well,' interrupted Mr. Temple, 'say no more of that; but here take the gentlemen's money, and when you are able to come to town, call where I directed.'

Joe retired, and Mr. Temple said,—'I hope, gentlemen, you are all satisfied that the money is better bestowed than as was at first proposed.'

All gave a ready assent, except Mr. Shuffle; who said, —'After all, I do not see that there was any necessity of retrenching from the waiter on purpose to give to this man; but to shew that I approve of his conduct to his aunt, and can be as charitable as any man, although I love to pay waiters genteely, here, landlord, here are two guineas, which I desire may be added to the guinea which I find Mr. Temple has already bestowed on him.'

'Since that is the case,' cried Myrtle, who had drank a great deal more than any of the company, 'd——n me if Mr. Temple, although he is a parson, shall be more charitable than me; and so I desire, Mr. Landlord, that you will forthwith send Joe a dozen of this very port, and put it to my account, that Joe and his aunt may get jovial together, when Mr. Temple's six bottles are exhausted.'

'I always love to be in the fashion,' said Mr. Carnaby Shadow; 'and since charity seems to be the present ton, I do not choose to be left like a quiz out of the mode; that the poor woman and her nephew, therefore, may be able fully to relish all this port wine, I beg the landlord may also send her a roasted chicken, or whatever dish she likes better, every day, until she is quite well, with a good large dish of beef-steaks for Joe, to put a little more flesh on the poor devil's bones; and I promise to pay his bill at sight, which is more than I ever did to my tailor's.'

'I heartily hope, gentlemen,' said Mr. Temple, 'that the fashion you have begun will become general and have

a long run; and I am happy to find that our meeting to-day has proved so beneficial to two people who seem so well to deserve your bounty. It is fortunate for Mr. Shuffle that he can afford to be at once charitable and lavish. I am not in that situation; my finances oblige me to pay waiters and postillions no more than their due, that I may be enabled to pay trades-people the whole of theirs, and still have something to bestow upon the necessitous.' Having said this, he and Edward took leave of the company.

As they went down stairs Mr. Shadow's servant offered to assist Edward on with his great coat. 'I shall not put it on at present,' said he, taking the coat from the servant, and stepping into a room, beckoned Joe to follow him. 'Here,' said he, 'Joe,' after he had shut the door, 'here is a coat which encumbers me, I have a notion it will suit you; try it on.'

'Lord, sir,' said Joe, 'I should be ashamed to put on your honour's coat; besides the night is very cold, and your honour ———'

'Never mind my honour,' said Edward, interrupting him, 'but on with the coat. Come, hold out your arm. Yes, I thought it would fit you.'

'It fits me to be sure,' said Joe; 'but it is too fine.'

'Well, Joe, wear it for my sake, and I hope you will never be under the necessity of pawning it, either on your own account or your aunt's.' So saying, he flew out of the room, and darting into the carriage, where Mr. Temple was already seated, they drove off.

They had no sooner left the room, than Mr. Shuffle said,—'Now I should be glad to know what is the parson's real view in all this flourish about this fellow Joe.'

Myrtle. What view could he have but to serve the man?

Shuffle. I cannot tell what view he had, but I'll be shot if that was the whole of it?

Carnaby. Why do you doubt it?

Shuffle. Because all parsons are hypocrites; and I

never knew any of them that had not some motive of interest in whatever they did.

Landlord. I ask pardon for putting in my word, gentlemen; but I must say that I have known Mr. Temple do several things quite of a piece with his behaviour to the poor lad.

Shuffle. I'll be hanged, then, if he has not done them on purpose that you might trumpet his fame through the country for charity and benevolence.

Landlord. He must have engaged many trumpeters besides me, please your honour; for I hardly ever hear his name mentioned but some person in the company has something of that nature to record of him.

Shuffle. Pshaw! it is all ostentation.

As Mr. Shuffle pronounced this, he turned contemptuously his back on the landlord, who left the room; and then addressing Carnaby, he said,—

Shuffle. Do you imagine that all the fuss which your friend Edward made about the woman proceeded from pure love also?

Carnaby. Why faith, I should think so; for the woman seemed to be in great distress about her child.

Shuffle. Distress! to be sure she was in distress; but what was her distress to him?

Carnaby. Very little, one might naturally think; but Edward is singular in that way; you can have no conception how much I have seen him moved at the distress of people with whom he had no connection, and in whom he ought naturally to have had no concern. I perceived that he was exceedingly moved with the coachman's story about the woman and child.

Shuffle. If he is to be taken in with affecting stories, he may have one told him at the corner of every street in London. Beggars never were so numerous; one would be tempted to think that half the town was starving of hunger; but for my part I make it a rule never to give any thing to a street beggar.

Carnaby. That is a very good rule when you are in a carriage and can drive past them; but how do you do when you are a foot, particularly if you are caught knocking at a door?

Shuffle. Why then indeed I am under the same necessity of surrendering my money as if a pistol were held to my breast. Every idea of charity is equally out of the question in both cases; though in the one the money is demanded for God's sake, and in the other for my own sake.

Carnaby. I do remember being once singled out by a terrible woman with an enormous belly, who stuck to me bawling for charity the whole length of Piccadilly. Being determined not to give her a farthing, I was quickening my pace to shake her off, when unlukily I met a lady of my acquaintance, and stopped to speak to her. The hideous wretch with the belly, taking advantage of the incident, renewed her clamour so loud and so woefully, that I was afraid the monster would have been delivered in the open street, and so I was obliged to throw her a shilling, which put an end to *her* labour and *my* pangs at once.

Shuffle. And many of the simpletons who saw you thought, I'll be sworn, that you gave her the shilling from a motive of charity, just as the blockhead of a landlord imagines that the parson's behaviour to Joe proceeded from pure benevolence. No, no, it is all a farce; men of sense know better, and you may depend upon it that your friend Edward has taken a fancy for the woman, and has appointed her to meet him in town. You may remember that after her dress was put a little in order she looked pretty and piquant enough.

Myrtle. She looked pretty to be sure; but I am convinced she is a modest woman for all that.

Shuffle. I don't know what you mean by a modest woman.

Myrtle. A woman of chastity.

At this Shuffle burst into a horse-laugh, in which he was joined by Carnaby, who exclaimed in the intervals, 'Chastity! that is a good one!'

Myrtle. Notwithstanding all your mirth, I think I understand women as well as either of you, and from the appearance and manner of the sailor's wife, I am willing to bet a hogshead of claret on her being modest.

Shuffle. It would be taking an advantage of you; you have already drank a little too much. Chastity! why it never was much the mode among women of her rank; and you must know, my dear fellow, how very irksome the fashion has been to some of the superior orders, and how difficult they find it to support that kind of reputation which is still considered as indispensable on certain occasions. This piece of old etiquette they think may have suited the buckram reign of Queen Bess, but is a grievance that requires to be redressed at present. The sailor's wife, however, is not affected by this restraint, as the parson knows, who I suspect understands women better than you.

Carnaby joined Mr. Shuffle in his jokes against the parson and the sailor's wife; but as the reader might not think them so entertaining as the two gentlemen themselves did, they are omitted.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

——— What his hard heart denies
His charitable vanity supplies.

POPE.

Soon after Mr. Temple and Edward were seated in the post-chaise, the following dialogue took place.—

Edward. Of all the hardeners of the heart, I believe avarice is the greatest.

Temple. I believe so too; for when that cold passion

gets hold of the heart, it contracts it even beyond the e
panding influence of vanity; and you may therefore c
serve, that thorough-paced misers are devoid of vanity.

Edward. It is clear that the gentlemen we have l
are not thorough-paced misers.

Temple. I am afraid, however, that the bounty whi
flows from unworthy motives is generally ill applied.

Edward. The effect is good, whatever the motive m
be. The bounty flows at least from the rich to the po

Temple. I believe that ill-applied liberality does mc
harm than good. If the extravagant manner in whi
some people reward waiters and postillions had no otl
effect than making money pass from one set of worthl
persons to another, there would be no cause of regret; b
the ill consequences of this absurd prodigality is more e
tensive, and often proves a real inconveniency to the co
munity in general. You yourself was a witness to t
insolent behaviour of the postillion to the lady in t
court of the inn; this was entirely owing to the ill-direct
profusion of such people as those we have quitted; if tl
fellow had not been accustomed to receive more than l
due from the prodigal and ostentatious, he would not ha
treated that distressed lady with such brutal insolen
Those who pay postillions and waiters with such childi
profusion are the original cause of their insolence to peo
who, whether from choice or necessity, pay them no mc
than their due.

Edward. The prodigality you condemn in those ge
tlemen proceeds merely from inattention, or contempt
money.

Temple. If the profusion were universal, or extend
to a great number of other objects, I should be of yo
opinion. If, for example, they were equally lavish to t
unfortunate housekeeper, whose distresses occasiona
come to their knowledge, or if they *overpaid* the indu
trious tradesman with the same liberality with which th
overpay waiters at inns, taverns, and gaming-houses
should impute their prodigality to disregard of money; b

when I see the same men who are so lavish to the latter, pass the naked beggar without emotion, lend a deaf ear to the tale of domestic distress, and evade the payments of their just debts, I cannot impute their conduct to inattention or contempt of money.

Edward. To what then do you impute those gentlemen's liberality to postillions and waiters? Do you imagine they have any particular kindness for that class of men?

Temple. I think they have a kindness to none of the humane race; every bit as little to those to whom they are so prodigal as to others. After they have enjoyed the parade of throwing them the money, they do not care if those who received it fell and broke their necks, or were hanged the next day.

Edward. But still there must be some cause for this peculiar liberality to waiters and postillions; for the gentlemen in question, thoughtless as you think them, must act from some motive or other.

Temple. It is not easy to account for any part of the behaviour of those whose general conduct is marked with inconsistency. In this particular instance I think, however, it may be done. You may have observed that those who have the least business are often in the greatest hurry; we see people posting with the rapidity of couriers, as if the fate of the empire depended on their speed, who, when they came to the end of their journey, have nothing to do, and therefore return with the same expedition to the place from whence they started; but they cannot have all this impatience gratified without being lavish to the drivers; for those fellows will not kill their master's horses for nothing. Besides, many of the fine gentlemen in question are fond of the cringing attention and prompt servility of waiters and footmen, from some of whom common civility is no more to be had, without bribery, than the suffrages of venal voters at an election. Be assured, my young friend, that those who lavish their cash in this manner, or who risk great sums at play, although they do not apply their money to proper uses, have no contempt for it.

Edward. It seems astonishing, that any man in his senses, and independent circumstances, can risk that blessed state for the chance of attaining any possible fortune, or the enjoyment of the most expensive luxuries.

Temple. Especially as the most expensive luxuries are not the pleasantest. The true way of calculating the risks in gaming is not by the quantity of money, but by the quantity of happiness that is to be lost or gained; and, according to this rule, it will appear, that he who would stake ten thousand pounds, being his whole fortune, against a million, upon an equal throw, would make an imprudent bet.

Edward. I am clearly of that opinion.

Temple. But if those are blameable who throw away their own fortunes or happiness, what do you think of those who risk the fortunes of others?

Edward. You mean those mercantile adventurers, who, having the reputation of being rich, but conscious that they are worth nothing, risk the money they have borrowed in projects of commerce, which, if successful, the gain will be their's, and if otherwise, the loss is for their creditors.

Temple. I did not speak of them.

Edward. I know not, then, to what class of men you allude.

Temple. This Mr. Shuffle, whom we have just parted with, is of the class to whom I allude. He is indebted to every friend or relation whom he could prevail on, under any pretence, to lend him money; this money he immediately risks at the gaming table. But, although he has been often successful, and enabled to pay all his creditors, he has always either spent the money in luxurious profusion, or laid it up in a fund for future gaming. He pays no legal debt until he is forced by law. All his creditors who, from delicacy or affection, have abstained from using these means, remain unpaid. I have heard, that he even prevailed on his mother to sell great part of her jointure, to relieve him on an emergency; and that she was redu-

ced to great difficulties, and neglected by him before her death. This plan of taking advantage of the partiality of friends and relations is the basest of all kinds of swindling; and if those who practise it, who amount to a considerable number in this virtuous capital, were to declare in plain English the sentiments on which their conduct was founded, each of them would address his friend or relation to the following effect.—'Sir, or madam, I know you have a greater friendship or regard for me than any other person of my acquaintance; I shall therefore cheat you out of as much money as I possibly can. As for my other creditors, I shall pay them all I owe them, because they would throw me in prison if I did not; but as you love me too much to proceed to such extremities, I cannot bear the thoughts of paying you a single sixpence, whatever inconvenience you may suffer from the want of your money.'

Edward. I am filled with horror; but I cannot help thinking that what you have heard of Shuffle has been exaggerated; I cannot believe that any man on earth could act so.

Temple. I should be happy to think, my dear Edward, that you would be of your present opinion twenty years hence.

Edward. At all events I will warn Carnaby, and put him on his guard against Shuffle.

Temple. He will not profit by your warning; he is too vain, and too self-sufficient.

Edward. I know Mr. Shadow to be rather a weak man, and somewhat of a fop; but I do not think him vicious or unfeeling.

Temple. There are exceptions, no doubt; but in general nothing is more unfeeling than a fop, nor any animal more completely selfish. I have seen one of them grudge a crown to a tradesman, and the next minute pay three guineas with pleasure for a switch. I have known another call every day for a fortnight to observe the progress of a new phaeton he had ordered to be built, while he was with difficulty prevailed on to pay a single visit to a friend

confined with illness. A ball, a horse-race, a new dancer the latest fashion, interest him more than any thing o real importance. The mind of a fop, regardless of what i valuable, attaches itself to those trifling objects only whicl the vortex of fashion whirls within its reach. Nothing o moment can adhere to what is so essentially flimsy, lik rubbed amber, which, without influencing any substanc of weight, attracts all the straws and chaffs that are nea it.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Inter causas malorum nostrorum est, quod vivimus ad exemplum, nc ratione componimur, sed consuetudine abducimur.

SENEC. EPIST.

THE conversation having been interrupted by the chang of horses, a long silence took place, during which Ed ward was absorbed in thought; at length Mr. Temp said, 'I perceive we are near the end of our journey, b before we separate, I feel myself disposed to give yo little advice, if you are in the humour of receiving it.'

Edward beginning to declare how much he sho think himself obliged, Mr. Temple added, 'Advice, know, my dear fellow, is a kind of commodity which ple in general are more apt to give than willing t ceive—it costs nothing.'

Edward. Forgive me—*That* experience which en a person to give good advice may have cost a great

Temple. The bestowing it, however, does not r man the poorer.

Edward. It may be a very valuable present, r standing; for, (assuming somewhat of a theatrical 'He that gives me good advice, gives that which, poverishing him, may make me rich indeed.'

Temple. It were a thousand pities not to n rich, since you think you can be so at so cheap

Edward. I am all attention.

Temple. To begin then, I advise you to avoid gaming.

Edward. Gaming!

Temple. Yes, and drinking.

Edward. Why I have not the smallest taste for either.

Temple. I know it.

Edward. How then can you think it necessary to caution me against them?

Temple. Because the caution may be useful.

Edward. Against gaming and drinking!

Temple. Yes, gaming and drinking;

Hæc sunt quæ nostra liceat te voce moneri.

Edward. You say that you know that I have no taste for them?

Temple. And *therefore* I think it may be of use to caution you against that complaisance to the taste of others, which, by habit, creates a taste, where it did not before exist; because when allowed to grow and take root by habit, all caution is superfluous. I have lived thus long in the world, and have known few instances of gamesters leaving off play, until both their money and credit were exhausted; and hardly one drunkard who ever reformed.

Edward. I have such an aversion to one, and so little propensity to the other, that I shall have no occasion for exercising the virtue of self-denial in abstaining from both.

Temple. Perhaps not; yet I have known young men who, at your time of life, seemed to have an aversion to the one, and no taste for the other; and, by keeping company with gamesters and drunkards, became the victims of drinking and gaming. I remember this poor fellow Myrtle a sprightly young man, not in the least addicted to drinking, until from mere easiness of disposition, and a dread of ridicule, he swallowed every night a greater quantity of wine than he liked, in compliance with the solicitation of those who liked a greater quantity of wine than he could swallow; and, to avoid the imputation of a milk-sop, he has become a sot.

'His companion, Mr. Shuffle, was originally fond of

hunting and country amusements, lived a good deal o
his estate in the country, and shewed no taste for gamin
beyond a moderate bet on a cricket match; but being
lected a member of a club, where he was often witness
very deep play, and tempted with the ease and exped
tion with which he saw money acquired by some of h
acquaintance, he felt a desire of imitating them; the co
sequence of which was, his losing a sum which distresse
him considerably to pay; this he determined to recove
and then to quit gaming for ever. He began the attemp
I have been told, with caution, but being laughed at f
refusing deep bets, where he was assured the chance w
in his favour, and seeing those who accepted them admi
ed for their spirit, he caught more courage, increased
spirit every night, and at length had spirit enough to lo
his whole fortune. Of late, I understand, he has bee
more lucky, and is now somewhat raised in point of ci
cumstances, but greatly sunk in that of reputation. I
short, my dear Edward, I am convinced that althoug
there are excesses into which young men are sometim
led, from too great indulgence to natural propensitie
those of drinking and gaming are not of the number. T
acquire a taste for the one, a strong reluctance must
overcome; and the other, being a continual exercise
the passion of avarice, cannot be supposed natural
youth; yet, when acquired, they engross every faculty
the mind, rule with the most tyrannic sway, and ofte
lead to debasement, infamy, and ruin. It is, therefor
before the taste is acquired, and while the reluctance
unsubdued, that advice and warning can be of any utili
ty; and one of the most important pieces of advice tha
can be given to the generality of young men at their en
trance into life is, that they do not sacrifice their ow
tastes to those of others. This is the more requisite, be
cause *that* modesty and diffidence, which belongs to me
of the most amiable character, inclines them to give u
their own judgment to persons of higher self-sufficienc
and inferior understandings. And we daily see those wh

are fond of the exercise of reason, and have pleasure in reflection, sacrifice their reason in complaisance to men who cannot bear their own thoughts, and are never comfortable until they have drowned reflection. We also see those who are formed for the enjoyment of society, and who covet nobody's money, led into gaming by men who have no enjoyment but play. People of weak characters, who are the most ready, ought to be the most shy to imitate others; for as valetudinarians, who have not strength of constitution to throw off their old diseases, are in the greatest danger of sinking under a new contagion; so those who have not strength of mind to correct their own foibles, are the most likely to retain every fresh ridicule or fashionable foppery that they once adopt. As for my own part, I have such a despicable opinion of the *servum pecus imitatorum*, that I should think it less contemptible to be an original than a copy, even in things reprehensible; and if I should ever become a drunkard, it shall be because I myself find pleasure in the taste and effect of wine, and not because other people do; or, if I shall ever risk my money at play, it shall be when I myself become covetous, and not because Mr. Shuffle, or any other of my acquaintance, is so. On the same principle, when I become a saunterer from one public place of entertainment to another, it shall be after I have lost all taste for study and conversation, and not merely in imitation of Mr. Carraby Shadow, and fashionable people of the same cast.

'There is yet another species of imitation, my dear Edward, which has ruined greater numbers than all the rest put together; that is, when the poor imitate the wealthy. A man in confined circumstances may be placed in situations, no doubt, where there is a call for spending more than he can afford; in that case, he must yield, with a good grace, to the necessity; and, afterwards, he must have the firmness to retrench his expenses till the excess is compensated; but he must through life resist the solicitations of thoughtless profligates, and the unfeeling rich, who see the distress of their acquaintance with indiffer-

ence, to whom the expense that ruins him is a trifle, and who will be the first to abandon and laugh at him, after leading him to the door of a jail.

'Here, my dear Edward, ends our journey and my tedious lecture; but if you will come and dine with me to-morrow, I promise you a bit of mutton and a bottle of excellent claret, without a morsel of advice.'

To this proposal Edward willingly assented, and, calling a coach, stepped into it, and drove to his chambers.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.

Pope.

The following morning Edward called on Mr. Temple before breakfast, telling him that he felt an inclination to accompany him to the father of the poor woman who had married the sailor, that they might unite their endeavours to prevail on the man to be reconciled to his daughter.

'I fancy I am indebted for this early visit to your suspecting I had forgot the sailor's wife,' said Mr. Temple. 'I thank you very cordially, my young friend, for reminding me of this engagement; we shall go together after breakfast, for although I hope it would not have escaped me, the sooner a duty of this kind is performed the better.'

They went accordingly. The master being absent, Mr. Temple told the butler that his principal business was with himself, and regarded a virtuous woman to whom any man in England might be proud of being related. He proceeded to mention his daughter in terms of the highest regard; both he and Edward put her affectionate behaviour to her child, and the whole of her conduct, in

such a light, that the man was entirely softened, and having expressed a desire of seeing her, Mr. Temple took him into his carriage, and drove directly to the house of the mother-in-law in Holborn, where they found the sailor's wife with her child. It soon appeared that the butler's cruelty had not proceeded from an unfeeling heart, but from a sudden gust of pride, which had frozen his natural affection, joined to an obstinate temper, which made him punish himself rather than not punish a daughter whom he loved. The persuasion of Mr. Temple overcame his obstinacy; the sight of his daughter melted his heart; and the man's affections flowed in their natural course, and with augmented force. From this time he took more delight than ever in the company of his daughter; he became very fond of his grandson; he rendered the old woman's situation more comfortable; his own life became much happier; and he sincerely joined the mother and wife in wishing for the safe return of the sailor; in which wish they were all gratified the following year.

When they withdrew from the reiterated blessings of this happy family, Mr. Temple having reminded Edward that he would expect to see him at dinner, waited on the master general of the ordnance, and had the satisfaction of succeeding in his application for the son of the officer's widow. Mr. Temple, impatient to communicate this good news to the mother, drove to her lodgings in the city, and informed her that her son would be received into the academy as soon as he should present himself.

Mr. Temple, having enjoyed the happiness which this information conveyed to the lady, was taking his leave, but she pressed him to stay until her son, whom she expected every minute, should return. Mr. Temple said that he would find some other opportunity of seeing the young gentleman; but he must deny himself that satisfaction at present, because he had business to transact before dinner. The lady seemed much disappointed in the thought of his not seeing her son; 'For I am sure,' said she, 'it would afford you satisfaction to find that the person for

whom you have so generously interested yourself, is one of the bravest, worthiest, sweetest youths in the world.'

Mr. Temple could not comprehend how he should find all this in the young man's appearance; but he plainly perceived that the mother was convinced of it, and that she would be mortified if he did not see her son; he, therefore, staid until the youth arrived. There certainly was nothing very interesting in his face, person, or manner. The lady presented him to Mr. Temple with exultation; he received the young man with every mark of kindness; asked him a few questions; gave him some instructions respecting his conduct at the academy, and congratulated the lady on her having so fine a young man for her son. He then left her the happiest woman in England, and pretty well convinced that her son, if he lived, would become one of the best engineers in the service, and might not improbably one day be at the head of the board of ordnance. Those of the readers who have no children may suspect that this lady was a very foolish woman; but those who are mothers will allow that she may have still been a woman of good sense.

When Mr. Temple arrived at his own house, he found that Edward had been waiting above an hour.

'I wish you joy,' said Edward, 'for I see by the cheerfulness of your countenance that you have been successful.'

'That I have,' replied Mr. Temple; 'and I shall sit down to dinner with very great satisfaction.' He then recounted the particulars of his visit to the officer's widow.

'How fortunate was it,' said Edward, 'that you chanced to stop at the inn; and how grateful ought you to be, my good sir, to poor Joe the carpenter, and to this lady, for affording you the means of so much enjoyment.'

'I confess it,' rejoined Mr. Temple; 'both you and I must have a partiality for those who in any way contribute to our happiness. The recollection of having been of service to that worthy lad and his aunt, as well

he lady and her son, conveys a pleasing kind of
ion, which I cannot express.'
hakespeare could,' replied Edward; 'it comes over
art as soft music does over the ear;

——— Like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets.'

; is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed
ney derive pleasure from such recollections. Men
t construction are stimulated to do good to others
eir own sake.'
o you not think,' replied Edward, 'that such a mo-
egrades benevolence? I should love to find some
motive for doing good.'
ind as many motives for doing good as you can, my
Edward; but I hope you will never lose that one;
se I take it to be the most active and the most cer-

is led to some disquisitions, much too abstract for
urpose, and which, after the two friends had agitated
time, they left as they began, without coming to any
ctory conclusion; but as we have no wish

—— On metaphysic ground to prance,
To shew our paces, not one step advance,

ve determined to omit the rest of this dialogue.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The swell of pity not to be confined
Within the scanty limits of the mind,
Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,
A rich deposit, on the bord'ring lands. COWPER.

EN Edward returned to his chambers in the evening,
nd a letter, containing a very pressing demand of
ent for an account which had been due a consider-
ime. On one or two occasions, before he left the
rsity, he had exhausted the whole of what he was

allowed for expenses before a third of the term for which they were destined was expired: this was partly owing to his having been led into some parties which he ought to have avoided, and partly to his having paid more attention to the voice of charity and benevolence than to the state of his finances; but on all these occasions he had contrived to balance his profusion at the beginning of the term with such rigid economy at the end of it, as to preclude the necessity of applying for any other assistance. In the particular instance mentioned above, where, by the fraud of a companion, he was involved in a much larger debt than he had ever been before, he had prevailed on his principal creditor to be satisfied with a partial payment every three months, until the whole debt should be extinguished; but on this man's death the trustees for his children had ordered the letter to be written which Edward found at his chambers on his return from Mr. Temple's.

The perusal of this epistle disturbed Edward greatly. The very last time he had been at Barnet-hall he had heard Mr. Barnet complaining bitterly of certain demands of money which had come unexpectedly. This he was apt to do from habit; for his wife had entirely arranged his affairs, and his expenditure was now considerably under his income. But Edward thought with horror on any unusual demand being made on his account, and considered his having risked the money of his benefactors, and putting them to any inconveniency, not merely as imprudent, but as ungrateful. This young man having, during his childhood, been plunged in adversity, was invulnerable to many blows and cross accidents under which the prosperous and effeminate would have sunk. The misfortunes of his birth had peculiarly exposed him to the scoff of pride and the idiot sneer of wealth; these, however, he knew how to repel, and had learned to despise; but remorse was a feeling to which he was unaccustomed, and it preyed on his mind with extreme acuteness. Some parts of Mr. Temple's conversation on their

return from the country, had awakened feelings of that nature. Among other things, he had said, that *those who affected to be charitable or generous at the expense of others, were not charitable nor generous at all.* The letter which Edward now found at his chambers renewed and augmented his disquietude, and brought Mr. Temple's observation with pain to his recollection. What Mr. Temple had intended as a warning, Edward took for a reproof: however just, delicate, and well-meant a remonstrance may be, it is apt to create dislike to the giver in the breast of the person to whom it is given; not only because it has an air of superiority, but also because it conveys the painful sentiment of self-condemnation. We often see the minds of people of this unhappy species of sensibility alienated from their best friends, their benefactors, even their parents, merely because they cannot bear the least implication of censure; and this is still more insupportable if it comes from those to whom we have rendered good offices.

Although Mr. Temple was, perhaps, the first who ever gave Edward the irksome feeling above mentioned, it had an opposite effect on his mind; he saw the friendly motive from which it sprung, and he rejected every other suggestion; he considered Mr. Temple more than ever as his friend. Several pretty strong proofs of this young man's strength of mind have been given, but none, perhaps, so strong and so uncommon as this. He waited on Mr. Temple the following day, and with many expressions of blame of his own misconduct, he unfolded the nature of his embarrassments. Mr. Temple interrupted his self-accusation, and said every thing that could alleviate his uneasiness. 'As for the sum you are in immediate need of, so far from being inconvenient for me, my dear lad,' said Mr. Temple, 'I must inform you that I am richer now than ever.' He then related his extraordinary good fortune in obtaining the living; 'for which,' added he, 'I am indebted to some unknown benefactor; because being unacquainted with the nobleman

who gave it me, notwithstanding his polite intimation that he was prompted entirely by my general reputation, I am convinced it originates in some particular recommendation; but be that as it may, it enables me to advance double the sum you need, and here it is.'

Edward having thanked Mr. Temple, refused to accept of more than the precise sum he needed, which he said he would regularly pay by instalments, in the same manner he had arranged with his former creditor. When Mr. Temple objected to this, Edward said, 'I am displeased with myself; this is a sensation, my good sir, that you are unacquainted with; but, take my word for it, it is not pleasant, and I am resolved to get free from it as soon as I can; but in my opinion that cannot be done in any other way than by bearing the burden of my own imprudence myself, and not by placing it on the back of another.'

When Mr. Temple attempted again to contest the point, and prevail on him not to subject himself to such severe restrictions, Edward answered with a smile, 'Pray, in this, allow me my own way; why should you prevent a man, who is in disfavour with himself, from using the only means that can restore him to his own good graces?'

By much the most painful circumstance in the execution of this economical plan, to which, however, he adhered until he had accomplished his object, was its precluding him from certain acts of charity to which he had been accustomed. To seclude himself from every other source of expense gave him infinitely less uneasiness. He had kept during a whole season from the opera, though he was uncommonly fond of music. He was at last prevailed on to agree to go to one which was much admired. While he was dressing, he heard a murmuring of voices in the passage below; on inquiry, he was told that it was occasioned by a workman who had dropped half a guinea that he had just received for his week's wages, which could not be found, and on which his own

maintenance, and that of his wife and child, depended. It immediately struck Edward that he could afford to give the man the half guinea by staying from the opera that night. He accordingly sent him the money and staid at home. On another occasion, having been prevailed on to promise to dine at a tavern with some young men of whose company he was fond, he was solicited for charity at the tavern door by a woman with an infant suckling at each of her breasts, and two half naked children following her. 'For heaven's sake, a penny,' said the poor woman, 'to purchase some bread.' 'We are very hungry,' cried the children.

Edward thrusting his hand in his pocket, found he had just a guinea, and no other money of any kind. 'Good heaven,' thought he, 'I am going to throw away the 'greatest part of this on a dinner, and it will maintain this poor woman and her children a fortnight.' He slipt the guinea into the poor woman's hand, and returning directly to his chamber, he sent an apology to the company, and dined with more delight on a mutton chop than he had ever experienced from the most luxurious dinner.

While Edward had a free fund which enabled him to perform certain acts of charity, he indulged in every elegant amusement for which he had a taste, and which he could comprehend within the limits of his allowance; but while he was obliged to curtail the first, he could not bear to gratify himself in the second on the occasions just mentioned.

CHAPTER XL.

L'intérêt parle toutes sortes de langues, et joue toutes sortes de personnages, même celui de désintéressé.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE reader will remember, that when Mr. Temple and Edward came to town, Mr. Carnaby Shadow chose to re-

main at the inn; the consequence was his losing a considerable sum of money to Mr. Shuffle. The difficulties which this occasioned obliged him to apply for a supply to his aunt, a lady we have not before had occasion to mention. She was eldest sister to Lady Bab Mawkish, with whom she had quarrelled upon account of her first marriage with Mr. Shadow, thinking such an alliance with a commoner disgraceful to their family. This misunderstanding between the sisters continued until the death of Mr. Shadow, when his widow showed such an excess of affliction, that her life was said to be in danger; on which her sister, whose maiden name was Virginia, relented, and made a visit to the disconsolate widow. This produced a reconciliation; for Lady Virginia, notwithstanding her family pride, was of an affectionate disposition. In the course of this renewed intimacy, Lady Virginia became so exceedingly fond of her sister's son Carnaby, that their mutual friends flattered themselves that this circumstance would form a bond of permanent union between the two sisters; and so it probably would, had not the wrath of Lady Virginia been rekindled in the most provoking manner; for Lady Bab not only married another commoner, but she married him at the very time that her tender-hearted sister thought her in danger of dying of grief for the loss of the first. Her ladyship was so shocked with this new stain on the family, that she could not abstain from some strong expressions on the meanness of her sister's conduct in the presence of her maid, who, being inclined to apologize for Lady Bab, observed, 'that although a lord was undoubtedly preferable as a husband to a commoner; yet, as Lady Bab had now married two commoners, she might be considered as on a footing with any lady of quality, who had been the wife of only one lord.'

Lady Virginia rejected, with indignation, the idea of two commoners being equivalent to one lord: and her ill-humour was augmented, because the maid's suggestion reminded her, that her younger sister had been married

twice, while she was still without a husband. She told the maid, therefore, that her notion of things was vulgar and gross; that the circumstance of her having had two husbands aggravated the impropriety of her sister's conduct; that the utmost length a woman of virtue could go, was to submit, for once in her life, to the ceremony of matrimony, and all its odious consequences; but the idea of two husbands, even although they were both peers, would revolt the heart of every woman of true delicacy.

'Does your ladyship believe,' said the maid, 'that, besides your ladyship's self, there is a vast number of women of *true delicacy* in England?'

Lady Virginia, better pleased with this question than she had been with the maid's former observation, answered with a smile, 'That she hoped there were.'

This second offence would have produced an irreparable breach between the sisters, had it not been for the augmenting affection of Lady Virginia for her nephew; who, as he grew up, did not permit her passion to exhale in sentiment, but brought it to repeated tests, which a weak passion would not have stood—and in a short time all the money she had invested in the public funds was exhausted. The principal part of her fortune, however, consisted of a landed estate, of which she was co-heiress with her sister, a circumstance which rendered it difficult for Lady Virginia to obtain money on mortgage.

After Mr. Shuffle had received all that he had won from Carnaby, he perceived, that whatever his future success at play might be, difficulties would occur respecting the payment which he was desirous of obviating; and with this view he suggested to the young man, that nothing could be more ridiculous than for his mother's and aunt's fortunes to remain in their present state; that it would be infinitely more convenient for them, and for him also, to have it divided, that each sister might dispose of her own as she pleased.

Carnaby, being struck with the propriety of this friendly hint, without much difficulty prevailed on Lady Vir-

ginia to permit him to make the proposal to his mother, who having consulted her husband on the subject, Sir Mathew presented Carnaby with a plan of division, by which he said both sisters would be accommodated, because Lady Bab would have the half which lay nearest some land of his, while Lady Virginia would have that portion which was most valuable in itself.

Carnaby being satisfied with this account of the matter, presented Sir Mathew's plan to his aunt; but when she submitted it to the consideration of her steward, he assured her that Sir Mathew had committed a mistake in his estimate, as the half destined for his spouse was not only the most commodious from the circumstances he had mentioned, but also, by much, the most valuable in all other respects.

Carnaby, on the other hand, still persisted that the estimate was equal and fair.

The steward, on the contrary, asserted, that the superior value of Lady Bab's portion was so evident, that nothing but Carnaby's partiality for his mother could prevent him from seeing it. In this assertion the steward was mistaken; for Carnaby really preferred his aunt; but the slightest idea of conveniency to himself overbalanced any regard he had for either.

Lady Virginia, being kept steady by the admonitions of her steward, and other friends, withstood her nephew's importunities in this instance, on which he left her disappointed, and in an exceeding ill-humour. He even assumed the airs of an injured person; and being convinced that she would not be able to support his coldness and displeasure, he refrained from visiting her. Her ladyship being thus deprived of the pleasure of seeing her affectionate nephew, went to pass two months at a fashionable watering-place, at a considerable distance from London, and near the new living which Mr. Temple had so unexpectedly obtained, and to which he had lately transported his whole family, determined to make it his chief residence.

Miss Louisa Barnet accompanied her aunt on this occasion. The reader is already acquainted with Mrs. Barnet's reasons for permitting her daughter to be often, and for considerable intervals, absent from her father's family; she had passed most of the preceding season at London in the family of Mrs. Easy, a woman of character and genteely connected, with whose daughter Miss Barnet had formed a great intimacy at the boarding-school. On this account Mrs. Easy had visited Mrs. Barnet, and entreated her to allow her daughter to pass some time at her house in town, that the two young ladies might cultivate the friendship which had begun at school. To this proposal Mrs. Barnet assented the more readily, as Mrs. Easy was a widow lady, highly esteemed for the real worth of her character, and the elegance of her manners, in whose company Miss Barnet had opportunities of being introduced to the most fashionable assemblies.

The taste which the young lady acquired for the amusements of the capital, during a few months residence there, rendered those of the country entirely insipid to her. Mrs. Barnet observed this with much pain at her daughter's return to her father's house; and on Mrs. Temple's desiring to have her niece's company at her new residence, Mrs. Barnet consented with pleasure, as a likely plan for reconciling her daughter's mind to an absence from London; and also because she could not be in better company than in Mr. and Mrs. Temple's, nor in worse, in some respects, than in Mr. Barnet's.

Mr. Temple's house was so near the watering-place, that he was almost daily there with the two ladies. And here the slight acquaintance which Miss Barnet had formerly had with Lady Virginia grew into a considerable degree of intimacy. Lady Virginia was entirely obliged to her title for the obsequious attention which Miss Barnet paid her, and which won her ladyship's heart to such a degree, that she would have been well pleased to see her the wife of her nephew, Mr. Carnaby Shadow, although it had long been her earnest wish that he should

marry a woman of quality, and by that means diminish the corruption of blood derived from his father, which was to be transmitted to his own innocent children. Independent of Miss Barnet's beauty and accomplishments, Lady Virginia was induced to make this sacrifice, in consideration of the young lady's being the reputed heiress of a greater fortune than any unmarried woman of quality of her acquaintance. From the instant that this idea struck her, she took every opportunity of sounding the praise of her nephew in the ears of Miss Barnet, describing him as the most elegant, handsome, and accomplished youth in England. The young lady, however, had seen Mr Carnaby once or twice at some assemblies in the capital and had formed a just enough notion of his value. As she heard the exaggerated praises of the aunt with a smiling countenance, interrupting them only with the interjections—Admirable! Really! Wonderful! and the like Lady Virginia was persuaded that the young lady's imagination was already warmed in favour of Carnaby, who she thought, had only to appear, that he might secure his conquest over Miss Barnet's heart. In this persuasion she wrote to her nephew. Carnaby received the letter just as he had pulled on his boots preparatory to his morning lounge in Bond Street.

'O ho!' cried he, as the letter was delivered to him; 'this comes from the old girl; I thought we should hear from her soon; let us see what she has to say.' Carnaby then read Lady Virginia's letter, commenting on it as he read in the following manner.—

'My dear nephew,' (Damned dear, to be sure, when you refused Sir Mathew's plan of division, said he; and then recommenced the reading as follows).—

'My dear nephew, notwithstanding your late unkind behaviour, I have never ceased to be your friend, and to think how I might be of the most effectual service to you, of which I will give you a convincing proof, if you will set out for this place as soon as you receive this letter.' (So, so, said Carnaby, interrupting the reading,

I suppose she has come round at last, and is to consent to the division—Well, let us go on). 'What I have to communicate is of the greatest importance to your happiness and fortune;'—(Ay, to be sure it is); 'but,'—(But—what the devil is this?) 'but I refrain from mentioning it now;' (Why the deuce should she refrain mentioning what is of so much importance?) 'because it is of a nature not to be trusted on paper.' (The deed of division, undoubtedly, must be written on parchment, but she might have said, *on paper*, that she would agree to it). 'Besides, if I should inform you now, you might mention it to somebody before you left town.' (Well, and what if I did?) 'But that which I have to propose to you ought to be kept a profound secret, until it is concluded.' (I see no great use for that). 'And you know, my dear Carnaby, that you never could keep a secret in your life.' (Nor you neither, my dear Lady Virginia; indeed, I am a little surprised at your being able to keep this bottled up till you see me; it would have been more in character, if you had poured it all forth on the paper before you folded it up. But what is this? said he, looking at the bottom of the page, and seeing the words, *turn over*. Here is more! He then read on the other page)—'On second thoughts, I cannot bear to keep you in suspense; I will, therefore, inform you of this business without any farther delay; for I know you are naturally impatient,' (Curse the woman, why does not she out with it?) 'and always was so ever since your childhood; (Egad, she will continue prattling till the end of the paper; and, perhaps, forget the secret at last. But let us see, where was I?) 'ever since your childhood; which disposition you inherited from my dear father, who was reckoned one of the most impatient peers of the realm, particularly before dinner;'—(Zounds! this is what the duchess of ——— calls *Clish-ma-claver*. Well, what comes next?) 'although his lordship was a man of dignified deportment, and a philosophical turn when he was not rendered peevish and passionate by hunger or con-

tradiction; two things he never could bear. Well, the secret I have to communicate to you is neither more nor less than this,' (Thank heaven, here it comes at last!) 'that you may, if your please, have a beautiful young lady, with a great fortune, in marriage; for I have already prepossessed her entirely in your favour;' (Well, who the devil is this beautiful young lady? O! here she is); 'and this young lady is Miss Louisa Barnet, who, besides her beauty and fortune, is endowed with many accomplishments. That she is not of noble birth, but of mere city extraction, is, doubtless, to be regretted,' (I thought that would be a rub), 'particularly by you, my dear, whose blood is contaminated from the same polluted source;' (Curse the old malicious cat!) 'for which, by the by, I am not to blame;' (And am I? the devil is got into the woman; am I to be blamed for this more than she is?) 'for, had your mother' (Ay, to be sure my mother had some hand in the business) 'followed my advice, and married a peer, then, my dear,' (Ay, what then, my dear?) 'you would have been of noble blood by both your parents;' (Hem, egad I am not quite sure how that might have turned out—let me consider.—My presen mother's son would not, in that case, have been the so of my late father; nay, he might not have been a son at all, and then, the Lord only knows what would have become of me; I might, for what I know, instead of a bo have been a girl. I should not have relished that; although I should have been probably a very pretty g and although women are better off now than in the d of yore, yet I fancy I am better as I am. Former was a terrible bore to be a woman; now, to be sure, have a good deal more liberty; they jaunt about e where as freely as the men; but still I don't thi should ever have been brought to like being a wom could never have learnt to keep my seat on hor with both legs on the same side, like a woman. B friends, I do not think I should ever have been s terested and so affectionate as a woman; I am co

I never should have been modest like a woman. Then, there is the bearing of children—ah, that is the very devil! It is clear I am much better as I am; and, upon the whole, my dear aunt, I am better pleased that my mother did not follow your advice. But let us see what more you have to say, added Carnaby, and then began again to read the letter); 'of noble blood by both your parents; but that opportunity being now lost, a marriage with this young lady will be very convenient for you in your present circumstances, and ought to be accomplished without any delay.'

'Thank my stars, I' have reached the end at last,' cried he, after drawing a long breadth. 'Well, upon my soul, I have no objection to the old girl's scheme; Miss Barnet is a devilish pretty girl; Lady *Hornbury* had her at some of her assemblies; the most fashionable young fellows in town followed and admired her. On my conscience, I believe she would make an excellent wife; our house would be always full of the best company.'

So saying, he ordered a post chaise and four, resolving to set out directly on a visit to his aunt.

CHAPTER XLI.

L'artifice et le mensonge sont de grandes marques de la foiblesse et de la petitesse de l'esprit human, comme la fausse monnoie l'est de la pauvreté. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Just as Mr. Shadow was going, Sir Charles Royston was introduced. Carnaby had long wished to be on an intimate footing with Sir Charles, who on his part had rather slighted the acquaintance. His object in calling at present was to learn from Carnaby what was become of the sailor's wife they had seen at the inn.

Sir Charles had been greatly disappointed by her not

calling at his house as he had expected, and he nov
ed that Mr. Shadow would be able to give him so
count of her.

Carnaby frankly informed him that he had be
quiring after her himself, and understood that Mr.
ple had entirely reconciled her father, under whos
tection she then was in lodgings, within a few doors
master's house.

'Damn those parsons,' said Sir Charles, on h
this account; 'they are the most officious fellows
world, and continually spoiling sport.'

'I expect a piece of service from one of them,
ever,' said Carnaby; 'perhaps from this very re
Mr. Temple, which I hope will turn out very well.'

'You have no design to be married, have you?'

'My design is a secret.'

'If that *be* your project, you expect a great fort
course.'

Carnaby nodded and smiled.

'What! a very great fortune?'

Another nod from Carnaby.

This excited Sir Charles's curiosity, and he reso
know the name of the lady.

'You are too close and reserved, no doubt, to
the name of the happy female even with an in
friend.'

Carnaby was greatly pleased to be informed fro
good authority, that he was the intimate friend of
son of such long-established reputation, as a m
fashion and knowledge of the town, as Sir Charle
ston.

Carn. Nay, I should never have thought of r
a mystery of the matter to you, but the secret
aunt's.

Sir Cha. I suspected as much; aunts and m
are wonderful promoters of matrimony. Well,
have no interest in this, my dear Shadow, but in as

your happiness and reputation are concerned, and an aunt is no doubt a better judge of those than a friend.

Carn. I am far from being of that opinion; and to shew you that I have no kind of reserve with you, Sir Charles, I will freely tell you that the party she has in view for me is Miss Louisa Barnet, who you may have seen last winter, with Mrs. and Miss Easy, at the opera and at some assemblies; she was a good deal admired; she is an only child, her father is very rich, and is old and infirm.

Sir Cha. I remember to have seen the girl; but I had no idea of her being an *only* child; I thought she had a brother.

Carn. No, thank you; if she had a brother, they should just as soon persuade me to marry him as her.

Sir Cha. Well, but are you sure that Barnet's fortune is so immense?

Carn. Of that there is no doubt. I have heard Sir Mathew, my father-in-law, who thinks of nothing but money, and knows the state of all old Barnet's affairs, declare that he was exceedingly rich.

This account of Miss Barnet's expectations gave Sir Charles the idea of a project, for the accomplishment of which he determined to turn Carnaby from his present pursuit.

Sir Cha. You call Barnet old; I have seen the man, and to tell you the truth, my friend, I do not think him old enough for your purpose.

Carn. He is very infirm, besides being old.

Sir Cha. I do not know what you call infirm; he is as fat as a hog, and, as I have been told, eats like a cormorant.

Carn. That I confess he does; but he is laid up half the year with the gout.

Sir Cha. The gout, my good friend, is a disease not to be depended upon. Old Lavish the nabob had it for twenty years; and poor Tom, his eldest son, endured all the torment of Tantalus for the last four years of the old

fellow's life. It was doubtful whether the father suffered most from the gout, or the son from disappointment Poor Tom often assured me, when he saw his father recover fit after fit, that he was convinced that the gout is a disease which *prolongs* rather than *shortens* life; so that I would not have you to rely too much on the gout, for unquestionably it is a very deceitful distemper.

Carn. Independent of her fortune, however, Miss Barnet is a very pretty girl.

Sir Cha. So are fifty girls in London, who may be had for a couple of guineas. I hope you have no design to imitate your acquaintance Bob Whimsy, who proposes marriage to every girl he meets with a tolerable face; and who, because he finds no happiness in frisking from one assembly to another, imagines he is formed for matrimony and retirement.

Carn. Imitate! Imitate Whimsy!

Sir Cha. I beg pardon, dear Carnaby; nobody will suspect you of imitation; and all the world knows that a man of sense would never imitate a coxcomb and fool; but I could not help thinking of Whimsy, when you mentioned Miss Barnet's beauty as a reason for marrying her; because in my opinion her share of beauty is but moderate. She has none of the elegant languor of high fashion; she seemed to me to be remarkable only for the vulgar bloom of a milk-maid, and the pert look of a French milliner. Pray how old is she?

Carn. I should guess about seventeen.

Sir Cha. What an awful age for a wife, my dear friend! why, you can have no hopes of seeing an end to her; had she been seventy, indeed, I should have advised you to venture; though, to say the truth, I had no notion of your being a marrying man. I thought you would have rather liked to have been a little longer at the head of fashion.

Carn. Marrying has been a good deal the fashion of late.

Sir Cha. Not near so much as *keeping*. Nothing gives a young fellow the air of a quiz so much as being married.

Carn. To say the truth, I used to have as great an aversion to being married as any man in England. The scheme, I have already told you, is my aunt's; she has brought it on without consulting me.

Sir Cha. Then you have a title to break it off without consulting her; for depend upon it, my young friend, that matrimony is a cursed bore for one at your time of life; and, like a desperate throw at dice, it ought not to be risked until a man is at the brink of ruin, and has no other resource.

The effect of this conversation was, that Carnaby countermanded the post-chaise, and wrote to Lady Virginia that indispensable business put it out of his power to wait on her. Sir Charles then prevailed on his friend Colonel Snug to invite Carnaby to accompany him to Newmarket, where he was soon to go with a small party for the trial of some horses, which he knew would be flattering to Carnaby, and keep him from disturbing the project which he himself had formed, and in consequence of which he set out for the Wells near Mr. Temple's.

CHAPTER XLII.

——Veniunt a dote sagittæ. JUVEN.

SIR CHARLES had not only squandered his paternal estate, but a large sum of money left him by a relation. The whole had been dissipated in expensive living and gaming; no part of it had been bestowed from any benevolent or generous motive, and very little for any friendly or charitable purpose. What Piso said of Otho might also be said of Sir Charles—*Perdere iste sciet, donare nesciet.* He still retained, however, a genteel person, and the airs and manners of a man of fashion. As the extent of his mortgages were not known, although he was poor in reality, he was still so rich in resources, that he *seemed* as affluent as the most wealthy. Having been for some time

reduced to that desperate state which, he thought, justified a man of sense for marrying, he had already made some unsuccessful attempts at a match suitable to his circumstances. Notwithstanding his having hitherto failed, his ill success could not be imputed to any romantic refinement in his choice, like those unreasonable men who, unmindful of their own deficiences, expect every excellence of the mind and body in the woman they honour with their hand. Sir Charles was even willing to wave certain qualities, which have been thought by the most reasonable men necessary: for example, he did not positively insist that his spouse should have either much good sense or goodness of disposition; and as for that modesty, gentleness, and even timidity of deportment, which some people admire so much in the fair sex, he resolved, that he would dispense with them also, being sensible that they were seldom to be met with in that class of women from which alone he would accept of a wife. In short, he was determined not to object to any woman for being ever so arrogant and proud, provided her purse was in proportion to her pride. What made Sir Charles Royston the more easily dispense with mental accomplishments in his wife was his being fully satisfied that he himself possessed a quantity sufficient for both. The only article in which he could be thought in the smallest degree difficult, was that in which he was conscious of being deficient himself; in all other points he was easy, and ready to sacrifice his own particular taste; which would have led him to prefer a very old woman, or one in a declining state of health, had he not made up his mind not to reject any woman, however youthful and healthy she might be, who was sufficiently provided in the main article; and, therefore, when mention was made of Miss Barnet's fortune, with the flattering circumstance of her father's ill state of health, he resolved to pay his addresses to her, notwithstanding her youth, and in defiance of every indication of perfect health and a lasting constitution.

Having dissuaded Carnaby from the prosecution of a project which he himself intended to adopt, he soon after appeared at the Wells with a brilliant equipage, and accompanied by a young peer, whom he had prevailed on to go with him, for the same reason that he had put his footmen in new liveries; and when the simple youth had, by his title, served to give a little eclat to Sir Charles's first appearance, having no farther use for him, but finding his lordship rather an encumbrance, he prevailed on him to return to London.

Sir Charles's first care was to pay his court to Lady Virginia, at whose house he soon met with Mrs. Temple and Miss Barnet; he cultivated the favour of the former with the most respectful attention; making it at the same time fully understood by the latter, that it was entirely on her account.

The rank which Sir Charles Royston sustained in the world of fashion, the easy assurance of his manners, the elegance of his dress, the gaiety of his conversation, rendered more shining by the names of earls and countesses, dukes and duchesses, which were liberally interspersed through all his narratives, rendered him agreeable to Lady Virginia, who did not see his drift so well as Miss Barnet, while his artful behaviour to Mrs. Temple gave her a more favourable opinion of him than might seem consistent with her usual good sense and discernment: but who has not remarked instances of both good sense and discernment being lulled by artful and persevering flattery?

Sir Charles's progress in the good graces of Miss Barnet was assisted by an incident. A lady of rank and beauty appeared on the scene, and attracted universal attention. As Sir Charles was of her acquaintance, and made a more brilliant figure than any other man at the place, she expected that his chief attention should be paid to her. As this lady was a woman of quality, and as Louisa Barnet's heart was not at all concerned in the connection she wished to maintain with Sir Charles, she would have been satisfied with a fair division of his ho-

mage, but when she found the lady aiming at the whole, she determined she should have none of it. From the moment she formed this resolution, as often as Sir Charles, after having spoken to the lady in question, began to address Louisa, the latter assumed such an air of coldness, that a stranger would naturally have thought that she was very little acquainted with him, and wished to be less.

Finding that the least attention paid to the one was incompatible with his views on the other, Sir Charles took no more notice of his old acquaintance, and was immediately taken into favour by his new.

Miss Barnet became instantly attentive to his discourse, seemed to admire his bon mots, for he had the reputation of a wit, and she even heard his most unsuccessful attempts with a smile of approbation: he was her constant partner at the assemblies, and a frequent visitor at Mr. Temple's house. Hitherto that gentleman had been absent; his arrival disconcerted Sir Charles's scheme; he knew enough of the baronet's character to be persuaded that he was an exceedingly improper acquaintance for Louisa; and he blamed his wife for having countenanced that degree of intimacy on which they were.

Mrs. Temple was convinced of her error; this she owed to her good sense. She acknowledged her conviction; and this proceeded from her good temper; a quality fully as valuable, and, perhaps, more rare than the other. She expressed so much uneasiness, that her husband began to justify, instead of continuing to blame her conduct. She mentioned to Miss Barnet what her husband had told her respecting Sir Charles's character and circumstances. The niece replied, that it could not be expected that the life of a gay man of fashion would, in all points, be agreeable to the sentiments of a clergyman; and as for his circumstances they were nothing to her.

Mrs. Temple then advised her niece, very earnestly, to drop his acquaintance

The young lady thanked her for the friendly advice, with an air that gave the aunt a notion that she would

not adopt it: in this she was confirmed the following day, when she understood that letters had passed between Sir Charles and her niece; and when she heard her express a desire of going to a ball at the Wells the week following. With her husband's approbation, Mrs. Temple wrote that very day to Mrs. Barnet.

Sir Charles Royston had made some attempts to gain the good will of Mr. Temple, but was soon convinced, by the cold politeness of that gentleman's behaviour, that he would not succeed; he laid his account, therefore, with meeting obstacles from that quarter; but he flattered himself that opposition would provoke the young lady, render her lover dearer to her than before, and, by giving the intrigue something of a romantic air, hasten the accomplishment of his scheme. He tried to draw her into a regular correspondence with him by letters, but only a few notes had hitherto passed between them, and these related merely to the intended ball: he had sent his first note in a mysterious manner, but she returned her answer openly; he had even at one time thrown out a vague hint respecting a jaunt to the North, and had already made certain preparations for putting such a scheme in execution, being fully persuaded that he would, in a short time, prevail on the young lady to adopt it.

In this, it is probable, he over-rated the degree of favour in which he stood with Miss Barnet. She had nothing in view but the gratification of vanity, by engrossing the assiduities of the most fashionable man of the place: and this experienced man of the town was so blinded by the same passion, as to believe her to be seriously fond of him; he imputed to love what belonged to coquetry.

How often do we see men of experience, and even shrewdness, act as weakly, and of course more ridiculously than a girl, through vanity!

CHAPTER XLIII.

No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all in that supreme degree
That as no one prevailed, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occasion but exerted that or this.

DAVDEN.

MRS. BARNET set out for the house of Mr. Temple an hour after receiving his wife's letter. Mr. and Mrs. Temple *seemed* as much surprised at Mrs. Barnet's arrival, as her daughter was in *reality*. She entered with a cheerful countenance, seemed to be in high spirits, and in the best humour, with Miss Barnet in particular. She informed the young lady, however, that her father was impatient to see her; and hinted that she herself had something of importance to communicate, which she would reserve until they were in the carriage on their return.

Miss Barnet could not help shewing uneasiness at th mention of her returning, and began to meditate some e cuse or pretext for prolonging her stay. This did not scape the penetrating eye of her mother, who again mi tioned, in terms calculated to excite her daughter's cu osity, that she had something of a very interesting and grecable nature to speak of to her. In this manner prevented her daughter from making any objection t turning, although she had two or three times determ upon it, and was just ready to state her objections, Mrs. Barnet disconcerted her plan, by rousing her osity, and turning her attention to another subject. mother succeeded so completely, that the daught occupied the whole night in thinking what the imp and interesting business could be which her moth served for her private ear when they should be *tête* in the carriage; and Miss Barnet's curiosity at came so vexatious, that instead of making objec

their departure, she was ready before her mother to set out in the morning; which they did, after Miss Barnet had written a note to Sir Charles, to inform him that it would not be in her power to dance with him at the ball, because she was obliged to accompany her mother home.

When Mrs. Barnet was seated in the carriage, she had a story prepared for her daughter's amusement sufficiently interesting to form the basis of their conversation during the whole journey, which terminated on the very evening on which Sir Charles Royston was to have met her at the ball.

Mrs. Barnet had determined from the first to seem entirely ignorant of her daughter's having any acquaintance with that gentleman, to avoid all remonstrance, upbraiding, or discussion on the subject, having observed that wounded vanity, self-love, and the spirit of contradiction all take part on such occasions against the remonstrator, and rather do harm than good. Miss Barnet certainly had no violent passion for Sir Charles Royston; but who knows what abusing him, blaming her for having ever spoken to him, ordering her never to speak to him more, and such irritating measures, might have produced? And who has not known instances of the cooling embers of languid love being kept glowing, and at length kindled into a flame, by furious attempts to extinguish them? Every thing of that nature Mrs. Barnet avoided with the utmost care, and used every means in her power to render home agreeable to her daughter, and for that purpose she seemed to place full confidence in her, and to be perfectly satisfied with her conduct. She observed with concern, however, that the young lady herself took little interest in the objects around her, was no way entertained with the company which she either met at her father's, or with those she visited in the neighbourhood; that she had no taste for the amusements of the country, and that, contrary to her natural turn, she seemed sometimes pensive or absent in the midst of company. Disturbed by those appearances in her daughter, Mrs. Barnet began to

fear that in the stillness and uniformity of rural life the young lady's mind might be directed to her late pretended lover, who she imagined had a stronger hold of her affections than was really the case, and who might endeavour to renew a correspondence with her. Mrs. and Miss Easy were at this time at Barnet-hall; they had come in consequence of a very pressing letter written by Mrs. Barnet on the day that she set out for her daughter. She had done this with a view of rendering home the more agreeable to the young lady. But they had been at Barnet-hall only a few days when Mr. Barnet was seized with a severe fit of the gout, an accident which never failed to render the house intolerable to strangers, and extremely disagreeable to those whom duty obliged to remain in it. In this situation of things, Mrs. Barnet agreed to Mrs. Easy's request, that Miss Barnet should accompany Mrs. and Miss Easy to London, in the hopes that their society and the amusements of the capital would produce that effect on the former, which the present circumstances of her own family rendered improbable in the country. And she was the more anxious to obtain her husband's consent that her daughter should accompany Mrs. and Miss Easy to London, and remain sometime there, because she had received information that Sir Charles Royston had gone to Aix la Chapelle.

He had taken this step in consequence of some very interesting intelligence from London. One of his principal creditors had intended to have him arrested, but had postponed that measure on being assured that he was on the point of being married to a rich heiress. On afterwards hearing that the heiress had changed her mind, the creditor resumed his former intentions. An acquaintance of Sir Charles sent him notice of this by express. The baronet left the place several hours before the creditor reached it, and in spite of the diligence used by those who continued in pursuit of him, Sir Charles got clear out of the kingdom, and arrived safely at Aix la Chapelle, which exasperated the creditor so highly, that he perse-

vered during several hours in pouring curses on all governments without distinction which protected debtors from being seized wherever they could be found, and dragged home to their native prisons.

This man's intemperance admits of some excuse on account of the money he lost; but the opposite opinions entertained by the company at this place on the present occasion are more surprising, and serve to illustrate the common observation, that people's opinions in general are derived from their own particular situation, more than from the real merits of any disputable point.

Sir Charles Royston's adventure with Louisa Barnet was the prevailing topic of conversation at the Wells for some time. The fathers and mothers, particularly those who had grown up daughters, exclaimed against him as a needy fortune-hunter, of course a villain of the first magnitude.

Sir Charles's creditors in general, forming a considerable portion of the permament inhabitants, censured Miss Barnet as a coquet and a jilt for not having gone off with him to Scotland to be married, as by her inconstancy many honest industrious tradesmen would run the risk of losing the money he owed them.

A genteel young man from Ireland, who was paying his court to a woman of considerable fortune, observed, in a private company where this affair was warmly discussed, 'that he was sorry to give an opinion against a lady, but certainly Miss Barnet had acted with insincerity, because it appeared that she had no intention of marrying Sir Charles, but that her view was merely to induce him to lose his time in paying his court to her in preference to others, with whom he might have succeeded; whereas Sir Charles had behaved with sincerity, was ready to have carried her off, and married her like a man of honour.'

A lady who had been an heiress, on whose countenance there was a deep impression of melancholy, who lived separate from her husband on a moderate allowance out of

her own fortune, answered, ' Had Sir Charles Royston be haved with the sincerity of a man of strict honour, sir he would have informed Miss Barnet that he was over whelmed with debt; that his motive in proposing mar riage to her was not love, but to repair his own fortun from the ruin of hers: but as he made no mention o these truths, and would probably have treated her cruel ly, had she become his wife, there is no room to prais his sincerity or honour.'

Having pronounced this in somewhat of a broken voice the lady rose from her seat, and walked towards the win dow, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

When Mrs. Barnet was certain that Sir Charles Roy ston had been obliged to go to the continent, and saw her husband confined with the gout, she became not only willing but even solicitous, that Louisa should go t London with Mrs. and Miss Easy; but she found a good deal of difficulty to prevail on Mr. Barnet to con sent.

Nothing could be more opposite than the sentiments o the husband and wife on this head. Mrs. Barnet wished that her daughter should go to London, because she wel knew, that when her husband was ill of the gout, there would be no amusement and little comfort at Barnet-hall Whatever was agreeable in Mrs. Barnet's lot, and what ever source of happiness she had in her power, she was desirous of partaking with her friends; and if she had had the distribution of enjoyment, the largest portion would have been dealt among them.

Mr. Barnet, on the contrary, wished his daughter to remain for the very reason his wife desired her away; because home was to be the abode of disquiet. With some peculiar marks of character, Mr. Barnet had one in common with a great many of mankind; but it is to be hoped, that few possess it in so eminent a degree; and of those few it were much to be wished that none were to be found in the very highest ranks of life, for there such a disposition is a much greater evil than it can be in the

middle or inferior ranks of society. The peculiarity alluded to is this, that while he gave himself little or no concern about the distresses of any of the human race, he would have thought the whole human race well employed in relieving his; and if any of his acquaintance seemed to enjoy ease or comfort, when *he* laboured under sickness or pain, he stated it as a clear sign of a selfish and unfeeling disposition. This being Mr. Barnet's way of thinking, nothing can be a stronger proof of his wife's address, and the influence she had with him, than his consenting that his daughter should go to London at the particular period when her residence in the country would have been most agreeable to him. As soon as Mrs. and Miss Easy set out for the capital with their young friend, Mrs. Barnet invited Edward to the country, in the hopes that his conversation would be some compensation to her husband for the absence of her daughter. Her expectation was not disappointed; Edward became every day more agreeable to Barnet, and a remission of his pain happening soon after, he imputed it entirely to the pleasure he derived from the youth's company, to the great mortification of the apothecary, who insisted that it was the effect of one of his draughts, which Mr. Barnet had vomited up two hours before the pain remitted.

Edward's manners were irresistibly engaging, and his conversation of that happy nature that gains good-will to the speaker, while it diffuses good-humour through the company. One unfortunate effect flowed from this, Mr. Barnet was more peevish than usual as often as Edward was out of his sight. The young man himself, however, was impatient to return to those studies on which his hopes of independency were founded; he languished to indulge, from funds of his own acquiring, that continual propensity which he felt to acts of benevolence and liberality; he was likewise eager to lighten the burden of obligation, the only burden of which he could have wished himself relieved, for the express purpose of laying it upon others.

Having observed, however, that the most remote hi of his going to town was always received with ill-humo by Mr. Barnet, Edward was entirely silent on that hea but when Mrs. Barnet saw her husband considerably be ter, she desired Mr. Temple to introduce the subje that she might endeavour to convince her husband of t expediency of Edward's returning to London. One d after dinner, therefore, Mr. Temple took occasion to o serve, that the courts were then sitting, and looking Edward, 'Is it not time,' said he, 'young man, for y to resume the weighty studies of the law?'

'Curse the law!' cried Barnet, throwing on the tab the very nectarine he was going to bite.

The company, who perceived that this burst of ang entirely proceeded from Mr. Barnet's dislike to the id of the youth's leaving them, joined in a laugh; aft which, Mr. Temple said, 'I hope, my dear brother, f your sake more than mine, that your malediction is n directed against the *gospel* as well as the *law*; at any ra you ought to consider that Edward has been here month.

'A month!' cried Barnet; 'he has not been here bove a week.'

'It is fortunate for him,' resumed Mr. Temple, 'th he can make a month seem a week; but you may re upon it, that he has been here just three and thirty day

'Well, well, it does not signify,' said Mr. Barnet, pe vishly; 'if it were three and forty, he shall not leave t yet.'

Nobody could be more convinced than Mrs. Barnet the expediency of Edward's going to London; but s knew at the same time that the most likely way to mak her husband obstinate to retain him in the country w to insist at that moment on the propriety of his going t town; she, therefore, changed the subject, and, som time after, the conversation turning on the dangers t which young men are exposed at their first arrival in th capital, she happened to remark, that it was fortunate fo

them when they were connected with people who were wiser and more experienced than themselves, to give them counsel and advice. No more passed at that time, and the company separated.

Mrs. Barnet afterwards seized a favourable moment for resuming the subject, and at last was fortunate enough to persuade her husband, that Edward ought to go to London very soon; but what she had accidentally dropped on the subject of arming a young man with good advice made an impression on her husband that she did not expect, and prompted him to an exertion which she certainly never intended he should make.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Ne faut il que deliberer?
La Cour en Conseillers foisonne.
Est-il besoin d'executer?
L'on ne rencontre personne.

DE LA FONTAINE.

MR. BARNET being sufficiently recovered to bear an airing in the carriage, he desired Edward to accompany him; and when they came to a part where the road was uncommonly smooth and level for several miles, he spoke to the following effect.—'My dear Edward, after mature and deep reflection, I have at length come to the opinion, that it will not be for your advantage to remain longer in the country at present; but that you ought to set out for London to-morrow morning. You may remember that my wife mentioned the need which young men, ignorant of the world like yourself, have of good counsel, particularly when they reside in such a place as London. Mrs. Barnet does not want for sagacity, as far as her understanding reaches; but as that cannot go far on account of the weakness of her sex, she threw it out as a hint to me, being conscious that she herself is incapable of exe-

cuting such a task. Accordingly I shall take this opportunity, when there is nobody present except ourselves, to arm you with some useful rules for the better regulation of your future conduct. First and foremost then, I advise you to make yourself master of your business as soon as possible; for I once heard an eminent attorney declare, that, in your profession, loss of time is loss of money

'In London you will sometimes meet with people who prefer pleasure to business: but I counsel you to prefer business to pleasure; because, although pleasure is by much the most agreeable in the meantime, yet I have been told by some who have made the experiment, that business affords most satisfaction on reflection.

'It is usual for young lawyers to direct their attention to a knowledge of the practice of some particular court, with a view to distinguish themselves in it; but I advise you to acquire a thorough knowledge of the practice of all the courts without exception, that you may have as much business as you please in each, and then you may adhere to that which you find the most profitable. Eloquence, you may depend upon it, is of considerable use in the exercise of your profession; I recommend it to you, therefore, to excel all your cotemporaries in that article. Judgment and good sense are also of service to those who practise the law, and you have been remarked for putting a great deal of meaning in a few words. I remember to have heard Mr. Temple assert, that in a few observations which you made one day after dinner at my table, there was more sense and meaning than in all that fell from Sir Mathew Mawkish, who made an harangue on the same subject that lasted an hour. I must inform you, however, that Mr. Wormwood remarked at the same time, that although condensing a great deal of matter in a few words is admired on some occasions, yet, in law, it is thought more beneficial to involve a small quantity of meaning in a profusion of words; this kind of eloquence, he assured me, was great-

ly in vogue, not only in law-papers, but likewise at the bar. He mentioned also some other places, where the same species of oratory gains ground daily. It will therefore be proper that you pay some attention to acquire an art so much in fashion. I forbear to mention those other places, because I do not wish to give offence to either house of parliament, and far less to the church, being firmly attached both to church and king, although I never go either to church or court, not from want of respect, but merely because I find them both extremely tiresome. I beg, however, that you will not mention what I have said, regarding the eloquence of the parliament and pulpit, to our neighbour Sir Mathew Mawkish, because he would naturally think I meant a wipe at his parliamentary speeches. You will also conceal what I have said from my brother Temple, who cannot bear that any thing should be insinuated against the eloquence of the pulpit.

'Women, my dear Edward, have been always considered as very dangerous creatures for young men: As there is the greatest collection of them in the capital, London, of course, is thought the most dangerous place in England for an inexperienced youth. Perhaps you may think that you cannot properly be so called, having had some experience of the women of the country; but I must inform you, that they are, in some respects, different from the women of the town; so that you ought not entirely to form your notions of the one, from your knowledge of the other: in this you are in danger also of being misled by the denomination sometimes given to the latter, who are vulgarly called women of pleasure, although they, not unfrequently, turn out to be women of pain.

'You ought to avoid bad habits of every kind, because habit when indulged becomes a second nature, and requires very great strength of mind to overcome. This degree of philosophy and strength of mind, however, I myself have exercised, for I acknowledge that in my

youthful years I was a little given to women, yet, notwithstanding the power of habit, I have now, by dint of reason and reflection, almost entirely got the better of that dangerous propensity. I mention this for your encouragement.

'It may be proper also to mention, that homely women are the least dangerous; when you are obliged therefore to be in female society, you had best attach yourself to that class instead of the handsome, who are more apt to lead young men astray, to the ruin of their reputation, and, which is worse, even to the injury of their health. This is not only my opinion, but it was that of Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived; who gave many excellent rules against the allurements of beautiful and wanton women. But it must be acknowledged, that his wisdom appears more conspicuous in his precepts than in the manner in which he himself observed them; from which it is evident that we ought to observe his precepts and not follow his example. I could add some other useful instructions, but being of opinion that it is better to make but moderate exactions of young people with a great probability of their being fulfilled, than by requiring a great deal to run the risk of some being neglected, I shall terminate my admonitions here.'

As Mr. Barnet ended this discourse, which had been prepared with more previous reflection than any he had ever before made, a gentleman of the neighbourhood rode up to the carriage with the usual inquiry about the health of his family. This interruption was very agreeable to Edward, who kept the most profound silence while Mr. Barnet spoke, and would have been much at a loss what answer to have made; for however ridiculous the admonitions appeared, and notwithstanding his having a natural talent for seizing the ridiculous in whatever he heard or observed, he never would permit himself to indulge in a single expression at the expense of Mr. Barnet; the same absurdities which would have entertained him in another, always gave him pain when they came from him.

Edward set out for London the following morning as had been determined, and took possession of his chambers in the Temple.

CHAPTER XLV.

O life! how pleasing is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold pausing Caution's lessons scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near
Among the leaves;
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

BURNS.

Miss Louisa Barnet was rather below the middle size of women, her person well proportioned and elastic, her hair dark brown, in great profusion, and arranged with the attention requisite to give it the graceful flow of negligence; her complexion tended to brown; she had fine teeth, and black eyes of an uncommon vivacity; her other features were not unexceptionable; yet in many men's opinion, she was on the whole, more attractive than some beauties of high renown, whose countenances and persons were generally pronounced more regular and perfect. Miss Barnet was fond of admiration, not only from those whose judgment she valued, but also from those whose opinion, in other matters, she disregarded. Her prejudices, whether against or in favour of any person, were more violent than lasting; the impressions made on her mind, however strong they seemed to be, required the presence and assiduities of the person who made them, to prevent their being effaced. She had never hitherto seen

any man who had much interested her, when she met Mr. Clifton, at a very numerous assembly to which she accompanied Mrs. and Miss Easy.—Miss Barnet had seen him but seldom, since he left the university. This young man's connections, his fortune, the elegance of his person and manners, his disposition to gallantry, and above all, the partiality which some ladies of distinguished rank and beauty had shewn him, gave him a degree of importance in the fashionable circles, seldom attained at his age. His mother, Lady Ann Clifton, had been brought up in the centre of fashion, had remained in it during her husband's life, and resumed her place at a decent interval after his death. She had possessed a great share of beauty, the duration of which had been much abridged by a town life. Her form was still elegant, and her manners highly obliging and agreeable.—She had refused several proposals for a second marriage, which by the world in general would have been thought advantageous: whether these refusals proceeded from a personal dislike to the parties, or from a formed resolution against a second marriage, is uncertain. She was excessively fond of her son, and as vain of *his* accomplishments, as at an earlier period of her life, she had been of *her own* beauty; she was accused of being pleased even with his success in gallantry, particularly with his attachment to Lady Hornbury, a woman of distinguished beauty, whose husband was not so delicate respecting his wife's chastity, as Julius Cæsar is said to have been; for his lordship continued to live with her, notwithstanding the suspicions that prevailed against it. Lady Ann Clifton was the less uneasy on account of her son's connection with Lady Hornbury, because she imagined it diverted him from amours more injurious to his own health, or which might have proved more ruinous to others. Lady Ann's free manner of thinking on such subjects was thought the more extraordinary, because her own character was unimpeached in that essential article. Miss Barnet was struck with the improvement in Mr. Clifton's manner and whole appearance, since

she had last seen him; he also derived consequence in her estimation, from the whisper of approbation that followed him through the room, and by perceiving that several young ladies could not conceal their satisfaction while he continued to converse with them, nor their uneasiness when he quitted them to address another. She was particularly struck by what she overheard Lady Townly remark to a lady sitting next her, pointing to Clifton; 'That young fellow is one of the most dangerous rakes in England; he has already turned the heads of several women of rank, and gives more uneasiness to husbands than half the profligates about town.' While Miss Barnet was meditating on this eulogium, she was addressed by Mr. Wormwood; but the usual compliments which passed between them, did not prevent her from observing that Clifton continued longer than usual speaking to one lady, whose dress made rather a more liberal display of her charms, than the fashion permitted. A gentleman at that moment tapping Wormwood on the shoulder, inquired who the gay lady was who had hold of young Clifton.

'That gay lady,' replied Wormwood, in his sarcastic style, 'is the celebrated Mrs. Dash, a beauty of ten years standing; she seems to dread that the artillery of her eyes begin to slacken fire and lose their effect, which has determined her to open a masked battery, that, as you see, draws general attention, and I am told has grievously wounded the earl of Hornbury. I wonder where his lordship is at this instant; for he is so jealous, that he cannot bear to see any man speak to Mrs. Dash, and would be mad were he to know with what satisfaction she listens to Clifton.'

'Lord Hornbury,' replied the gentleman, 'is the last man in England I should have suspected of being jealous, particularly of Mr. Clifton.'

'Why so?' said Wormwood.

'Because,' answered the other, 'Clifton's attachment to his own lady seems to give his lordship no manner of uneasiness.'

'That is true enough,' rejoined Wormwood; 'but it would seem, that my lord has been so long accustomed to her *ladyship's way*, that he can bear any thing from *her*; whereas Mrs. Dash is a new flame; he wishes her to be considered as his *mistress*, and there are men so very delicate, that they cannot endure to be *cuckolded* by any woman except their own wives:—but here comes her ladyship; you will presently see her draw Clifton from Mrs. Dash, and like a complaisant wife, leave that lady open to the addresses of his lordship, in case he should arrive.'

During this dialogue, Miss Barnet seemed to be occupied with something else, but in reality she had listened to it with attention; she observed that Lady Hornbury had no sooner caught sight of Clifton, than he left Mrs. Dash and hastened to her ladyship. Lady Hornbury had preserved her beauty longer than most women, but had not been so fortunate with respect to her reputation; perhaps the persevering *eclat* of the first was one cause that the second was attacked with peculiar severity by some of her own sex.

The town had given her a pretty numerous succession of lovers; all of whom, as was generally asserted, had reason to complain of her inconstancy, but few of her cruelty; the most malicious, indeed, made no scruple of declaring, that she had made them all happy in their turn; but as this was never legally ascertained, her ladyship maintained her situation in society as usual. Her general reception, in what they called the best assemblies, gave much offence to some scrupulous females, who insisted, that there was as strong ground for excluding her, as those women whose delinquency was made manifest in a public court;—because, added they, '*What every body says must be true.*'

To this, however, it was answered, that the preceding maxim, although often repeated in conversation, had not as yet been adopted in *law*; and that as falsehood, cheating at cards, calumny, and ingratitude, even when detected, did not exclude the guilty from the assemblies in

question, it might seem unjust to punish with such severity, upon mere suspicion, a crime less heinous in itself, and to which there is more temptation.

That there is more temptation was passionately denied by the most violent of those, who moved the bill of exclusion. It would be difficult, perhaps, to ascertain this point with accuracy; but it was generally believed, that those who were the most violent and inexorable against Lady Hornbury, were fully as much offended at her beauty, as with her conduct. Miss Barnet was inspired with a desire to engage Clifton's attention, which she had never felt before, and which probably she would not have felt now, had it not been for the formidable account she had just heard of him, and the universal wish she perceived among the ladies to be noticed by him; she had besides some inclination to vex and triumph over Lady Hornbury, who, she imagined, had behaved to her with haughtiness. Miss Barnet was nowise intimidated in her designs on the heart of Clifton, by the charms of her ladyship, which having the disadvantage of being older, could hardly be thought equal, and were in Louisa's opinion far inferior to those she beheld every morning in her looking-glass.

Mr. Clifton, as she had for some time been expecting, accosted her, with the usual inquiries respecting her family, which leading into other conversation, he was more struck than he had ever been with the sprightliness of her observations. Few women could be more agreeable than Miss Barnet when she pleased, and she never had been more disposed to seem so than at present;—there was a vein of sarscasm in her remarks, and a familiarity in her manner, which her mother had strove in vain to correct; but as her observations were as lively as they were severe, and above all as she was very handsome, her conversation was pleasing to the men; the last circumstance, however, did not render her more agreeable to the women in general, and several ladies in the company began to think her conversation with Clifton continued too long. This

was not the opinion of the parties themselves; they became every instant more agreeable to each other, when a gentleman sent by Lady Hornbury informed Mr. Clifton that her ladyship expected him to make up her party at cards.

Mr. Clifton having bowed to the gentleman, resumed his discourse with Miss Barnet.

'Did you not hear the summons?' said she.

'Yes,' replied he, 'but there is time enough.'

'I fear her ladyship will be impatient,' resumed Miss Barnet.

'I do not know how that may be,' said Clifton, 'but I plainly see you are impatient that I should leave you.'

'I *am* certainly,' replied Miss Barnet, 'because I know that nothing would render you so miserable as any misunderstanding with her ladyship.'

'May I ask, if you intend being at the opera to-morrow evening?' said Mr. Clifton.

Miss Barnet. I believe Mrs. Easy intends to go; if so I shall accompany her.

Clifton. I hope I shall find room in her box.

Miss Barnet. As for room, I dare swear there will be abundance, but the box has one inconvenience—

Clifton. You do not hear the singing perfectly?

Miss Barnet. Pardon me, we hear very well.

Clifton. You do not see the dancing distinctly?

Miss Barnet. O! very distinctly, no box can be better placed for seeing; but it is inconveniently situated.

Clifton. I cannot conceive how a box at the opera can be ill situated, in which you both hear and see perfectly.

Miss Barnet. Can you not conceive that people may go to the opera more for the purpose of being seen, than for either seeing or hearing?

Clifton. I had forgot that.

Miss Barnet. Nay, I only mentioned it to shew you, that a thing might exist which you could not conceive; but as for Mrs. Easy's box, the inconveniency I alluded to is, that in it people are as distinctly seen as they see, which you will consider, no doubt, as an unfortunate circumstance.

Clifton. How so?

Miss Barnet. Why, it is directly opposite to that of the countess of Hornbury's.

Clifton, (laughing). In spite of that alarming circumtance, with your permission, I'll venture into it tomorrow night.

Miss Barnet. You are a bold man; but in the meantime, pray obey her ladyship's summons, for do you see my lord has just come, and might take it amiss that you should keep his wife waiting, unless—added she, with a sly look, and then stopped.

Clifton. Unless what?

Miss Barnet. Unless you expect that he will pardon your neglect of his wife in consideration of the attentions you seem willing to bestow on Mrs. Dash.

Clifton. Where did you pick up all this scandal.

Miss Barnet. All over the town. We made a vast number of visits of late—but pray be gone; here comes a second message; her ladyship's eyes dart lightning, and we may have thunder, if you do not make off directly.

Clifton answered her only by a smile, and then joined Lady Hornbury's party. He lost his money, and spoke little.

'It might have been imagined,' said Lady Hornbury, 'that the loss of your money affected your spirits, had you been in high spirits when you began to play.'

'It is not easy to appear in high spirits with a headach,' said Clifton; and soon after, on pretence that his headach increased, he left the assembly.

Contrary to his usual custom, Mr. Clifton was at the opera the following evening before the curtain was drawn up; he went to Mrs. Easy's box, as soon as he saw her arrive with her daughter and Miss Barnet. After paying his compliments to them, some other acquaintance of Mrs. and Miss Easy entered the box, and while they entertained her and her daughter, Clifton conversed with Miss Barnet. She was relating something to him, when

suddenly stopping in the middle of the narrative, she said, 'You shall hear the rest another time, but you must be gone now!'

Clifton. Why, what is the matter?

Miss Barnet. Do you not see Lady ——?

Clifton. Pray continue.

Miss Barnet. Heaven forbid that my unlucky story should detain you a moment!

Clifton. I beg you will go on.

Miss Barnet. What! with the crime of yesterday unexpiated—but, perhaps, you have seen her ladyship this morning, and have already obtained her pardon?

Clifton. I beg you will proceed.

Miss Barnet. You have been with her then? I must be satisfied in this point.

Clifton. I have not seen her ladyship since last night.

Miss Barnet. Monstrous! but look, her eye has caught you; why don't you hasten to her?

Clifton. Because, if you will allow me, I would rather stay where I am.

Miss Barnet. Nay, it is out of tenderness for you that I am anxious for your going; only behold how angry she seems—Pray be gone.

Clifton. I will not stir until you have finished your story.

Miss Barnet. Have a care what you say; I can, if I please, spin out a story like the sultaness in the Arabian Nights Entertainment.

Clifton. Spin away then, O beauteous Scherazade! I am all attention.

Miss Barnet. Since it is your pleasure, most mighty Father of the Faithful, I will proceed, though conscious that the tale is all unworthy of the sublime highness of your majesty's ears.

Here Clifton burst into a violent fit of laughter, in which he was accompanied by Miss Barnet and Miss Easy The excessive gaiety which prevailed in Mrs. Easy's box, through the whole evening, seemed to throw a gloom on

that immediately opposite to it; and Lady Hornbury's ill-humour was apparent to all present.

Mr. Clifton remained to the end of the opera, and did not quit Mrs. Easy until he handed her, her daughter, and Miss Barnet, into the carriage; so that the triumph of the latter over Lady Hornbury was complete.

The satisfaction which Miss Barnet derived from this triumph, with the increasing partiality she felt for Mr. Clifton, intoxicated her so much, that she did not sufficiently weigh the nature and tendency of his assiduities, nor the drift of his language, which was gay, flattering, and gallant, in the highest degree, but kept entirely clear of any hint of a nature, which alone could have rendered it prudent or proper for the young lady to have listened to him in the distinguished manner she did. Miss Barnet was pleased with Clifton's sprightliness, delighted with the idea of mortifying Lady Hornbury, and of engrossing the assiduities of a man, whose attentions were so much desired by the most fashionable of her sex and acquaintance: charmed with the present gratification of her vanity, future consequences never disturbed the gaiety of her reflections.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Ce qui se trouve de moins dans la galanterie, c'est de l'amour.
ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Few young men are endowed with a steadiness of judgment sufficient to secure them from the vanity which the attentions and favours of beauty are so apt to create: it has been doubted whether Alcibiades derived more pride from the victories he gained over his enemies in the field, than from those he obtained over the hearts of his fair countrywomen.

The marked partiality with which Clifton had been distinguished by the women from the time that he first ap-

peared in the circles of fashion, had already begun to swell his heart with a degree of pride and self-importance that did not naturally belong to it, while the conversation and example of certain men of gallantry, of much longer standing than himself, inclined him to consider the arts of seduction practised on women as venial, in comparison with any other species of perfidy.

It has been already mentioned, that Lady Ann Clifton viewed her son's gallantries in a lighter manner than they deserved. When she understood that he was so often with Miss Barnet, she said to him one day, 'I should be sorry to think you had formed any plan of playing the fool with that girl; if you have, I heartily hope that she will have the wit to escape your snares; but I am still more solicitous that you should escape her's. Miss Barnet is one of the prettiest brunettes I ever saw, and does not want address; the excellent character of her mother has procured her the esteem of all who know her; but I could not bear to be connected with that ridiculous man the father; and as I do not often play the monitor, or interfere at all in your amusements, I expect, my dear Jack, that you will spare me such a mortification, and give me full assurance, that you have no idea of marriage in the present case.'

To this remonstrance Clifton, in the most serious manner, declared, that he had not; and then added, with a smile, that if it would give his mother any farther satisfaction, he would promise never to marry in his life.

Lady Ann replied, 'That, so far from expecting any such promise, the greatest happiness to which she looked forward in life was founded on the hope of seeing him *well* married; but she was persuaded, that a considerable alteration must take place in his manner of life and manner of thinking, before she could wish to see it take place.'

'Rest satisfied, my dear madam, that I have no such plan at present,' said Clifton, and immediately retired.

As this youth's attachment to Lady Hornbury had been brought about more by her ladyship's manœuvres, than by his own, he had less to reproach himself with in that

than some of his other intrigues; but notwithstanding that the natural candour of his mind had been in some degree perverted, as above mentioned, he was not perfectly free from compunction, on account of that train of life, which his passions and vanity led him into. Keen in the pursuit of pleasure, he spent less of his time with Edward than formerly; but he valued no man's approbation so much, and he would have felt lighter at heart, when reflecting on some parts of his own conduct, had he been able to bring his friend to see it in the same palliative light that some others did. With a view to procure himself this kind of consolation, Clifton sometimes introduced, as a subject of conversation, the arts of deceit so often practised in what is called gallantry, and which he treated with that partiality which men usually have for their own failings. On such occasions Edward did not use the qualifying terms employed by his friend, who therefore found himself always disappointed in the palliations he wished for. Clifton, in a controversy on this subject one day, spoke of gallantry as a game.

'Are you not shocked,' said Edward, 'at the unfairness of the stakes? Does not the man play at a most ungenerous advantage? What proportion is there between the ruin the woman risks, and the inconveniences to which the man may be subjected? What would you think of the cautious gamester, who would endeavour to persuade an easy youth to stake a thousand pounds against a shilling?'

'As you are no Joseph in your practice, my friend,' replied Clifton, 'one might expect less severity in your expressions.'

'Without insisting on the difference,' said Edward, 'that there is between seducing a woman into what she *wishes to avoid*, and being a party with her in what she is *resolved to do*, I will not attempt to justify, either in myself or you, my dear Clifton, what I know to be wrong: if we cannot act as we ought, let us at least abstain from confirming our minds in error, by vicious principles, which

tend to deaden even the desire of acting better, and to pervert the conduct of those whose passions might not have been of strength sufficient to have drawn them into erroneous or criminal pursuits.'

Those disputes had not diminished their friendship, nor the entire confidence which the two youths had in each other. On one occasion, when the subject of their conversation was matrimony, Clifton declared, ' That if by any act on the part of the woman, or any infatuation of his own, he should ever be drawn into that scrape, it would be unfortunate for both; because a woman without delicacy would immediately become odious in his eyes, and to a woman of delicacy he should make a shocking husband, for his natural fickleness was such, that no woman, however amiable in mind and person, could overcome it, being convinced that passion in him could not survive possession a single month; and that the idea of dissembling affection in the midst of indifference was to him insupportable; for which reason, when any thing cross or disagreeable had ever occurred, he had always consoled himself with the reflection, that unlucky as it might be, still it was but a slight misfortune, in comparison with that of being married; and the recollection of his being in a much more comfortable situation than those who sailed on the boisterous ocean of matrimony, never failed to throw a ray of satisfaction through the darkest gloom that his mind had ever hitherto experienced, not because he had any pleasure in the distress of others, repeating from Lucretius,

> 'Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
> E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem:
> Non quia vexari quemquam est jocunda voluptas,
> Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est;

and then added, that he had been often ashamed to repine at the crossest accident that befel himself, when he looked around and saw so many married men, all of whom had, of course, more reason to complain of their lot than he had, and yet some of them seemed to bear it with wonderful patience and resignation.'

To such declarations, which were made partly in a serious manner, and partly with an air of pleasantry, Edward replied in the same style.

'Very well, my friend, since you are resolved never to marry, the sex must bear it as well as they can;—but you certainly have no right to behave to any one of them, as if you had made a contrary resolution in her favour.'

CHAPTER XLVII.

Le plus grand effort de l'amitié n'est pas de montrer nos défaults à un ami, c'est de lui faire voir le siens. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

One evening after he had drank tea at Mrs. Easy's, Clifton finding himself in no disposition to go to any of the public amusements, and still less inclined to go to bed, he drove to Edward's chambers, whom he rejoiced to find at home and alone; but he was hardly seated when Carnaby Shadow entered.—'I am in high luck, my dear fellows, in finding you both,' said Carnaby; 'I am just come from the playhouse, where a new piece was acted.'

'How did you like it?' said Edward.

'I paid little or no attention to it,' replied Carnaby; 'but I joined with the hissers.'

'Why so?' resumed Edward.

'I understand,' said Carnaby, 'that at present, the chance of being right is greatly in their favour—Mr. Wormwood was in the same box, and vehemently of our side: the piece however was snatched from the jaws of damnation, by the ability and address of the players; for which Wormwood swore they deserved to be damned themselves. He was leaving the box, when to induce him to remain, I assured him, that if he would only stay till the farce was over, I would afterwards accompany him to supper; he answered that he had already got such a surfeit of *nonsense*, that he could bear no more that night. I then offered to go with him, without waiting for the

farce; for to confess the truth I hate nonsense as much as he does, but he hurried out, notwithstanding all I could say, crying, 'No, no, by heavens, I cannot bear any more this night,' and so out he flung, shutting the box-door with violence after him; on which——'

There is no knowing how long Carnaby's clack would have continued, had it not been interrupted by a conjunct burst of laughter from Clifton and Edward.

'I am glad to see you so merry, gentlemen,' said Carnaby, somewhat piqued.

'Who could refrain from laughter, my good fellow,' said Edward, 'at the absurdity of breaking from you, because he was disgusted at the insipidity of a play?'

'How preposterous!' added Clifton, 'for a man to fly from sound sense, because he was tired of nonsense.'

'Why, it must be confessed,' said Carnaby, recovering his good-humour, 'that I have long suspected Wormwood to be a very silly old fellow—but where shall we sup?'

To this question, Clifton, who was not in a humour for Carnaby's company, answered, 'You must excuse us this night; I have private business with Edward, and am just arrived on that account.'

'Private business!—egad, that is a good one,' said Carnaby, 'all the world knows that your private business is entirely with the women; and I heard, this very day, that you had broken with Lady Hornbury, and were entirely devoted to Miss Barnet.'

Clifton did not relish this observation, particularly in the hearing of Edward; he answered in somewhat of an angry tone, that he was surprised that a man of Mr. Shadow's profound sense should retail every false or idle observation he heard.—Carnaby began to apologize, but Clifton interrupted him, repeating, that he had particular business with Edward.

'It is cursed hard, however,' said Carnaby, 'that your business should be on this night, for I do not know what the devil to do with myself.'

'It is surprising, that you should be at a loss to pass two hours in your own company,' said Edward.

'It may be as surprising as it pleases,' replied Carnaby, as he was leaving the room; 'but I'll be hanged if it is not true, for I do not know what the devil to do with myself.'

'The delightful situation in which poor Carnaby declares himself to be,' said Clifton to Edward, after the other was gone, 'I fancy you never experienced?'

'I am certain I should sometimes have a taste of it, however,' replied Edward, 'were it not for the entertainment which these ingenious gentlemen afford me,' pointing to his books; 'for to say the truth, I can hardly conceive how life, short as it is, can be passed without many dreary intervals of tedium, by those who have not their bread to earn, if they could not call in the assistance of our worthy mute friends there.'

Clifton. Have we not horses, hounds, the theatres, cards, and the bottle?

Edward. They are all of use occasionally, no doubt, but the weather may forbid the two first; the same kind of nonsense which disgusted our friend Wormwood, may drive us from the third; the association of others is necessary for the fourth, and also for the fifth, unless to those who are already sunk into the lowest state of wretchedness and degradation; but the entertainment which books afford can be enjoyed in the worst weather, can be varied as we please, obtained in solitude, and, instead of blunting, sharpens the understanding; but the most valuable effect of a taste for reading is, that it often preserves us from bad company.

Clifton. How do you mean?

Edward. I mean, that those are not apt to go or to remain with disagreeable people abroad, who are always certain of a pleasant party at home.

Clifton. This happy turn of mind you owe to Mrs. Barnet, Ned.

Edward. I lie under infinite obligations to that excel-

lent woman; my taste for reading was first cherished and improved by her; but the misfortunes of my childhood were, perhaps, what principally excited early reflection, and led me to a fondness for study.

'What a lively pretty girl her daughter has become?' said Clifton, a little abruptly, from his thinking more on the young lady than on what Edward had said.

Edward. Miss Barnet was always so.

Clifton. Particularly of late; there is something extremely agreeable about her, and she is not deficient in wit.

Edward. How could the daughter of such a woman as Mrs. Barnet have been deficient in wit?

Clifton. No otherwise, perhaps, than by the accident of her being also the daughter of such a man as Mr. Barnet.

Edward. I should still have expected wit to predominate in their daughter.

Clifton, (smiling). That is to say, that the mother's wit is greater than the father's dullness, which I meant not to contest with you.

Edward, (a little warmly). I have not admitted the latter; but of this I am certain, that Mr. Barnet has performed acts of benevolence, that would do honour to the greatest wit in the nation.

Clifton. I know it, and honour him for it, my dear Ned; I wish to say nothing disrespectful of Mr. Barnet, but I was speaking of *Miss Barnet's* wit, of which she certainly has a considerable share, as well as her mother, although their manner is somewhat different.

Edward. Mrs. Barnet's conversation leaves the impression that she possesses more wit than she chooses to display.

Clifton. Whereas her daughter, perhaps, is fond of exhibiting all that she has.

Edward. You seem strangely inclined to-day to draw inferences from what I say; that I did not mean; Miss Barnet is equally sprightly and agreeable; but it is na-

turally to be expected that the conversation of a lively young woman will be different from that of a woman of more age and experience.

To this Clifton answered, ' Surely, surely ;' and then introduced a new subject of conversation; during which, however, he sometimes discovered that he was still occupied with that from which he had so suddenly turned; for once or twice he mentioned *Miss Barnet*, instead of *another* lady of whom they were talking.

These repeated instances of absence at length struck Clifton himself, made him leave his friend sooner than he intended, and were afterwards the cause of his avoiding to speak of Miss Barnet, and of his maintaining great reserve in Edward's presence, when her name was mentioned by any other person.

This did not escape the observation of Edward; who being afterwards informed from better authority than that of Mr. Carnaby Shadow, that Clifton no more visited Lady Hornbury, and was frequently at Mrs. Easy's, he took a strong suspicion that Miss Barnet was the cause of his breach with the one, and his visits to the other.

The unvaried propriety of Edward's behaviour to that young lady, joined to the general sweetness of his manners, had long since effaced the prejudice which in her early youth she had entertained against him; he, on his part, viewed with the partiality of a brother every good quality she possessed, and felt an additional interest in her, as the daughter of the person on earth for whom he had the highest esteem and warmest affection; but that reserve which her former conduct had obliged him to assume, he still maintained towards her, notwithstanding that her behaviour to him was more easy and frank than formerly. This, without weakening the esteem which Louisa entertained for Edward, rendered her less lively in his company, than in that of others

From the moment that Edward perceived Clifton's attention directed to Miss Barnet, he was uneasy on her account; the seducing graces of his person and manner,

the looseness of his principles in matters of gallantry, his aversion to marriage, and her entire want of caution, increased his uneasiness the more he reflected on them; and he was much at a loss how he ought to act. The reserve which had been so long kept up between him and Miss Barnet rendered it difficult for him to give her any caution on the subject; and when it occurred to him to unfold the source of his uneasiness to Mrs. Barnet, he shrunk from the idea of hinting any thing to the disadvantage of his friend. He felt equal reluctance against insinuating any thing to Miss Barnet's disadvantage, or which could, in any way, hurt the sensibility of her mother.

He resolved at last to speak to Clifton on the subject; but as often as he began to put his resolution into practice, being himself a good deal agitated, his manner was rather solemn, and Clifton met his solemnity with so much pleasantry, and evaded his inquiries with such a careless air of jocularity, as at once defeated Edward's purpose, and diminished his suspicions.

With whatever assiduity Edward had studied the law, he had no great desire for following it as a profession. This had been long known to Clifton, who therefore had been exerting all his interest with his friends, some of whom were at this time in power, to obtain a respectable situation for Edward, which would put him out of the necessity of becoming a professed lawyer.

Mr. Clifton, however, said nothing of this to Edward, until he had good assurance of success, which he received a little before the period we are treating of, and was then happy to find that the situation he had in view was extremely agreeable to Edward, who immediately acquainted Mrs. Barnet, expressing to her that deep sense of gratitude which Clifton's conduct had impressed on his mind, but of which he had been unable to say a word to Clifton himself. It was agreed not to mention to Mr. Barnet what was in view for Edward, until success was more certain. At this particular time, therefore, Clifton's

mind was occupied with two objects as opposite as virtue and vice; a solicitude to serve the man and ruin the woman he loved. It might naturally be thought that two designs of such discordant natures could not be formed in the same breast; those who think so are unacquainted with the power of prejudice and influence of manners, in perverting our views of things.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Ce qui rind la vanité des autres insupportable, c'est qu'elle blesse la notre. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

LADY HORNBURY was piqued in the most sensible manner, at being so openly deserted by Clifton; her vanity was much more wounded than her affection; of the first she had a great deal, of the second a very small quantity; and what little she possessed, she had the faculty of turning from one object to another with wonderful facility, as whim or ambition prompted. Had she foreseen the moment that Clifton was to quit her, she would have precluded the mortification, by discharging him from visiting her; and the blow being thus warded from her vanity, she would have directly looked out for a new lover, with undisturbed coolness and circumspection. But the abrupt manner of Clifton's quitting her had put this out of her power, and produced nine-tenths of the uneasiness she felt on the subject.

A female friend of Lady Hornbury, just such a friend as her ladyship was herself, entertained her one forenoon with a long enumeration of circumstances, to prove how much Mr. Clifton was attached to Miss Barnet. This she did, under the semblance of abusing Clifton, but in reality to enjoy her dear friend's mortification; and she concluded by hinting, that she would write to Mrs. Barnet, with whom she had a slight acquaintance, to inform her of the

dangerous situation in which her daughter was, that she might send for her to the country. Lady Hornbury, who was not entirely blind to the real motives of her friend, heard her narrative with an air of indifference, thanked her for her obliging intentions, begging, however, that she would not put them in execution, on the pretence that a hint of that nature was liable to malignant construction.

Lady Hornbury's real motive for precluding Mrs. Barnet from this information was, that her hatred to Miss Barnet was greater than her love for Clifton had ever been, and she actually wished him speedily to succeed in his designs on the young lady; because she thought there was a greater probability of his becoming desirous of returning to herself after success than before; not that she wished ever to renew with him, but merely that she might shew the world she had it in her power, and had rejected it.

From Mr. Clifton's repeated visits, and his particular attention to Miss Barnet, Mrs. Easy began to imagine that he intended to propose marriage to that young lady, for she had not any suspicion of his harbouring less honourable designs; but she deferred giving any hint of this to Mrs. Barnet, until her conjecture should be supported by still stronger presumptions.

Miss Barnet found her vanity gratified, and her mind amused by the gay conversation of Clifton; the hours danced lightly along; she was in everlasting good-humour and high spirits, which never for a moment were lowered by reflection. Miss Easy was sincerely attached to Miss Barnet; delighted with the company of Clifton; saw, without envy, the preference he and the men in general gave her friend, of whose superior power of pleasing she was sensible; and what will appear to many extraordinary, her friendship for Lousia was not diminished on that account.

Mrs. Easy had lately engaged a maid, who had been in Lady Hornbury's service, and was supposed to have enjoyed a good deal of her confidence; by means of this

maid, who had long been devoted to Clifton, he was informed, unknown to them, of many of their engagements, where he had a certainty of meeting them, and at what hours he would find them at home. Of this intelligence Clifton made the most attentive use; but his behaviour on a particular occasion, when he accompanied the ladies to one of the theatres, promoted his views more than all the pains he took. Immediately after the play, and before the farce, he waited in the outer room until Mrs. Easy's coach should be called. While he was talking to that lady and her daughter, Miss Barnet happened for an instant to stand a little apart, so as not to seem to be of the party: two young fellows entered the room, one of them a little flustered; he stared hard at Miss Barnet; she held down her head to avoid the boldness of his look; he then raised the edge of her hat, that he might view her face more fully, while his other hand approached her bosom: at that instant Clifton struck him so violent a blow in the face as staggered him. He fell backwards over a form, and his head struck against the surbase of the wall.

'Does any body know this fellow?' said Clifton, addressing the spectators, who crowded from the passages into the room; 'he is certainly not a gentleman.'

'Yes he is,' said the person who had accompanied him; 'and one worth a hundred thousand pounds!'

'Well,' resumed Clifton, 'be so good as deliver him this card, that he may know where to find one who will be at his call, should he be inclined to establish his claim to the character of a gentleman on another foundation.' So saying, he presented him with his address.

Mrs. Easy's carriage being announced at the same time, he attended the ladies to it, was earnestly pressed to accompany them home, and went accordingly.

At supper, Mrs. Easy expressed fears what might be the consequences of this adventure, and the young ladies showed marks of solicitude on the same subject. The breast of Louisa, in particular, glowed with gratitude,

for the spirit with which Clifton had repelled the insult that had been offered to herself, while she admired the dignity of his conduct in the whole transaction. Clifton's conversation was particularly gay while he remained with the ladies; but the apprehensions they had respecting what might happen in the morning prevented his gaiety from having its usual effect on them.

When Clifton returned to his lodgings, he told his footman, that he should be at home all the following morning; desired that he might be apprized, without delay, when any gentleman called; and that all letters addressed to him should be brought up directly, whether he was in bed or not.

He was waked next morning to receive a letter of a different nature from what he expected; it was from Mrs Easy's maid, to inform him, that Mrs. and Miss Easy proposed to go, immediately after breakfast, to the city to visit a relation, of whose indisposition they had been just informed, and that they did not intend to return till near four o'clock; that Miss Barnet was to remain at home, and had already given orders that she should be denied to every body; but nevertheless, the maid added she would venture to disobey, in case *he should call.*

The contents of this note perplexed Clifton a good deal. After what had passed at the playhouse, and after what he himself had said, it would have had an awkward appearance if he should be from home when the person he expected called; at the same time he could not bear the thoughts of losing such an opportunity of being alone with Miss Barnet, especially as he had some idea, though totally without foundation, that she was privy to the notice which the maid had given him.

CHAPTER XLIX.

With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid.
But man the most, not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift faulcon for her deadly foe.

COLLINS.

NOTHING should induce the sex to more circumspection than the severe and uncandid constructions which are apt to be put on their behaviour. Many men, even of those who are not considered as coxcombs, or distinguished for vanity, are prone to construe every mark of attention to themselves as a proof of a greater degree of favour than was intended. In the present instance Clifton did great injustice to Miss Barnet; who, although she was giddy from youthful vanity, imprudent from the great vivacity of her character, and susceptible, perhaps, of having her senses surprised, yet would certainly have turned the treacherous maid to the door, and refused the visit of Clifton, had she known the information that had been sent, or suspected his designs. What renders his ungenerous constructions of her conduct still more revolting is, that at the very time he made them, and was meditating her ruin, the mind of the young lady was occupied with a friendly solicitude for his safety.

Clifton staid at home till a little after twelve o'clock; he then became too impatient to see Miss Barnet to stay any longer, and wrote a letter in the following terms.—

'Indispensable business obliges me to go out: I shall return before four o'clock, and will wait on you when and where you shall be pleased to appoint.

'J. CLIFTON.'

Having described the person with whom he had the squabble and his companion, he desired the servant to

give this note to either of them who might call; and he enjoined the servant to remain at home all day, that he might not run any risk of missing them.

Clifton then hurried to Mrs. Easy's, knocked gently at the door, was admitted by the maid, who, on different pretexts, had sent the other servants out of the way.

Louisa Barnet was at that time writing to her mother an account of the playhouse adventure, containing a high eulogium on the gallant behaviour of Mr. Clifton, and expressive of her own fears and anxieties respecting what might be the consequences. She was in a room commonly used by Mrs. Easy when she did not admit company, in which her daughter and Louisa were accustomed to read alternately to her, while she reclined on the couch.

Miss Barnet was carelessly dressed, yet in a style more favourable to her natural beauties than the most refined arts of the toilet could have produced.

The maid announced Clifton rather abruptly, saying, 'She could not help believing that he was not meant to be included in the general order for denial.' And then she withdrew.

Miss Barnet, who was at first provoked and disconcerted, soon forgot the negligence of her own dress, and the singularity of the maid's conduct, in the pleasure of seeing Clifton in safety.

She inquired with precipitation, whether he had heard any thing from the playhouse men, and understanding he had not, whether he expected to hear from them; to this Clifton answered, 'that he did not think about them.'

'You are certainly right,' said she; 'they are not worth thinking of; they assuredly are not gentlemen, and whatever message such fellows may send, you ought to take no notice of it.'

To this observation Clifton said nothing; on which she repeated it earnestly, looking in his face for an answer.

He smiled, without speaking.

She then expressed her uneasiness at the idea of his

having been involved in any trouble or danger on her account.

Treating with contempt the idea of danger, he expressed great satisfaction in having chastised the author of an insult offered to her, declaring that he would ever think it the greatest honour that could befall him, to have it in his power to be of any service to her, and proceeded in warmer terms, and a more earnest manner than he had ever used before, to assert his admiration of her beauty and accomplishments, with many professions of attachment, accompanied with a pressure of her hand, and the most seducing looks and tone of voice.

Had he ventured on such a style and manner of address at any other time, or had he assumed them at once, Louisa would have perceived their aim, and would soon have thrown him out of his game; but for some time before Clifton entered, she had been reflecting with gratitude on his behaviour the preceding night, and with solicitude for the danger to which he was still exposed; her breast glowed not, as formerly, with mere vanity, on account of having drawn a man of fashion from the standard of a rival beauty, but with esteem for him as a man of spirit, who she imagined equally esteemed her, and whom she considered in the light of a benefactor.—The satisfaction he expressed in having punished a man who had insulted her, and the pleasure he would take in rendering her future services, were the natural answers to the uneasiness she shewed on his account, and led to those vague, but warm declarations of attachment, which she would have disregarded at another time, but which at present were not heard with such coolness, as to leave her all the circumspection her situation required.—As the enterprising fervour of Clifton's eloquence gradually increased, her emotion was also gaining upon her, when she was suddenly restored to recollection by a noise at the door,—a few moments after which, Edward entered the room. Clifton had just had time to gain the window, at which he stood, affecting an air of carelessness; Louisa was seated at a distance from him.

Edward, without shewing surprise, addressed her, saying, 'that as he had heard she was at home, he had called to inquire after Mr. Barnet's health, as he supposed she had received accounts of it from her mother.' She answered with an air of reserve not free from confusion; he then turned to Clifton, whose affected ease was mixed with evident marks of displeasure:—never were three people more at a loss to continue a conversation. Clifton glowed with resentment against Edward for his intrusion;—Miss Barnet's returning reflection began to make her view it as a fortunate circumstance, but this very idea distressed her at the presence of the one, almost as much as the other; and she impatiently wished for the absence of both; Edward, although satisfied with his own conduct, felt pain on her account, and turned his eyes again on Clifton, to observe if he was inclined to withdraw.

They were all relieved in some measure, by the arrival of Mrs. and Miss Easy, who having been at the house of their relation, were there informed, that she had been forbid by her physician to see any person whoever, on which they had returned home directly.

Mrs. and Miss Easy were equally pleased and surprised at the sight of Clifton; they had been conversing together, all the way from the city, on the subject of his quarrel, and had remained in anxious suspense respecting the consequences.—Immediately on entering the room, they both addressed him with peculiar attention, but without mentioning or alluding to the source of this uncommon degree of interest; to Edward they spoke with their usual civility; after which Miss Easy turning to Miss Barnet, exclaimed, a little abruptly, 'I understood, my dear, that you intended to employ the whole morning in writing letters.'

'I fear,' said Edward, willing to convey the idea that Clifton and he had come together, 'that *we intruded* on Miss Barnet.'

Clifton darted an angry look at him, but Miss Easy, whose mind dwelt on the danger to which she supposed

Mr. Clifton was still exposed, from the two playhouse gentlemen, replied, and while she spoke she looked at Clifton, 'I am certain your visits could not appear to her an intrusion, particularly at this time.'

This remark tended to increase the resentment which Clifton felt, however unjustly, against his friend, and being embarrassed what to say, or how to behave, he withdrew.

Edward continued the conversation with Mrs. and Miss Easy for a considerable time, but on its being remarked that Miss Barnet took no part in it, and the former asking if she was not a little indisposed, he took his leave.

CHAPTER L.

Virtutum enim amicitia adjutrix a natura data est, non vitiorum comes. CICERO.

It is necessary to account for the unexpected appearance of Edward, as mentioned in the last Chapter. His suspicions of Clifton's designs on Miss Barnet had been in some measure lulled; but they had never been extinguished: certain observations that he made about this time roused them with more strength than ever, and prompted him to a measure which he had often thought of before, but hitherto had always shrunk from. His great anxiety for the young lady at last overcame his reluctance, and he determined to speak to her on this very delicate subject. He was actually on his way to Mrs. Easy's for that purpose, when he met that lady's butler, who informed him, 'that his mistress and her daughter had gone to the city, where they were to pass all the forenoon; that Miss Barnet, having letters to write, had staid at home, and had given orders to admit no visitors, until the ladies should return from the city:' but the butler added, 'that probably he would be admitted notwithstanding.'

Edward rejoiced at the opportunity, and was proceeding to Mrs. Easy's house, when he was stopped by Mr. Carnaby Shadow. Edward tried to disengage himself, saying,—'He had pressing business, and was in a hurry.'

Carnaby. If your business is with Clifton, you will not find him at home.

Edward. You have just parted from him, perhaps.

Carnaby. No; but I know that he is at present at Mrs. Easy's.

Edward. Mrs. Easy's! impossible!

Carnaby. I shall not dispute with you, whether it is possible or not: all I take upon me to affirm is, that it is true.

Edward. That Mr. Clifton is now at Mrs. Easy's!

Carnaby. Precisely; and what do you find wonderful in that?

Edward. The only thing wonderful is, that you should be so positive in asserting what you have had no opportunity of knowing.

Carnaby. Why he is always there.

Edward. And on that general idea you assert, that he is there now; you ought to remember how dearly you paid for something of the same kind lately.

Carnaby. I know not to what you allude.

Edward. Don't you remember your insisting upon it, that the seal-ring which Mr. Shuffle wears weighed more than a guinea; and that he drew you on to bet fifty, in support of your assertion, which you lost?

Carnaby. Who the devil could have thought otherwise, it is so large and clumsy; but I have been assured since, that he caused it to be made so, on purpose to bet; and that he had previously weighed the ring; but what has this to do with Clifton's being at Mrs. Easy's?

Edward. He is not there at present surely!

Carnaby. Then he has made a shorter stay than usual; for a very few minutes ago, as I turned the corner into the square, I saw him go in; and what is a little singu-

lar; the door was opened by a woman, who, from the glance I had of her, had much the appearance of that knowing jade, who formerly attended Lady Hornbury.

Edward. Who! Mrs. Commode?

Carnaby. The same—she is a deep one.

Edward. But, if it was really Clifton you saw ——

Carnaby. If! I am *certain* it was him.

Edward. Very well; he has stepped in for a moment to speak to his old acquaintance Mrs. Commode, and finding the ladies were abroad, he has afterwards retired; for, depend upon it, he is not there now.

Carnaby. I can only say that I saw him go in, and the door was shut after him; he may have gone out since, undoubtedly; though, if you have not just parted with him, I will bet you fifty pounds he is there still.

Edward. I do not wish to win your money, like Mr. Shuffle.

Carnaby. I'll bet you fifty to twenty he is there now.

Although the positive manner in which Carnaby continued his assertion, made Edward afraid that it was not without foundation, he wished to conceal from him the impression he had made; and therefore, assuming an air of pleasantry, he laid hold of a cane which Carnaby had in his hand, and said,—'By the way, what do you mean by carrying a stick of this length? no man of high ton carries one longer than a drumstick; but with this you may actually touch the ground without stooping.'

Carnaby. I acknowledge this does look a little quizical; what I usually carry, you know, is a twisted cane just a foot and a half long, with a ball of lead at each end; but Tom Trinket took it from me yesterday, and I was just going to purchase another when you met me.

Edward. For heaven's sake lose no time, for this one seems exceedingly formal, and of a scandalous length.

Having said this in a serious tone, Edward bade Carnaby adieu, turned down a different street, and having made a circuit, he came to Mrs. Easy's house.

After knocking oftener than once, he was a good deal

surprised to see the door opened by the very person mentioned by Carnaby.

Edward. You will let Miss Barnet know that I am here, and wish to speak with her.

Mrs. Commode. All the ladies are out, sir; to be sure, they will be so sorry for missing you;—but they are gone to the city, and my mistress said, as she was setting out, that she did not expect to be at home before four.

Edward. I know that Mrs. and Miss Easy are gone to the city; but it is Miss Barnet I wish to see.—She did not go with them.

Mrs. Commode. Miss Barnet!—No, sir; Miss Barnet did not go with them, sir; but,—but she went out after they were gone, sir.

Edward. Who went with her?—the footmen are with Mrs. Easy; she would not go alone.

Mrs. Commode. No, to be sure she did not go alone, and the footmen, as you say, are with my mistress; but, sir, she went—yes, sir, she went;—no, sir, she did not go alone, for she took the butler with her.

Edward. I do not know what is the meaning of all these lies, Mrs. Commode; I have just seen the butler; —I know that Miss Barnet is within, and I desire you will go to her directly, and let her know that I am here, and wish to speak with her.

Mrs. Commode. Lord, sir, do not speak so loud;—well, my dear sir, since you have seen the butler, I will tell you the real truth; Miss Barnet *is* within, but she desired me to deny her to every body, even to you, if you should call.—I beg you will not let her know that I told you this, for she would never forgive me.

Edward. Is nobody with her?

Mrs. Commode. Good heavens, sir!—who should be with her?—she is not very well, sir; she is trying to get a little sleep, sir, and if you make such a noise you will disturb her.

Edward. Is Mr. Clifton here?

Mrs. Commode. Mr. Clifton!——Good gracious, sir,

you quite astonish me. Perhaps the butler has told you *that* also—but—no, he could not, for he was not here himself when —— Upon my word, sir, you put me in such a flutter, that I hardly know what I am saying—No, sir, Mr. Clifton is not here,—I have not seen Mr. Clifton this day.

Edward. No!

Mrs. Commode. No, sir, upon my soul and conscience; and that is what I would not say, if it were not true, for all the riches and jewels of this world.

Edward. Wretch! you opened the door to him yourself.

Driven from all her subterfuges, the woman was unable for two seconds to utter a syllable, and burst into tears; but on seeing Edward determined to pass her, and go up stairs, she laid hold of his arm, saying,—'O, dear sir, I could not help it, indeed I could not, for Mr. Clifton assured me, that he had something of importance to communicate to Miss Barnet; and so, although she had desired me to deny her to every body ——'

Edward. Miss Barnet did not know of his coming?—

Mrs. Commode. Indeed, sir, no more than the child unborn.

Edward. I don't know what to believe—well, go up stairs, and let her know that I wish to see her,—go up, I say, directly, or I go without you.

As Edward was going, the woman ran before, and when she came to the door of the room in which Clifton and Miss Barnet were, she stood for some time shuffling with her feet, and making a noise upon the floor, a ceremony she had learnt at Lady Hornbury's, where it was established as a matter of etiquette, before the door of any room was opened, in which two persons of different sexes were known to be.

As Edward stood at a little distance, without interrupting her, Mrs. Commode imagined that he began to hesitate, and had some dread of entering the room, on which it struck her to make another attempt to prevent his go-

ing in; she stepped back, saying in a low voice, 'I beg, my dear sir, that you will not persist, you know what a furious man Mr. Clifton sometimes is; he has pistols with him, and he swore to me that he would shoot the first man through the head who——'

Before she had finished this remonstrance, Edward seizing her by the arm, swung her with violence from him, and entered the room, where he found Miss Barnet and Clifton, as was mentioned above.

When Mr. Clifton left the ladies, and was retiring, Mrs. Commode met him at the bottom of the stairs, begged to speak to him in her own room, and there she affirmed, 'That Edward had certainly dog'd him to the house; that as soon as he entered, he declared that he knew of Mr. Clifton's being with Miss Barnet; that he had forced his way up stairs, in spite of all she could urge to prevent him; that he had spoken in very disrespectful terms of Miss Barnet, and had even gone the length of threatening Mr. Clifton.'

The rage in which Clifton was, prevented him from perceiving fully the improbability of this statement, although he did not believe literally all she said; he suspected, however, that the foundation was true, which increased his anger to such a degree, that as soon as he returned to his own house, he wrote the following note, and sent it to Edward's chambers.—

'You have behaved to me in a manner not to be borne; as you must know to what I allude, I enter into no detail, nor will I listen to the maxims of pedants, or any kind of reasoning that does not accord with the sentiments of a gentleman, who feels himself injured. I shall expect you to-morrow morning at seven in Hyde-park.'

A short time after Mr. Clifton had left Mrs. Easy's, Edward had withdrawn, absorbed in reflection on the incidents that had just passed; he walked slowly to the Temple. He was convinced that the sources of Clifton's and of Miss Barnet's conduct were directly opposite; that *he* had acted from premeditation, and *she* from want of

reflection. He rejoiced in the thought of having extricated her from a situation of some danger; the danger he apprehended proceeded from her having no suspicion of Clifton's designs; the moment that she should have any idea of them, he believed her danger would be at an end; he came to the resolution, therefore, of giving her such a hint as would rouse her suspicion, with which he knew pride and indignation would also arise for her protection. He determined likewise to set out that very evening for Barnet-hall, and to lay open his thoughts to Mrs. Barnet: on his way he ordered a post-chaise to the Temple-gate, and then proceeded to his chambers. He found Clifton's note on the table; the perusal vexed him exceedingly, he threw it down, walked with hasty steps through the room, took it up, perused it again and again, and after some minutes of calmer meditation, he pronounced with strong emphasis,—'No,—no consideration shall drive me to meet him to-morrow. This shall not turn me from my purpose of visiting Mrs. Barnet,—he shall have a little time at least for reflection.'

Edward then wrote what follows.—

'You must be sensible that all you can accuse me of is, that I endeavoured to prevent the perpetration of a piece of treachery. I am as averse to any attack on your life, as I am unwilling to subject you to endless remorse: Without regarding whether these are the maxims of pedants or not, I avow them to be mine; and, therefore, it is more on your account than my own, that I decline meeting you to-morrow. I am going to the country, and shall not return for a few days.'

Having folded up and directed this, he wrote what follows, in a disguised hand, to Miss Barnet.—

'Without pretending to know whether Miss Barnet would at any rate favour the addresses of Mr. Clifton, the friend, who sends her this note, submits it to her own good sense to decide, whether or not it is prudent to permit him to continue his assiduities, in case he never has mentioned what alone ought to be their object.

'Miss B. ought to beware of the woman Mrs. Easy lately took into her service.'

In writing this last note Edward had disguised his hand, because he thought the admonition would be less offensive to the young lady, and would have a better effect if she believed it to come from some other person than him.

Having sent both letters, he stepped into the post-chaise, and proceeded towards Barnet-hall.

CHAPTER LI.

Non ille pro caris amicis,
Aut patria timidus perire. HORAT.

It was between one and two o'clock in the morning, when Edward arrived at the gate of Mr. Barnet's house. As the last post-house was at the distance of only four miles the postillion had been ordered to return without unharnessing; Edward did not allow him to enter, lest Mr. and Mrs. Barnet should be disturbed by the chaise driving through the court.—The moon at that moment shone very bright, though the preceding part of the night had been dark and cloudy. As soon as the postillion had driven away, Edward was going to ring the bell at the outer gate, when he perceived a man hastening towards him; he had taken nothing into the chaise with him, except pistols, and those he had in his hands. When the man came nearer, he called, 'Who comes?—stop and answer.'

'If I am not mistaken, I hear Mr. Edward's voice,' cried the man.

'What is this you, Nick?' replied Edward; 'what business can my old friend have out of his bed at this unseasonable hour?'

'Ah! sir, poor Margery was seized suddenly with a violent pain in her stomach two hours ago; I have

her every thing I could devise, to afford her relief, without effect;—but I remembered, that she was taken in the same way about eight months since, and Madam Barnet, who, you well know, has no kind of pride, called to see her, and immediately after sent her some drops which removed the pain, and so I was going to try to get a word of the housekeeper, who perhaps can give me the same drops, or if she cannot, I know that madam herself will not grudge being waked, to give relief to a fellow Christian.'

Edward now perceiving that the gate was open, 'This is horridly careless,' said he, as he entered the court; 'but let us turn round to the back-door, and try to raise the housekeeper, by knocking at her window.'

At that moment they heard a kind of bustle in the rooms above.

'My life for it,' said the soldier, 'there are thieves in the house; this door is open also.'

'Hush, Nick,' said Edward, 'take this pistol and follow me, but make no noise.'

As they ascended a private stair, the noise of the bustle increased; when they came to the top, they perceived light in Mr. Barnet's room, and then heard his voice begging piteously for his life.

'If the mask had not dropt, that might have done,' cried a fellow, as he raised a hanger to strike at Barnet's throat; 'but since you know me, damn me if I——'

Before he could finish the sentence, his hand was shattered by a brace of bullets; the hanger dropt guiltless on the floor, and the fellow ran off by another door.

On entering the room, and seeing Barnet's danger, Edward had fired his pistol thus fortunately.

He then eagerly asked, What was become of Mrs. Barnet. Her husband, all shaking with terror, could give no answer.

A voice was heard, exclaiming, 'Spare his life, you shall have more money, you shall never be prosecuted;' and Mrs. Barnet herself rushed into the room. Her

surprise and joy were unspeakable at the sight of Edward and her husband unhurt. 'Be composed, madam,' said the former, 'the villain is fled.'

'Oh! sir,' cried she recollecting herself, and turning with a look of terror to the door, 'have a care, there are more.'

'Where?' exclaimed Edward.

'In my dressing-room,' she answered.

He then seized the hanger, which lay on the floor, but as he attempted to go, Mrs. Barnet held him, crying, 'You shall not leave us, you will make them desperate, they will murder you.'

'Do you stay and guard Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, and trust this piece of duty to me, Mr. Edward,' said the soldier, holding up his pistol, as he moved out of the room.

Edward, however, bolting the door at which he had entered, immediately followed the soldier.

As he entered the dressing-room, he heard two pistols fired, and saw the soldier with his head and arms out of the window.

'The rascal was too nimble for me,' said the soldier, turning round to Edward, 'he dropt from the window, as I entered the room, but he did not get off shot free, for by the light of the moon, I saw him stagger after I fired; he was helped to the gate by another, who ran out of the house; I believe I winged that rascal also, for he gave a confounded bounce, when I fired the second pistol.'

'How came you by a second pistol?' said Edward.

'I saw it lying on the floor, I fired it at random, it happened luckily to be charged, and so, please your honour, whether the villains have got any gold I cannot tell, but I am certain they have carried off a little lead with them, and I heartily wish it were twice as much for their sakes.'

Having acquainted Mrs. Barnet with what had just passed, and after speaking words of comfort and encouragement to her husband, who was still in some degree of stupor, Edward, followed by the soldier, went down stairs; they found the housekeeper gagged, in such man-

ner that the woman was almost choked, and her hands tied so tight, that the blood was ready to burst from her fingers. They found a footman bound and gagged also, but so slightly, as to put him to very little pain or inconveniency.

Here it will be proper to account for the state in which Edward found the family.

CHAPTER LII.

Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
Est animus: submitte caput cervice parata
Ferre jugum:——
Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge. JUVEN.

THE mulatto, who bought Mr. Barnet's fine house, lived at it more than ever; besides the two sphinxes, the canal, and the Belvidere, this villa could now boast of a variety of other ornaments, derived from the taste of three ladies who had successively been mistresses of it and of the mulatto. As the ideas of these ladies, respecting the beautiful in gardening and rural scenery, were very different, the villa itself, if not the most magnificent, was one of the most curious in England.

The mulatto's first mistress, who was a native of Kew, had a great partiality for Chinese ornaments, and soon after his purchasing the house, she had prevailed on her lover to rear a pagoda contiguous to the room in the beech-tree. To the excessive fondness which she shewed for this fabric, the mulatto made no objection; but he could not bear with equal indifference a partiality which she afterwards betrayed for Pompey the footman, formerly mentioned; on whch account the lady was dismissed, notwithstanding her being in a state of pregnancy. She had before obtained a settlement for herself and for the child, of which she was safely delivered a few months after.—The mulatto, with all the warmth of a father, sent for the

infant, which proved to be a very promising girl, though of complexion a shade darker than he expected.

The lady who came in her place, though born in a different part of the country, had been educated at the *same school* with her predecessor. During her reign the pagoda was neglected This lady having read the Castle of Otranto, became as enamoured of Gothic, as the other had been of Chinese, buildings. Under her auspices a *fac simile* of that celebrated fabric was erected opposite to the pagoda. The lady was fond of doing the honours of this little castle to the mulatto's acquaintance, when they visited his villa, particularly to a handsome young West Indian who came oftener than any, and who in return for so much attention carried her with him some time after to the continent. *Prima avulsa non deficit alter.* The mulatto in a very short time brought another lady to supply the place of her, who had been so unexpectedly torn from his arms —Of her we shall speak presently; but it will be first necessary to make the reader acquainted with the valet-de-chambre.

The mulatto, who was exceedingly fond of whatever was glittering and shewy, had engaged this fellow chiefly on account of the gaudiness of his dress, and brisk ease of his manners: he would have preferred a Frenchman, if he himself had understood French; but as he loved to converse with his valet, while his hair was dressing, he was under the necessity of contenting himself with an Englishman, and thought himself fortunate in having found one who in dress and manners resembled a Frenchman, more than any servant out of livery in London.

This man's appointments were more lucrative than those of four Welch curates, or than the pay of a captain in the army; yet he never could lay up a sixpence; what renders this more remarkable is, that he spent none of his money in gaming. Frocks, waistcoats, and silk stockings cost him nothing; on the contrary, besides a large wardrobe for his personal use, he had always some to sell; his great expense was in rings, buckles, snuff-boxes, switches, seals,

watch-chains, smelling-bottles, shirt-pins, and other articles equally indispensable: no black prince on the coast of Guinea ever had a greater passion for toys, bawbles, and trinkets of all sorts, than this same English valet.

All his wages, perquisites, and petty larcenies were no more than sufficient to supply him in the necessaries above mentioned. The mulatto's new mistress grudged him the last article; she was of opinion that the whole *robbing* department in the mulatto's establishment belonged exclusively to herself, and she watched him so closely, that, in spite of all his industry, the poor man, unable to make his revenue square with his expenses, ran into debt.

Nature seemed to have intended this fellow for nothing worse than a coxcomb; had he been permitted to avail himself of all those little advantages, which he considered as the lawful perquisites of office, he might have continued to pass for an honest man, at least as honest as many in superior, as well as equal situations, who are suffered to take the same advantages unmolested. Finding himself thus cramped, he began to meditate on ways and means of relieving himself, that he had not before been driven to exercise. But before he had had time to put any of these in execution, an incident occurred which gave the man hopes of getting free of this everlasting spy upon his actions, and being restored to his former emoluments.

The mulatto's constitution was a good deal broken by his manner of living; he was subject to low spirits, and sometimes to the most violent excesses of rage, particularly when he had drank too much wine, which was frequently the case: on one of these occasions a quarrel arose between him and his mistress. In the bitterness of his wrath, and being animated to unusual courage by the pernicious cordial in which he had indulged, he abused her in the grossest terms, and threatened to turn her out of doors. Although the following day he was as tame and dejected as he had before been fierce and boisterous, yet the lady was not only piqued, but also alarmed by his threats, and from that moment she re-

solved to carry a point she had not hitherto been solicitous about.

In one of these fits of despondency, to which he was subject, she found means to raise scruples in his mind respecting the criminal state in which they both lived, and the dreadful consequences in case of death, of which he was in continual terror. The effect of this manœuvre was, that one morning after a frightful dream, she insinuated those scruples with such art, that she brought him to propose that they should expiate the guilt of their past commerce, and consecrate their future union, by marriage. The ceremony was performed accordingly, to the infinite mortification of the valet, who now saw his reviving hopes blasted, and being driven to desperate measures, from a coxcomical pilfering knave, he became a villain of greater magnitude.

The lady had turned away one of the footmen, merely because she thought him on too confidential a footing with the valet. Mr. Barnet needing a servant at this time, took the discarded footman into his service. This man occasionally met with his old fellow-servants at an alehouse, situated between the mulatto's house and that of Mr. Barnet; he happened to have a dispute with one of them over a pot of ale, at the door of this very alehouse. The question in agitation was, which of their masters was the most honourable man? on the decision of which they thought their own comparative dignity depended.

The mulatto's footman began the attack, by asserting, that the other was now under petticoat government, because Mr. Barnet was governed by his wife. To this it was retorted, that as it was in the order of nature that men should be governed by women, it was better to be governed by a virtuous woman than by a wh——; that Mr. Barnet lived honourably with his lawful wife; whereas the mulatto had lived scandalously with one mistress after another.

'Well,' replied the mulatto's servant, 'but my master

is now married, and my mistress is just as much his lawful wife as your mistress is Mr. Barnet's.'

'Don't offer to compare them together; for if twenty men were to marry her she would not be on a footing with Mrs. Barnet,' said the other; 'and let me tell you,' added he, 'that you will always have the disgrace of being the servant of a man who kept a mistress instead of a wife.'

'That is not so bad a way as you think,' resumed the mulatto's servant; 'for as I once heard young Mr. Clifton say, when I waited at table, if a man happens to become tired of his mistress, (says he), he can change her into his wife, if he pleases; but although a man should be ever so tired of his wife, (says he), it will be very difficult to make her his mistress.'

This last argument appeared to Mr. Barnet's servant quite unanswerable; he therefore attempted no reply.

CHAPTER LIII.

> The town has tinged the country; and the stain
> Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe.
>
> COWPER.

The contest between the two footmen would have ended with the last Chapter, had not the mulatto's servant provoked the other with a new attack—'What signifies talking of our mistresses?' said he, 'only look at the rich livery I wear;—compare it with your own plain frock, and then lay your hand on your conscience, and say which of our two masters is the most honourable man.'

This roused the spirit of Mr. Barnet's servant, and recollecting the name of a bawd, whose footman had richer liveries than even the mulatto's, he instantly adduced that as a proof that magnificent liveries were not quite decisive of the question.

'Well,' said the mulatto's footman, 'we shall let live-

ries go for nothing; yet you cannot deny but that my master keeps much finer horses than your's; he would be ashamed to see any of his servants mounted on such an old jade as you ride, when you attend your mistress to church. My master has not only better horses than your's, but double the number—Is not that more honourable both for him and his servants; answer me that.'

This was more than Mr. Barnet's footman could bear; he lost his patience entirely; but having no argument to oppose to the force of his adversary's reasoning, he had recourse, as is often the case in similar circumstances, to personal reflections.

'Your master,' said he, 'may keep as many horses as he pleases; but as for himself, he is only a mule for all that.'

'A mule!' cried the other; 'I don't know what you mean by that; but I believe he is just as good a Christian as yourself.'

'I'll be damned if he is,' retorted the first; 'for he can, at the very utmost, be considered only as half a Christian.'

'Why I am sure I once saw him in church,' resume the first; 'and he regularly eats cross-buns every Goo Friday, and minced pies at Christmas.'

'He may eat what he likes,' said Mr. Barnet's servar 'but he is no full Christian, being between a Christ and a blackamoor, which is clear from his complexi and although you and all his family were to swear to contrary, his face would condemn him before any cou Christendom.'

This last argument overpowered the mulatto's a cate; after remaining for some moments silent, he th it would be best to endeavour to accommodate matter said in a milder tone, 'Well, well, Tom, if my m happens to have a little pagan blood in his veins, what he cannot help; neither could you if your had been a negro; but this you must allow, that n ter has a prodigious large estate in the West

which produces sugar and rum, instead of wheat and oats, like your landed estates here in England; and therefore he can afford to live more honourably than Mr. Barnet, by the means of having much more ready money.'

'I am not clear on that point,' replied Mr. Barnet's footman; 'West India estates are not always ready money; whereas Mr. Barnet never wants it altogether, and sometimes has a great deal by him. I had a glance into his room the other day, when he was settling with his steward, and hang me if the whole table was not quite covered with guineas; I never saw such a sight in my whole life; I was ready to fall into a trance, with my eyes open; and I have dreamed of it ever since.'

In passing the alehouse the mulatto's valet overheard the latter part of this controversy; it made an impression on him similar to what the sight of the gold had made on the footman. He could think of nothing but that a great number of guineas were in Mr. Barnet's escritoir; that, perhaps, one-half of them would be sufficient to clear him of debt, and make him easy; that it would be much easier to get at them by means of the footman, than to cheat the mulatto out of an equal sum; that there would be no great harm in it, because Mr. Barnet was rich, and could bear the loss. By such meditations the design of robbing Mr. Barnet took root in his mind; he found means privately to meet with the footman; he opened his mind at first very cautiously, regretting his new master's imprudence, in keeping large sums of money in his desk, because he said it would be an *easy matter*, especially for *those who lived in his house*, to rob him, if they should have the wickedness to attempt such a thing. He soon perceived that half his business was done; that the footman had been meditating on the same subject; and that the danger, small as it seemed, formed a greater obstacle than the wickedness; they soon came to an understanding, and spoke their minds freely; they encouraged each other, by the recollection, that there was no man at that time in the house, but Mr. Barnet, and he was quite helpless, having lately re-

lapsed into the gout; they agreed to admit into the con spiracy a footman out of place, with whom the valet had some acquaintance, and a Jew, to whom he was in the us of selling whatever he could pillage from his master The plan of operation was contrived by the Jew, and th execution was fixed for a night on which they knew th butler was to be absent, he having obtained leave to visi a relation at some miles distance.

About two in the morning those three villains were ad mitted by their accomplice into the house; that *he* migh appear innocent, they began by binding him, and the proceeded to the housekeeper's room, whom, having awoke they threatened with immediate death, if she offered t scream, or to make any resistance, and then bound an gagged her, as was mentioned. It was decided, in th next place, that they should secure Mrs. Barnet, whos bed-chamber was adjoining to her husband's. She ha sat up with him until near one o'clock, when he had falle asleep. She then retired to her own apartment, and w reading in her dressing-room when the villains enter the house; about an hour before they entered she h dismissed her maid, who, with other female servants, sl in a room above.

The rogues rushed into her dressing-room by a d which had been indicated to them by their accompl the dressing-room led by another door into her bed-c ber, which communicated with the room in whic husband slept.

Mrs. Barnet having screamed at the sudden a ance of three men, one of them held a pistol to her threatening to blow out her brains if she contin scream, or offered to stir; two of them had the up of their faces covered with black crape; the valet entire mask. When Mrs. Barnet perceived that tention was merely to rob, she recovered her com to the Jew, who still held the pistol to her br calmly said, 'You shall have my money, sir; h can have no interest in killing me, you had b

your pistol, because it may go off without your intending it.'

On a sign made to him by the valet, the Jew turned the mouth of his pistol from her.

The fellow insisted, however, on her being bound; but Mrs. Barnet declared that she would not submit to it: and if they attempted such a thing, that she would, at any risk, exclaim with all her might, so as to rouse all the servants in the house.

The valet whispered the Jew to give up that point; and then, in an audible voice, recommended to the footman, who was left in the dressing-room, to keep a watchful eye upon her, and to be sure to shoot her through the head, in case she should make a noise, or offer to stir.

The valet and Jew then went through Mrs. Barnet's bed-chamber into that of her husband; he was already awake, and suspected that the bustle he heard proceeded from thieves; but he lay silent and motionless through fear. The Jew ordered him to deliver his keys, and inform them where his money was. Barnet immediately complied, and they found a considerable sum in his escritoir: having counted this, the Jew went down stairs to seize on the plate; but soon after he had left the room, the valet's mask accidentally dropped, and Barnet, recognising his face, said, inconsiderately, 'My God, Mr. Henry! is it you?' On which, the valet raising his voice for the first time since he entered, exclaimed, 'Oh, d—n your soul! do you know me? then, by the Lord, I'll put it out of your power ever to appear against me.'

Barnet begged for his life.

Mrs. Barnet, indistinctly hearing her husband's voice, betrayed great emotion.

The footman presented the pistol again to her breast, and said, 'Don't you offer to stir, you b——, or I'll shoot you through the head.' But at the same instant hearing her husband exclaim for mercy, she lost all thought of her own danger; struck the pistol out of the villain's

hand, and rushed into her husband's chamber, as has been mentioned.

The thieves, having run away, Edward and the soldier left Mrs. Barnet with her husband, and went to see the situation of things below stairs; they traced the way by which the valet had escaped by his blood on the steps of the stairs and the floor of the passage to the door. They relieved the housekeeper from torture, and entirely freed the accomplice.

The servants who slept at the stables, as well as those in the garrets, having been alarmed by the report of the pistols, were now assembled in the court.

In their hurry to escape, the thieves had left the money and plate behind them. Mrs. Barnet, fearing that the groom and coachman, who proposed to follow them, might be killed or wounded, directed that no pursuit should be made. The old soldier then informed her what had been his errand. Mrs. Barnet immediately dispatched a message to the apothecary to visit Margery; and in the meantime sent her, by her husband, a few drops of laudanum, in a little peppermint water, which cured the poor woman some hours before the apothecary came.

CHAPTER LIV.

And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
And mind *your duty*, duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path, ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.
BURNS.

THE old soldier returned to Mr. Barnet's house, as soon as his wife was easy and had fallen asleep; he was carried directly into the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Barnet were, and expressed his thankfulness for the cure she had performed.

'It is Mr. Barnet's duty and mine, my good friend, said she, 'to express our gratitude to you, for so readily risking your own life in defence of our's.'

Soldier. That is but a small obligation, my good lady; by risking what remains of my life, I could meet with no great loss; but I thank God, I never shrunk from my duty, when my life was of more value.

Mrs. Barnet, No, that I'll be bound thou didst not.

Soldier. If I ever had, I should have been ashamed to receive the pension I now enjoy.

Mrs. Barnet. All who enjoy sinecure offices and pensions, it is said, are not quite so modest.

Soldier. I hope that is a calumny raised against them, my good lady; for I am sure all of them whom I know would be ashamed of taking the money of their country, if they had not a wound or two to shew for it.

Mrs. Barnet, (smiling). Well, you should know, best, Nick: perhaps I have been misinformed.

Soldier. Depend upon it, my good lady, you have had your information from some of their enemies; for I am certain you are not one of those who grudge seven pounds ten shillings a year to a set of brave fellows, who have suffered in the cause of their country.

Mrs. Barnet. Indeed, Nick, I am not.

Soldier. I could have sworn it, my lady, though, considering what a list of pensioners there is, it amazes me how his majesty is able to pay us all.

Mrs. Barnet. Especially after an expensive or unnecessary war.

Soldier. Every war must be expensive, please your honour; because, although soldiers do contrive to live upon less than other men, yet they cannot live on downright nothing; and as for an unnecessary war, I hope in God I shall never live to see it. People sit down at their ease and read in a newspaper of two or three thousand men killed and wounded as if it was nothing; but your honour can hardly have a notion of the miseries of a single campaign; for, not to mention the sufferings of the

poor wounded soldiers in the field and in the hospitals, you must take into the account the calamities endured by the inhabitants of besieged towns, and by the men, women, and children of the countries that are the seat of war. —If I were only to narrate one-half of what I have seen with my own eyes, Lord have mercy! my lady here would be ready to expire with downright commiseration; and your honour would hardly be able to eat your dinner; and, therefore, nothing but their being absolutely necessary for the defence of our country and our religion, can make wars excusable, and it is then only that they can be prosperous according to the decrees of providence.

Mrs. Barnet. I am glad to find that notwithstanding the long time you were a soldier, you have still retained your religious sentiments. The first time I saw you, I recollect that I was pleased with the trust which you seemed to have in providence. You assured me that every bullet had its commission.

Soldier. Undoubtedly every bullet has; for what can be more clear than that nothing can happen on this world but by the permission of Him, who is the Lord and Commander in Chief of all the hosts of heaven and earth?

Mrs. Barnet. Where were you instructed in your religion, Nicholas?

Soldier. In my native country, madam, by my father who was a good pious man, that regularly performed religious service, and bred up his children in the fear of God.

Mrs. Barnet. How came you to inlist? You told me you was bred a gardener.

Soldier. I was so; but it was then the time of war; the nation had been dejected with ill success at the beginning: a new minister revived its courage, and inspired such a spirit all over the kingdom, that every body became desirous of serving his country. Nothing was ever equal to the change that took place; in the part of the country where I lived, every man seemed to look on the loss of Minorca as a personal affront; and so I and several other

young fellows in the village listed with a recruiting serjeant on purpose to retake it; but instead of it, we took Louisbourg and Quebec, and other places of more value. But as for my trusting in providence, I was not only instructed in that by my father, but also by the minister of our parish, who was one of the best men that ever lived, and a blessing to all that country-side. I never shall forget the words he spoke to me the very day on which I left home with our party; and if it were not for tiring your honours, I could repeat part of it.

Mrs. Barnet. Pray do; I should like to hear it.

Soldier. 'Nicholas,' says he, 'you are going to fight in the cause of your country; and I hope you will behave so as never to bring sorrow and disgrace on the honest people from whom you are sprung, or a stain on this parish in which you were born. Never forget that you are in the presence of Almighty God, and that will prevent you from being overawed by mortal men, for those who fear God most, fear men least; and you may depend upon it, that nothing can happen in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, except by his permission who created both.' Now, madam, (continued the soldier), I take this to be one reason, among others, why cowards never get to heaven; and so the words of this worthy clergyman, and the instructions I received from my father, made a deep impression on my mind, and they have proved a cordial to my heart in all the distresses of life; for I have observed, that what we consider as unfortunate, sometimes turns out quite the contrary, of which I have had a strong proof this blessed day; for I thought it a great misfortune when Margery was seized with that pain in her stomach; yet now it appears, that this very pain had its *commission* just like the bullets in the day of battle; for it was the occasion of my coming hither this morning and assisting Mr. Edward in saving his worship's life, and, perhaps, your ladyship's. And now Margery herself blesses the pain which has been the cause of so much good; and I am sure I never can be thankful e-

nough to providence for making me the instrument of defence to my benefactors before I leave the world. I ask pardon of both your honours for talking so much; old men, they say, are given to talk, so it is not surprising that I should do as others; but why I should be ready to cry I cannot understand; for I never, never—never, added he sobbing and wiping his eyes, was so hap—hap—happy in my life.

Mrs. Barnet was much affected at the old man's harangue, and pleased to see that her husband was moved also; but while she wished that his emotion might terminate in some deed of beneficence, she was also desirous that he should have the whole honour of it; she, therefore, avoided prompting him in direct terms; she spoke of the service the soldier had rendered them with warmth, hinting that Mr. Barnet would find a way to shew his gratitude; and while she dwelt on this theme, she looked in the most expressive manner to her husband.

Mr. Barnet at last understood her meaning; and taking the soldier by the hand, he said,—'I am sensible, friend, how much my wife and I are indebted to you, and am resolved to settle forty pounds a-year upon you for life.'

'God bless your honour,' cried the soldier; 'but, indeed it is too much, a great deal too much.'

'If you think so,' said Barnet, whose innate narrowness of soul began to operate, 'it shall be only thirty.'

'It is not what *he* thinks, but what *you* think, that should fix this point,' said Mrs. Barnet, addressing her husband; 'and I thank you from my heart, my dear, for the annuity of forty pounds you mean to settle on this poor man; I consider it as an obligation to myself, for he was the means of preserving my life as well as yours; and as honest Margery was the cause of his being in the way to help us both, you intend, no doubt, that the annuity should extend to her, in case she should survive her husband?' Barnet seeming to hesitate, she added, 'Indeed, it is most probable that Margery will die first; this

on, therefore, will cost nothing.' Barnet then nod-
sent, and she continued,—' Here, Nicholas, is the
rear's payment,' taking forty guineas of what the
s had left on the table, and forcing them into the
r's hands; ' here is the first year's payment of the
ty which Mr. Barnet has been so generous as to set-
your wife and you. Go your ways, and comfort
ery with the news.' So saying, she thrust the sol-
ut of the room, clapping her hand on his mouth
or twice as he attempted to remonstrate against tak-
e money. Having shut the door, she turned gaily
, and wishing her husband joy of an act which, she
did him honour, and would afford him pleasure all
st of his life.

hough Mr. Barnet did not approve of every circum-
: of what had passed, he could not easily object to
f them, and it was supposed he approved of the

CHAPTER LV.

> ———Rumour is a pipe
> Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
> And of so easy and so plain a stop
> That the blunt monster with uncounted heads
> Can play upon it. SHAKESPEARE.

ER the violent agitation which Mrs. Barnet had un-
ne, Edward felt more reluctance than ever against
inting her with the real object of his journey to the
ry;—being obliged, however, to give some reason for
rival at such an unseasonable hour, he mentioned
ving heard of Mr. Barnet's relapse, and that he
lf had been detained in town to a later hour than
d counted on, when he formed the resolution of go-
see him. His reluctance to touch on a subject
l to Mrs. Barnet increasing, his mind, of course,

laid hold of every circumstance which favoured, and every pretext which tended to justify, the silence he was inclined to keep.

'The note I wrote to Miss Barnet,' said he to himself, will be sufficient to put her on her guard, and renders it as unnecessary as it would be cruel, to mention a subject which would give Mrs. Barnet pain, and impress her with an ill opinion of Mr. Clifton, whose natural candour in all probability has already convinced him of the errors of his conduct.'—Edward was determined however to return to town after remaining two days with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet; and he had already mentioned his intention to the latter, when Miss Barnet suddenly entered the room, and threw herself with ecstasy into her mother's arms. For some moments the young lady was unable to speak;—at length raising her head from Mrs. Barnet's neck, she exclaimed, 'My dearest mother, how happy am I to find you in safety!—what a blessed moment is this!'

To account for Miss Barnet's unexpected appearance in her father's house, it is necessary to inform the reader of certain transactions which took place in London after Edward left it. Previous to Miss Barnet's receiving the note above mentioned, which he had written to her, she had reflected with coolness, and in a more serious manner than was usual to her, upon her own conduct; she had become sensible of the critical situation in which she had been, and began to have suspicions of Mr. Clifton's designs, which had never occurred to her before;—the note fully opened her eyes to the imprudence of her own behaviour, added strength to her suspicions of him, and made her form the resolution of being more circumspect in future.

Vanity, a slight pique against Lady Hornbury with something of a coquetish disposition, had been the motives of her inviting Mr. Clifton's advances; but she had heard of his free and dissipated manners; and although pleased with his gaiety, she had good sense enough to think he would make an improper husband for her; and

as she had no thought of matrimony herself, she was neither surprised nor vexed at his never having hinted any thing to her on that subject;—and she imagined that Clifton's calling, and being admitted at Mrs. Easy's, had been entirely accidental;—but she soon received a piece of information, which created strong suspicions that in this last point she was mistaken. One of Mrs. Easy's chambermaids had overheard the account Mrs. Commode gave to Clifton, as he was going from Mrs. Easy's; the chambermaid communicated this to Miss Barnet a few minutes after she received Edward's note, and while she was reflecting on its import.

Miss Barnet immediately took Mrs. Commode apart, questioned her very strictly how she came to admit Clifton, notwithstanding the orders she had received, and then accused her of having given a false account of what had passed between herself and Edward, previous to his being introduced. Mrs. Commode endeavoured in vain to justify herself; her falsehoods and prevarications were made manifest; Miss Barnet detected, and placed them in such a light that the woman was obliged to acknowledge, that all she had said regarding Edward's having threatened Clifton, or having spoken disrespectfully of Miss Barnet, was false; and finally to confess, that she had been in correspondence with the latter, had acquainted him with Mrs. and Miss Easy's having gone to the city, and of Miss Barnet's being at home and alone.

Being now sensible of Clifton's treacherous intentions, Miss Barnet recollected various circumstances in his conduct, as well as in that of the woman, which she was now surprised had not roused her suspicions earlier. While these recollections excited her indignation against Clifton, and gratitude to Edward, she was willing to believe that his intrusion, however kindly meant, was not absolutely necessary for her safety;—but in spite of every suggestion in favour of her own strength of mind, she still had candour enough to feel a strong sense of obligation towards him. As this feeling however, was a little offensive

to self-love, it is not surprising that Miss Barnet was somewhat embarrassed in the presence of Edward.

This kind of feeling is apt in many to degenerate into hatred, however unjustly, of those who are the cause of it; Miss Barnet had too strong a sense of justice for this; she could not help the embarrassment which she felt at the sight of Edward, but she now esteemed him more than ever, and the warmest wish of her heart was to have an opportunity of rendering him an essential service. She reflected with horror on the consequences which might follow the false representation that Mrs. Commode had made to Mr. Clifton, at a time when he was inflamed with anger against Edward. This reflection made Miss Barnet insist that Mrs. Commode should wait on Mr. Clifton, acknowledge the falsehood of her first statement, and inform him of the truth. The woman showed reluctance to this; on which Miss Barnet threatened to make the whole of her conduct public, and render her so odious, that she could never more be engaged in any family of credit, and that Lady Hornbury herself would be afraid to countenance her.—This terrified the woman into compliance; she did as she had been directed, and Clifton was made sensible, that one cause of his resentment was unfounded: the information, however, was perplexing, because it removed the sole pretence, which in his own partial judgment he could allege in justification of the resentment he still felt against Edward. In spite of his resentment he had frequent admonitions from his conscience, that the sources of his wrath against his friend were criminal. All the sophistry of self-love could not make them appear, even in his own eyes, in another light. Clifton's friendship for Edward had been built on truth, and on an admiration of spirited qualities; his resentment derived its source from falsehood, and from a conduct in his friend, which, although in opposition to the passion of the moment, Clifton's heart could not disapprove. The foundation was permanent, the source transitory; the probability, therefore, was, that Clifton's

friendship for Edward would partake of the nature of the first, and his resentment against him of the second. —But time was necessary to render him capable of cool and candid reflection. Clifton's mind had been disturbed through the night with contending passions; the same agitated it so much in the morning, that he had quite forgot the squabble he had been engaged in at the playhouse, and the consequence to be naturally expected from it. He was just dressed, when one of his acquaintance entered, and informed him that the wound, which the person he had struck had received in his fall, was more serious than was at first imagined; that some threatening symptoms had occurred in the night, and that in a consultation which had taken place that morning, the patient had been declared in imminent danger, in consequence of which an application was to be made for a warrant to arrest Clifton.

Although this information gave him uneasiness, yet he at first refused to abscond, saying, 'That such a measure created a presumption of guilt; and as he had nothing to accuse himself of in that transaction, he had nothing to fear;'—but on its being afterwards represented to him, that the wounded man might remain in danger a long time, although he should recover at last; that if Clifton surrendered immediately, he must remain all that time in prison, whereas if he should pass over to the continent, and there wait the event, he would have it in his power to surrender when he pleased for his trial, in case a trial should prove necessary; to this representation Clifton gave way; he set out for Dover that very night, and slept the night following in France.

Before Miss Barnet had heard of these incidents, an account of Mr. Barnet's house having been broken into by robbers had reached London by the means of a person who had posted through that part of the country:—the truth was much altered, as is usual on such occasions; a footman of Mrs. Easy, having been sent a message by his mistress, heard the story from the postillion,

who drove that person to London. Instead of proceeding to deliver the message with which he had been sent, being afraid that somebody might get the start of him, and carry this news to Miss Barnet, he returned with all possible speed, and meeting that young lady in the lobby—'Ah! madam,' cried he, 'I am exceedingly sorry' —here the man continued gasping, without being able to articulate more.

'Good God!' said she, 'Samuel, what is the matter? You seem quite out of breath.'

'No wonder, madam,' answered he at last; 'I have ran so fast, for I am exceedingly sorry to be the messenger of bad news.'

'What is it?' repeated she.

'Oh! madam, your father's house has been robbed.'

'Thank God it is nothing worse,' cried Miss Barnet; 'you frightened me very much.'

'All the plate is carried quite away,' said Samuel.

'Well, there is no help for it,' rejoined Miss Barnet.

'And a great deal of money besides,' added Samuel.

'It is a great mercy, however,' said Miss Barnet, that nobody is hurt; I suppose the robbers have got away without being heard by any body in the house.'

'The housekeeper was a little hurt,' said Samuel.

'How so?'

'Because they ravished her, to prevent her from crying out,' said Samuel.

Miss Barnet appearing shocked and confused, 'You need not be in the least uneasy, madam,' said the footman; 'for your father and mother were still alive, when the postillion, who gave me the information, past through.'

Mrs. Easy coming into the lobby, endeavoured to persuade Miss Barnet that the story was certainly much exaggerated, and probably entirely without foundation.

The young lady, however, immediately ordered a post-chaise, and in spite of all that Mrs. and Miss Easy could urge, to induce her to wait until they received more authentic intelligence, she set out, as soon as the chaise ar-

rived, for Barnet-hall, accompanied by her maid and a servant on horseback; and without stopping longer than was necessary for the change of horses, she arrived as has been mentioned.

The news of this daring attempt to rob Mr. Barnet's house being spread over the country, all the families of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet's acquaintance either visited them in person, or sent messages of congratulation on the fortunate escape they had made.

Edward, as was mentioned, had resolved to go to town, about the time of Miss Barnet's arrival at her father's; but on receiving a letter informing him of Mr. Clifton's having left the kingdom, he yielded to the entreaties that he had before withstood, and remained in the country.

Miss Barnet suspected that the note she had received respecting Clifton had been sent by Edward;—she supposed that his sudden jaunt to the country had the same object with the note, and never doubted but that he had spoken to her mother on that subject. Although the young lady could not greatly blame Edward on this account, because she was sensible that his motive was good, yet her pride was somewhat hurt. She thought that after writing the note, he ought to have stopped there, and trusted to the effect of those reflections which he had excited by it; that to hurry afterwards to inform her mother, was supposing that his letter would produce no effect; and if he supposed so, it was unnecessary to write it. She was surprised, however, that her mother delayed speaking to her on the subject; and when Clifton's withdrawing from the kingdom, and the cause of it, came to be the topic of general conversation, she plainly perceived, from the unlimited praise her mother bestowed on him, and her regret for his absence, that she knew nothing of that part of his conduct, which Miss Barnet had suspected Edward of having come expressly to inform her of. This removed from Louisa's mind that degree of blame she had imputed to Edward, but it did not entirely remove that embarrassment which she felt in his company.

CHAPTER LVI.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally, those again
The mind and conduct mutually imprint,
And stamp their image on each other's mint.
Each Sire and Dam of an infernal race,
Begetting and conceiving all that's base.

COWPER.

MR. and MRS. TEMPLE hastened to their friends as soon as they heard of the danger they had been in; and for several weeks Barnet-house was more crowded with visitors than it had ever been; several were detained to dinner every day during that time.

The important part Edward had acted on the night of the robbery drew compliments on him in such profusion as would have distressed a youth of far less modesty than he possessed. On pretence of a new and pressing reason for his returning to London he prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Barnet to consent to his going a considerable time before the expiration of the period he had at first agreed to stay.

A little after his departure Sir Mathew Mawkish thought it incumbent on him to give an entertainment, on account of the fortunate escape of his *good friends and neighbours the Barnets*. Sir Mathew had called so frequently, Lady Mawkish had made such obliging inquiries, and Lady Virginia had written so many kind letters on this occasion, that there was no refusing the invitation, in which Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Mr. Wormwood, who were all at this time at Barnet-house, were included. Lady Virginia founded the great value she put on herself on a variety of accomplishments, but on none more than her talent for letter-writing, which she exercised always to her own satisfaction, but sometimes to the annoyance of her acquaintance, and of none more than Louisa Barnet, to whom she addressed all her letters on this and other oc-

casions, because she still retained hope of bringing about a match between her and Carnaby.

The day before this entertainment, Colonel Snug, the gentleman formerly mentioned as having so great an aversion against pulling off his gloves, arrived at Sir Mathew's. It may be of use to the reader, perhaps, to be a little better acquainted with the character of this gentleman.

Colonel Snug was the son of a brewer, who intended him for his own profession, but wished, in the first place, that he should understand Latin and Greek; because, he said, that although they did not enable a man to brew better porter, yet they gave him a superiority over those who brewed the best. At school, however, and afterwards at the university, he formed an intimacy with some youths of family, and very soon after became ashamed of his father and all his own relations.

The well-meaning man discovered, after a certain number of years, that his son was not likely to acquire the superiority he intended over those who should brew better porter; but still he was vain of the high connections which he understood his son had formed, and allowed him abundance of money, that he might be on a footing with them, at least in the article of expense.

As the youth made frequent trips to Newmarket, and studied horse-racing with great assiduity, he made very considerable progress in that science, while he was at the university of Cambridge. But when he returned to the capital, he found himself much less disposed to attempt the increasing of his father's fortune, by residing with him in the city, than to the spending it at the court end of the town. The sudden death of his father prevented any dispute between them on that point; but it was then discovered that the father's fortune could be much easier spent than had been imagined; it amounted to a very moderate sum, which, according to the will of the deceased, was equally divided between young Snug and his sister, their mother having died some years before.

Notwithstanding his assiduity in the study above men-

tioned, he was, in other respects, of an indolent disposition, and fond to excess of every bodily indulgence. He lived a good deal, on his first coming from the university, with some young officers of fortune, which inspired him with a fancy to go into the army, as the genteelest profession he could be of; and that in which, judging from their temper and manner of life, he would have the best opportunity of indulging his natural indolence and aversion to bodily hardships or fatigue. He procured a commission accordingly.

For some time after his father's death he had seen very little of his sister, who lived with a relation in Westminster; finding, however, that she was thought handsome, and began to be admired by some of the most fashionable of his acquaintance, he condescended to take some notice of her.

Of all Mr. Snug's acquaintance the person whom he cultivated with the greatest attention was one youth, eminently distinguished for his fortune, his rank, and his simplicity; the last was so great, that it suggested the idea, that he might, by a little management, be led into a marriage with Miss Snug; and as the brother saw various advantages which might result to himself from the connection, he was tempted to take some pains to bring it about. His hopes of success in this attempt were a good deal depressed, when he observed that the young lady's beauty and accomplishments made little impression on his lordship; but they were revived on his perceiving that the beauty and accomplishments of every other woman made less; he was on the whole, therefore, encouraged to proceed; and having represented to his sister how extremely advantageous this marriage would be to her, they formed a conjunct plan of operations. The sister displayed all the attractions and beauty she decently could, but Mr. Snug's address in bringing them frequently together, promoted the success of his scheme more than any thing; for habit, which has considerable influence on most people, is all-powerful over the indolent. His lordship having

been often induced by the brother to visit the young lady, went afterwards of his own accord ;—he at last went daily, and nearly at the same hour, merely because he found nothing else to do; and one day he proposed marriage, merely because he had nothing else to say. Although the proposition came a little unexpectedly, the young lady had presence of mind enough to agree to it. They were married with all convenient speed; but the ceremony took place two days before the consummation, on account of his lordship being seized with the toothach.

At the time that Mr. Snug entered into the army, and for several years after, the nation enjoyed peace; of course the only military service he had to perform was that of mounting guard once a fortnight, and being present at a review once a year: yet he complained of those, as restraints intolerable to a gentleman. He had the resolution to support those hardships, however, until by the judicious application of some money, and the influence of his noble brother-in-law, he obtained the rankof lieutenant-colonel; soon after which the rumour of an approaching war gaining ground, and an idea at the same time beginning to prevail, that the regiment to which he belonged would he sent on foreign service, he thought it most prudent to sell his commission, retaining nothing of the soldier, except the title of colonel, and the cockade which he continued to wear. The money he received for his commission proved a new fund of credit at the gaming-houses, the old being pretty near exhausted. With this he was for a long time remarkably successful at all kind of play, and had his hands so full of money, that he despised economy, and lived in the most careless extravagance. During this period the colonel became, in some degree, acquainted with every person of rank in the nation, had access to the genteelest assemblies, and was invited to the most splendid tables; but to many, who are accustomed to the freedom and luxury of a tavern-life in London, the attentions observed in private families, and the decorum of behaviour which the presence of modest

women exacts, become intolerable. This happened to Colonel Snug, who, although it had at one time been his highest ambition to be permitted to visit in certain families, now, when accustomed to deeper play at the clubs, and to the licentious repasts of taverns, he considered a dinner in a private family as a grievance, and inveighed against every invitation as violently as he had formerly done against field-days and reviews.

The number of people of rank with whom Colonel Snug seemed to be intimate, rendered his acquaintance an object of ambition to Mr. Carnaby Shadow; but as it did not occur to the colonel, that he could derive any advantage from an acquaintance with Carnaby, all the advances of the latter were very coldly received.

A considerable time before Sir Mathew Mawkish gave the entertainment to Mr. Barnet's family, Colonel Snug's good fortune had forsaken him; he had suffered severe losses, and was a good deal distressed for money.

In this state of affairs, the colonel having heard that a certain person who owed him a considerable game-debt, and who on that account kept out of London, was at the house of a noble lord in the country, he thought proper, under pretence of making a visit to the peer, to post to his seat, in the hopes of meeting his debtor and recovering his money. On his arrival, he was informed that his lordship had just set out to a distant part of the country, and that the person the colonel was in quest of had gone away the day before. Chagrined at this disappointment, Colonel Snug, instead of returning, drove across the country, intending to pass the night at the house of another acquaintance, and had the additional mortification of finding that he also was from home. The colonel, having expressed his ill-humour in a volley of oaths, recollected that there was a very good inn on the London road, and there he resolved to pass the night; but this inn was at a considerable distance, and it was necessary that he should change horses at a small inn on the cross-road, in the way to the former. The horses in the chaise had already suf-

fered greatly from his impatience and ill-humour, for he was calling every moment to the postillions to whip and spur, without any regard to the deepness of the roads, or the exhausted strength of the animals. The four unhappy panting creatures arrived at length, with bleeding sides, all in a foam, at the small inn. Having ordered four fresh horses, he was told that there were none in the stables; and that it would be at least a couple of hours before any could return. After a new round of oaths, the colonel ordered the old horses to be again put to the chaise, that he might drive to the post-house, where he wished to pass the night. The landlord told him that the horses were in no condition to move that night. The colonel stormed, cursed the horses and his own hard fate, in the most emphatic terms that the English language affords. After passing an hour in this amusing manner, he called again for the landlord, and asked, in an imperious tone, if he had a bed in his house fit for a gentleman to sleep in.

'I don't know,' replied the man, whom the colonel's behaviour rendered a little sulky; 'I don't know what is fit for *you* to sleep in; but many honest men have slept in my beds.'

'Don't be impertinent,' said the colonel, 'but shew me the best bed-chamber in your house;'—which the man did, exerting all his prudence to restrain his tongue.

'This!' cried the colonel as soon as he saw the bed—'Why this sty is only fit for hogs.'

'Hogs!' repeated the man.

'Yes, hogs, and hogs only,' cried the colonel; 'for my part I would rather lie on the common.'

This was too much for the landlord's patience.

'It is lucky for you that you are of that way of thinking,' answered he; 'for I'll be hang'd if you shall lie in my house.'

The colonel returned to the parlour, and after inquiring again whether any horses could be had, and another course of fuming and swearing on being answered in the negative, he suddenly recollected that Carnaby Shadow's

father-in-law lived near the place; and calling for his valet-de-chambre, he said, 'I have a great notion, La Plume, that Sir Mathew Mawkish lives somewhere hereabouts.'

'Monsieur has raison,' replied the valet; 'the Chevalier Mawkish lives within one half league.'

'I wonder if that puppy Shadow is with him at present,' added the colonel.

'I believe that yes,' said La Plume; 'for I know he counted to go there before monsieur has parted from London.'

'I hope the coxcomb is still there,' said the colonel; 'for even his folly, with the tiresome formality of Sir Mathew and his hideous wife, are more tolerable than this horrid place;—bring paper, pen, and ink. He then wrote the following note, and desired La Plume to send it by the footman.—

'MY DEAR SHADOW,

'Eager to make you a short visit, on my return to town, and to have the honour of paying my respects to Sir Mathew and Lady Bab——I quitted the great road, and crossed to this place, where I expected to find horses to carry me to you;—but unfortunately all the horses are out, and those which brought me here so tired, that they cannot crawl.—I beg therefore, my dear fellow, that you will extricate me from this dismal hole, and give me the pleasure of paying my duty to her ladyship as soon as possible.—I am, with the most sincere esteem, yours,

'B. SNUG.'

Carnaby was extremely flattered with this letter, which he immediately shewed to Sir Mathew and Lady Bab. They ordered their coach to be got ready; Carnaby went in it, and returned with the colonel.

Lady Bab and Lady Virginia had little acquaintance with Colonel Snug; they neither of them possessed the qualities which attracted his regard, but they well knew

that he was a man of fashion, and highly connected; they therefore vied with each other in their attentions to him; they expected perhaps that this would soften him into a little more attention to them, when he met them at any assembly or public place.

Sir Mathew's politeness to Snug was founded on similar motives, for he hated the man,—and as a magnificent dinner was at any rate preparing for the Barnet family, he entreated the colonel, after supper, that he would not think of leaving them in the morning, but do him the honour of passing next day, at least, with him. Sir Mathew was so warmly joined by the ladies, that Snug, though he shuddered at the thoughts, was at last obliged to assent.

Carnaby attended the colonel to his bed-chamber, who asked how he intended to spend the time next day before dinner? Carnaby answered, that 'he usually went a coursing with a couple of grey-hounds; but as the colonel probably had no taste for that diversion, and he knew that Lady Bab and Lady Virginia expected the colonel's company in the coach, when they should take their forenoon's drive, he would accompany them also.'

'I beg,' my dear sir,' said the colonel, 'that I may make no altertion in your usual way of passing the morning; I shall gladly accompany you.'

'I did not know,' said Carnaby, 'that you had loved coursing with grey-hounds.'

'I prefer it, however,' replied the colonel, 'to coursing with grey-cats.'

The reader, it is probable, will think that the wit of this reply by no means compensates for its unpoliteness;—Mr. Shadow was of a different opinion, he was too fond of fashionable manners to be offended—he laughed exceedingly, and attempted some jokes of his own, at the expense of his mother and aunt.

CHAPTER LVII.

——At vos
Præsentes, Austri, coquite horum opsonia. Hor.

NEXT day the company at dinner consisted of Sir Mathew's family, including Lady Virginia, Colonel Snug, and Mr. Shadow, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Barnet, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. Wormwood, and a Mr. Grinder, the son of an overseer of a large estate in the West Indies, who on the death of his father, having succeeded to the same office, had in the course of a few years accumulated a considerable fortune, with which he came to England. Mr. Grinder had been recommended to the mulatto, who having persuaded him to settle in that part of the country, Mr. Grinder was actually in treaty with Sir Mathew Mawkish for the lease of a house and some lands belonging to him, which was the reason of his being invited on the present occasion.

'Shall I help you to some salmon?' said Lady Bab to Mr. Temple.

'If your ladyship pleases,' replied he.

'You will find it very good,' added she, 'it was brought in quite alive, and I ordered it to be crimp'd directly.'

'I ask pardon, madam, I will take some of this dish next me rather.'

'You had much better try the salmon,' resumed she, for I assure you it was all alive, when I ordered it to be cut across.'

'Forgive me, madam,' said Mr. Temple, shrinking.

'To let your ladyship into a secret,' said Mr. Barnet, 'my brother Temple, although he is fond of fish, never will taste any thing that has been crimp'd alive; he insists upon it, that all animals that are killed for our use, ought to be killed with the least pain possible, and for

the same reason he will allow no eels at his table, but such as have not been skinn'd till they were dead.'

'That seems very strange,' resumed Lady Bab, 'for they are much the better of being skinn'd alive.'

'I once thought so myself,' said Barnet; 'but my wife happens to have the same fancy with Mr. Temple, and always shewed such an aversion to those methods of improving the taste of animals, that I began to think it gave her as much pain as it did them; and although I am not one of those husbands who yield to the whims of their wives, yet in mere compassion to Mrs. Barnet, I gave up that point, and now that I am accustomed to eat my salmon and eels and pigs in her way, I love them just as well as if they had been crimp'd, or flea'd alive, or whip'd to death.'

'As animals were created for no other purpose, than for being food for us,' said Sir Mathew Mawkish, 'I should think it of no importance in what manner they are put to death.'

'Now, in my opinion,' replied Mr. Temple, 'the difference between a painful or an easy death, must be of more importance to them, than the difference made in their taste by torturing them can be to us.'

Here Sir Mathew Mawkish, who was apt, when the company was larger than usual, to harangue on the most trifling subject, in the same pompous verbose style he did in the House of Commons, spoke as follows.—

'I ask ten thousand pardons for differing in opinion from the reverend gentleman *who spoke last.* Lest my meaning should be mistaken, *I beg leave to explain*:—I do not pretend to say, that others may not be of the same sentiments with him, but only that I myself, *for one*, am not, being, as an individual, *free to confess*, that I prefer salmon and cod that have been crimp'd to any kind of fish, or *I might be bold to say*, to any animal whatever; but I prefer several other dishes to both salmon and cod that have not been so treated the moment they are drawn out of the water; and I *pledge myself* to prove that crimping

is a very great improvement of both those fish, and might be extended with utility to others; from which it clearly follows, that brutes ought to be killed in that manner, or according to that mode, which does them most good, in the *existing circumstances*; in other words, they ought to be treated when alive, and dressed, dead or alive, in the manner that renders them the most delicate eating. *I ask pardon for taking up the time* of the company so long, but on a question so interesting to the brute creation, I could not be silent.'

'The question, as you justly observe, Sir Mathew,' said Mr. Wormwood, 'seems to interest the brute creation very much;—but ought we not to be cautious of extending our severity to all brutes without exception, lest it should occasion the crimping or whipping of some brutes who little dream of it?'

Mrs. Barnet addressed Sir Mathew at that instant, on purpose to divert his attention from the import of Wormwood's remark, and Lady Virginia immediately after observed, 'that some people were of opinion that there was no necessity for killing any animal whatever, for the food of mankind, as they might be nourished on grain, roots, and other productions of the earth.'

'That would be carrying the joke a great deal too far,' said Mr. Barnet, 'and reducing us all to a state of barbarism, like the Gentoos, and other savage nations, unacquainted with the liberal arts.'

'Although this custom of sparing the lives of animals were adopted, my dear brother,' said Mr Temple, 'I do not clearly perceive how it should render us more barbarous, or prove at all detrimental to the liberal arts.'

Mr. Barnet seeming a little at a loss how to make good his assertion, Colonel Snug helped him out, by observing that abstaining from animal food would certainly prove detrimental to the art of cookery.

'That it would,' cried Barnet, 'and very materially too:' and observing that Mr. Temple smiled, he added, 'you may smile as much as you please, brother, but

the Christian religion says nothing against good cookery.'

'If it did, how could it be so much admired by so many dignified men of the church?' said Colonel Snug.

'I know few clergymen,' cried Sir Mathew, delighted with the quibble he had conceived, 'who do not give an example of *good living*.'

To all this wit, Mr. Temple did not condescend to make any reply.

'I have often thought it a great pity,' resumed Mr. Barnet, 'that the flesh of carnivorous animals is not as sweet and delicate as mutton or venison, for if it were, it would furnish a greater variety to the table, and would be a comfort to tender-hearted people like my wife, who feel some compunction in killing lamb and chicken, but would eat carnivorous animals if they were agreeable to the taste, without any remorse.'

'But, take care,' said Mr. Temple, 'for if all carnivorous animals were good eating, might we not be in danger of eating one another?'

'How so?' cried Mr. Barnet a little alarmed.

'Because man is the most carnivorous of all animals,' answered Mr. Temple; 'and if your proposal were adopted, you yourself, my dear brother, would be in danger of being the first devoured.'

The company having laughed a little at this sally, Colonel Snug said, that in Swift's works, there was a proposal for bringing the children of poor people in Ireland to market in times of scarcity.

'I have perused that treatise myself,' said Mr. Grinder, who hitherto had taken no part in the conversation, 'and indeed it is the only part of Dean Swift's works that ever much engaged my attention.'

'I can readily believe,' said Wormwood, 'that the treatise in question is most to *your* taste; but pray what objection have you to the rest?'

'Some of the rest consists of your idle kind of poetry that teaches nothing useful in life,' replied Grinder

'Nothing useful!' cried Wormwood; 'to be sure it neither teaches us how to make breeches nor plumb-puddings.'

'I never could bear poetry,' rejoined Grinder.

'May I be permitted to ask why?' said Wormwood.

'Because, in the first place, all poetry consists of ryhme: you must allow that,' answered Grinder.

'I am not quite of that opinion,' said Wormwood, 'but I shall admit it at present. What is your next reason for disliking it?'

'In the next place,' resumed Grinder, 'all rhyme is disagreeable to my ear, and perfect nonsense.'

'That is going too far,' said Mr. Barnet, 'since David wrote the psalms in rhyme, as we find in the Bible.'

'But, Mr. Grinder,' said Mr. Temple, who did not like to leave the Bible in such hands, 'what do you object to Swift's other prose-works?'

'A great part,' replied Grinder, 'consists of silly romances, more childish, if possible, than his poetry, all about fairies, and giants, and horses that speak, and tales of a tub—'

'Yes, and about *yahoos*. Do you know nobody who resembles them?' said Wormwood.

'No,' replied Grinder; 'I think them as bad as the others, and without any meaning, and all for mere amusement.—Now, for my own part, I never could read any book of that nature, though I was always curious to peruse whatever instructs us in our real interest, as how the very utmost is to be made of an estate or plantation, and therefore the treatise mentioned by the colonel drew my attention, as soon as I saw it, being intitled, '*A modest proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People from being a Burden to their Parents, and rendering them useful to the Public;*' but after a serious perusal, I could not help suspecting that the author meant it in jest.'

'Do you realy *suspect* so?' said Colonel Snug, with an ironical look.

'I do, indeed, colonel,' replied Grinder.

'I fear, Mr. Grinder,' rejoined Wormwood, 'you are

rather of a *suspicious* temper, for that treatise is written with an air of great seriousness.'

'Why, it is so,' said Grinder, 'which, indeed, made me often hesitate, before I formed my opinion: but whether Dean Swift was in jest or earnest, I confess I am not clear that a scarcity of provisions could justify the supplying the market in the manner he proposes.'

'What!' cried Wormwood, 'not in case of a famine.'

'I question much,' replied Grinder, 'whether it could be legally adopted in Great Britian or Ireland, even during a famine.'

'But in case of a famine in the West Indies?' rejoined Mr. Wormwood.

'Why, why, even there,' answered Mr. Grinder, after a little demure, 'I think the scheme should be permitted to extend only to a man's indisputed property, which he has honestly bought with his money, or bred on his estate, and which he has a right, by the laws of God and man, to dispose of as he pleases, and as is most for his advantage.'

'In what you call a man's indisputed property, which he has bought with his money, or bred on his estate, do you comprehend the children of his negro slaves?' said Wormwood.

'I unquestionably do,' replied Grinder.

'I expected there would be a clause in their favour,' said Wormwood.

'For my part,' cried Barnet, 'hang me if I would not rather starve than eat a morsel of either a white child or a black.'

'If all the world were as squeamish as you, brother,' said Mr. Temple, 'the black children would reap no benefit from the clause which Mr. Grinder would leave in their favour.'

'In their favour!' repeated Grinder.

'Yes, sir,' rejoined Mr. Temple, 'I should think it a favour to slaughter them during their infancy, rather than rear them to pass the miserable lives the generality of them do.'

'It is a great mistake to imagine that the slaves pass miserable lives,' said Mr. Grinder: 'I dare swear you never was in the West Indies, sir.'

'I never was,' answered Mr. Temple, 'but I have conversed with men of veracity, who, after residing there several years, acknowledged that the slaves of men of cool tempers and mild dispositions are treated with humanity and even kindness, but at the same time related such stories of the cruelty exercised upon slaves by men of avaricious or unfeeling characters, as cannot be heard without indignation and horror.'

'It is all a mistake, I assure you, sir,' replied Grinder; 'many men of honour, both of the army and navy, who have been witnesses to it, have declared that the slaves are well used.'

'I am convinced, sir,' resumed Mr. Temple, 'that when the gentlemen of the navy or army are invited to dine in the West Indies, the punishment of slaves forms no part of the entertainment. That is an exhibition which the landlord will naturally keep out of the sight or hearing of his guests; of course those gentlemen will not declare what they have neither seen nor heard.'

'I do assure you, sir,' repeated Mr. Grinder, 'that the negro slaves in the West Indies are the happiest class of people on the face of the earth;—they are, indeed, sir!'

'Pray, sir, if it is not too much trouble,' said Mr. Temple, 'will you be so obliging as to explain this matter? I am sure it will afford me, and I dare say the whole company, a great deal of pleasure to know that so many of our fellow-creatures, whom we thought in a very wretched condition, are, on the contrary, the happiest of mankind. Pray, Mr. Grinder, in what does this happiness of theirs consist?'

'Consist! consist, sir!' answered Mr. Grinder, 'why it consists in this, that they have nothing to care for.'

'A man who is robbed or cheated of all he has, or who never had any thing, enjoys that kind of happiness,' said Mr. Temple.

'Do you not know,' resumed Grinder, 'that the slaves in the West Indies have every thing provided for them?'

'They have whips in abundance provided for them,' replied Mr. Temple.

'And there is no scarcity of drivers,' added Wormwood.

'It is easy for those who have no West-India estates to speak against the slave-trade,' said Grinder; 'but if you ever come to have that kind of property, you will then be sensible of the propriety of what you now condemn.'

'That is a retort which is very often made,' answered Mr. Temple; 'yet it amounts to no more than this, that some who now condemn cruelty, might themselves act cruelly, if they had an interest in so doing; and for that very reason, in my opinion, a wise and humane government should take care that none of its subjects should have any interest in being cruel; and lest some should have so strong a propensity to it as to act with cruelty even against their interest, such a government will put it out of their power, by banishing slavery from every country subject to its laws.'

Lady Mawkish interrupted this discussion, by asking Mr. Wormwood, if he chose to be helped to some larks, which he refused; and then said to the person next him, 'That dish is furnished at too great an expense of lives for me.'

'I never see a dish of larks,' said Wormwood, aloud, 'without their bringing my young friend Edward to my remembrance.'

'I am curious to know how a dish of larks can put you in mind of him,' said Lady Virginia.

'I will inform your ladyship,' replied Wormwood. 'I happened to be staying with my friend Mr. Barnet during the vacation; Edward, who was then about twelve years of age, met a man in a field near the house with four or five dozen of larks: the boy having amused himself by

looking at them fluttering about in the basket, asked the man what he intended to do with them? and being told that he was going to sell them, 'What will become of them then?' said the boy. 'They will be roasted and eaten, to be sure,' said the fellow. On which the boy began to bargain for the birds, merely for the pleasure of saving their lives, and giving them their liberty.

'That was very childish,' said Mr. Grinder, 'because larks are of no manner of use; when they are at liberty they do nothing but sing from morning till night, like so many free negroes.'

'Perhaps he had more pleasure,' said Lady Virginia, who was fond of music, 'in hearing them sing, than in eating them.'

'There is no disputing of tastes,' said Barnet.

Mr. Wormwood continued his narrative.

'Edward produced all the money he had, and offered it for the birds; but the man refused, saying he was sure of getting more from a gentleman who was very fond of roasted larks. 'Roasted! poor little creatures!' cried the boy, looking compassionately at the birds through the basket. 'Pray, good friend, let me have them; I will bring you more money when I receive my next month's allowance.'—'I'll be hanged if I trust you,' said the fellow; 'get along,' giving the boy a rude push: but as he had hold of the cover of the basket, it was raised by the push so much, as to allow one-half of the birds to fly away; and when the man endeavoured to force down the cover, Edward kept his arm between it and the edge of the basket, until all the remainder escaped. The boy's arm was severely squeezed, and his face much bruised, for the man continued to beat him after the struggle; and he would have suffered more, had not a servant-maid of Mr. Barnet's, who had been witness to the whole scene, interfered. His face and eyes were so much swelled and inflamed, and he was so feverish next day, that the man absconded; but Edward getting well in a few days, stopped the prosecution that was intended, and went and paid

to the man's wife, out of his allowance, the full price her husband had demanded for the birds.

'Ay, that,' said Mr. Barnet, 'was the most foolish part of the story; for I, as a justice of the peace, told him that the man having taken revenge without applying to the laws of the land, had no right to any other indemnification: but as women are always a little absurd and whimsical—I ask your ladyship's pardon,' continued he, bowing to Lady Mawkish; 'I only speak of my own wife; for she approved of what Edward had done from first to last, and she insists upon it, that the voice of the lark will now sound more agreeable in his ears than ever.'

'I am of Mrs. Barnet's opinion,' said Mr. Temple, with emphasis, and in something of an elevated voice; 'for the singing of the lark will now not only please the youth's ear, but also convey delightful sensations to a benevolent heart like his. Some may think me enthusiastic on this subject; for there are people, I know, who consider *that* benevolence as frivolous and beneath the dignity of a manly mind, which extends to such inconsiderable animals. But how can any person think so, who believes that the benevolence of the Supreme Being extends to man, a creature infinitely more beneath him, than birds are beneath men? Birds seem to me the happiest of animals, and larks among the happiest of birds; they rise on exulting wings the earliest in the morning; and they sing in cheerful notes from morning to night. Who can say there is more enjoyment in the life of man than in that of the lark? And Edward has the pleasure to reflect, that he saved the lives and prolonged the enjoyments of three or four dozen of creatures, each of whom has, perhaps, a happier existence than the generality of mankind. Can there be any comparison between the pleasure Edward will have in hearing such creatures rejoicing in the sky, with that which an epicure feels when he sees them in a dish? Gracious Heaven!'

CHAPTER LVIII.

To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had cash to lend.

SWIFT.

In the evening, all the company from Barnet-house took their leave. Mr. Grinder went soon after; and the ladies had the pleasure of entertaining Colonel Snug at supper, and for two hours after, notwithstanding several attempts on his part to retire. The conversation chiefly consisted of entreaties from the ladies, that he would not think of taking his leave next morning as he threatened, but favour them with his company sometime longer. The colonel's part of the conversation was repeated expressions of gratitude for the honour they did him, and of sorrow that it was not in his power to avail himself of their politeness, declaring with what eagerness he would seize the first opportunity of paying them another visit, &c. &c. &c.

'Heaven and earth, Mr. Shadow,' exclaimed Colonel Snug, as soon as Carnaby had conducted him to his bedchamber, 'how can you bear all this? I am sure one week of it would finish me.'

'Why I detest being here,' replied Carnaby, 'as much as you; but what can I do? One of the ladies, you know, is my mother.'

'If she were your *grandmother*, my dear sir, you must allow that she is a dreadful bore.'

Carnaby, being anxious to stand well in the opinion of a man of Colonel Snug's importance in the world of fashion, and a little afraid that the colonel might think meanly of him for the attention he seemed to pay to his mother and aunt, assumed a look of sagacity, and said, 'You may trust to me, my dear colonel, that I have my own reasons for being here at present, and for staying so long.'

They had need to be very strong ones,' replied the nel.

They are pretty solid ones,' rejoined Carnaby, nod- and winking, ' as I fancy you yourself will allow. ell you the truth then, I could not well go on with- an occasional supply from Lady Virginia; yesterday ceived this bill for five hundred pounds from her, h is payable in a month; and I am in hopes that I be able to persuade her into a plan extremely ad- geous and convenient for me.'

Well, since you have got the money,' said Snug, y do you not resolve to accompany me to-morrow ning to London to spend it?'

Why, when Lady Virginia presented me with the ' answered Carnaby, ' she took my word, that I ld keep her company until it became due at least; h request I could not possibly refuse—but I perceive are drowsy, and I heartily wish you good night.'

Adieu, my dear fellow,' replied the colonel, shaking by the hand with every mark of cordiality; ' but , although I shall certainly start to-morrow before ladies or Sir Mathew get up, may I not flatter my- with the pleasure of seeing you before I set out?'

Most undoubtedly,' said Carnaby, as he retired, quite ghted with the familiar and friendly footing on which ow thought himself with the colonel.

What Mr. Shadow had mistaken for a sign of drowsi- was only a sudden reverie into which the colonel fallen at the mention of the five hundred pounds. herto he had considered Carnaby as an extravagant g fellow, involved in debt, and more likely to bor- than to lend money, and had therefore eluded all naby's advances. But on his entering the colo- bed-chamber, after he was dressed in the morning, naby was received with every mark of friendly attach- t. The valet being ordered to withdraw, ' It is in power, my dear friend, to render me a service,' said olonel, ' without trouble or inconvenience to yourself.

Carnaby readily replied, 'That he would be happy to serve a person he so much respected, at the expense of any trouble or inconvenience.'

'I am convinced of it,' said the colonel; 'but fortunately it so happens that you have it in your power to accommodate me at the expense of neither; in short, my dear Carnaby, by a very singular incident not worth mentioning more circumstantially, I shall have occasion for five hundred pounds immediately on my arrival in town; if you will let me have your aunt's note it will serve my purpose, save me some trouble, and put you to none, because I am absolutely certain of repaying you at least a fortnight before the note is due. Pray, who is your banker, that I may pay the money into his hands within ten days? I think that must be the latest from this moment.'

Carnaby delivered it to him without hesitation, only observing, that if the money were paid to the banker, when the note became due, *that* would be early enough.

'Very possibly,' replied the colonel, 'that might suit you every bit as well; but it would make a great difference to me; I cannot bear the idea of not being punctual in money matters. So you may rely upon it, that it will be placed in your banker's hands on Thursday se'ennight.'

The colonel's post-chaise being now ready, the two gentlemen separated with mutual expressions of regard, and equally satisfied with each other.

CHAPTER LIX.

When fortune favour'd he was nice;
He never once could cog the dice;
But if she turned against his play,
He knew to stop a *quatre trois*.

SWIFT.

THE very day after the departure of Colonel Snug, Lady Virginia informed her nephew that she had received a letter, by which she was advised that her immediate presence in town was necessary; that she should be obliged to remain there for some time, and expected he would accompany her.

Besides the five hundred pounds from Lady Virginia, Carnaby had received, unknown to her, much about the same time, an unexpected remittance of three hundred. This rendered his stay in the country still more irksome than otherwise it would have been. He was as impatient to get to town as an English sailor, with a purse full of doubloons, is to be on shore.

Soon after Carnaby had arrived in the capital, leaving his aunt with the lawyer, he went to the theatre at the Haymarket. The house being crowded, and the second act over, he despaired of getting a place, till observing Colonel Snug in a box, in which there was abundance of room, because two ladies of intrepid countenance, in whose name it had been taken, sat in the second row, leaving the front vacant for the accommodation of such gentlemen as they might choose to admit. Several had attempted to enter, who being told by the ladies that the places were all engaged, and not inclining to have a dispute with women, left the house. Carnaby, however, ventured to present himself; and when he was about to receive the usual negative, he was recognised by the colonel, and introduced to the ladies by the envied title of one of his particular friends. This procured him the

attention of those ladies, one of whom stepping into the front seat, invited Carnaby to the place she had left; by which manœuvre, this particular box was kept tolerably cool, while all the others were crowded and over-heated.

After the play the colonel proposed to Carnaby that they should sup *tête-à-tête* at a tavern. While supper was preparing they played a few games at picquet; the colonel won fifteen guineas, which Mr. Shadow paid with alacrity, being in high spirits from the idea of his having made so valuable an acquaintance, and from the honours that had been conferred on him in the course of the night. After supper the colonel proposed hazard, only, as he said, to preclude drinking, and to kill another half hour before they went to bed. The dice run in favour of Carnaby. The colonel was at this time what is called tied up; that is, he had engaged to forfeit a thousand pounds, in case he should at any time within twelve months, lose above fifty pounds in a night. 'I owe you sixty-five pounds,' said he.

'Precisely,' replied Carnaby.

'Be so good then as to give me thirty-five pounds,' said the colonel, taking out his pocket-book, 'and here is a note of a hundred.'

Carnaby counted out five guineas, with a thirty pound note, which the colonel took and put in his purse, and then, examining the papers in his pocket-book, 'You are in high luck to-night, my friend; here is your hundred pounds—What! how is this? Upon my soul, I believe I have left the note in my escritoir—even so—Well, it does not signify, I shall send it to you the very first thing I do in the morning.—Here, waiter, take your money, and call my carriage. Good night, my dear Shadow——*au plaisir* ——'

Carnaby was a little confounded at an arrangement he neither expected nor relished, yet he could not help admiring the easy manner in which the colonel conducted himself in circumstances which would have been embarrassing to most people; and he recollected with com-

placency the kind manner in which he had been treated by a person who had it in his power, as well as inclination, to introduce him to the intimacy of some of the highest names in point of fashion, that this island can boast. He heard nothing of any message from the colonel the following morning; this surprised him a little; but what surprised him more was in the evening to hear that the colonel had gone with Lord ——— to the country.

This intelligence certainly chagrined Mr. Shadow as much as it surprised him; and both impressions were augmented when at the end of a month he found that the colonel was not yet returned to town, and understood from his banker that he had heard nothing of the five hundred pounds.

The colonel, however, came to town at last; he had, indeed, been eight days in it before Carnaby knew any thing of the matter; and there is no knowing how long he might have remained ignorant had he not seen the colonel in his chariot one forenoon, as he sauntered along Piccadilly. Carnaby endeavoured to catch the colonel's eye, and thought he had succeeded, but unfortunately at that instant he turned his head and looked the opposite way. Carnaby even had some suspicion that the colonel had actually seen him; but this suspicion was entirely removed from Mr. Shadow's mind soon after, when having met the colonel unexpectedly as he turned the corner of St. James's Street, into Pall-Mall, their eyes met so directly that there was no possibility of evasion; the colonel, therefore, with admirable presence of mind, seized his hand in the most cordial manner, exclaiming, 'My dear Shadow! the very man I was looking for; where have you been? Lord—I was called so unexpectedly into the country—' but seeing a noble duke passing, he suddenly said,—'Good God! here is the duke of ——! allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Shadow to your grace. Well, excuse me, my dear Carnaby; I have some business with his grace—Adieu; depend on hear-

ing from me soon.' So saying, the colonel walked away with the duke, and left Carnaby delighted with what had passed, and fully convinced of the sincerity of the colonel's professions, and that the debt would be paid with expedition and gratitude. He imputed the delays that had hitherto occurred to that careless disposition to which men of rank and fashion are peculiarly subject. He was also aware that nothing was more vulgar, or had more the air of a tradesman, than a dun; and he so much dreaded the idea of appearing to the colonel in that point of view, that although he met him frequently after this rencounter, he avoided giving him the least hint respecting the debt; he carried his delicacy even the length of sometimes affecting not to see him; and although he was truly melancholy at heart for the want of his money, yet as often as he was brought so near the colonel that he could not pretend not to see him, he assumed a gay countenance, and endeavoured to imitate that easy air of indifference which he admired in that gentleman.

After waiting a considerable time in expectation that his patience would be rewarded by a thankful payment, and being himself very much pressed for money, Carnaby formed the resolution to give the colonel a hint concerning the debt, and for that purpose he followed him into a fruit-shop, which the colonel had entered to avoid meeting him. After the first salutation, Colonel Snug plainly perceived what Carnaby was resolved on, from the emotion of his countenance, the embarrassment of his manner, and his indistinct pronunciation, interrupted by a frequent cough; to cut the matter short, therefore, throwing his arm around Carnaby's shoulder, and with a gay familiar swagger, drawing him out of the shop, the colonel said, 'I don't know how the devil it has happened, my dear friend, that I have so long delayed paying the money I owe you—six or seven hundred pounds I believe it is.'

'Only *six*, colonel,' interrupted Carnaby.

'Are you sure it is only six? I had a notion that it

was seven, and intended to have sent you seven the day after to-morrow, when I am to receive a remittance from the country in a bill payable at sight for that precise sum; and the moment the post arrives on Thursday I shall send it you; so that, my dear Shadow, if you will give me just now an order on your banker for an hundred, I shall be much obliged to you, and the whole business will be settled at once, by my sending you seven hundred the day after to-morrow, when I receive the remittance.'

Mr. Shadow being surprised and disappointed at this proposal, answered, 'That he had already overdrawn so much that his banker positively refused to advance another sixpence.'

'What impudent puppies those bankers are!' replied the colonel; 'but it does not signify, I shall, nevertheless, send you the draught for the whole seven hundred on Thursday, and you will repay me the odd hundred, my good fellow, when we meet. Adieu, *au revoir*.'

So saying, he hurried down the street, leaving Carnaby motionless and dumb with astonishment.

CHAPTER LX.

Comme si ce n'étoit assez à l'amour-propre d'avoir la vertu de se transformer lui-même, il a encore celle de transformer les objets; ce qu'il fait d'une manière fort étonnante; car non seulement il les deguise si bien qu'il y est lui-même trompé, mais il change aussi l'état et la nature des choses. ROCHEFOUCAULT,

When Carnaby had recovered himself a little, he walked through the palace-gate into the Mall, and there meeting Mr. Shuffle, he informed him of what had past.

Shuffle had for some time been uneasy at the intimacy between Carnaby and Colonel Snug; and he was now filled with indignation, when he found that it had arrived

at the alarming height of borrowing money; this he considered as an encroachment on his property.

'Your money is irretrievably gone,' said Shuffle, as soon as he heard Carnaby's story.

Carnaby. Gone! how do you mean?

Shuffle. You will never see a farthing of your cash.

Carnaby. Why the colonel is certainly rich, and has a very good office, and is in parliament.

Shuffle. Which renders your case more desperate; before he was in parliament people had some chance of recovering the money he owed them; but now he makes it a rule to pay nobody.

Carnaby. You speak of tradesmen; you do not mean gentlemen—his own friends.

Shuffle. The colonel is the most impartial man alive in this point; he puts his friends and foes on a footing.

Carnaby. This was money lent to relieve him when in distress.

Shuffle. So much the worse, it is less a debt of honour; had it been won at play, you would have had a better chance.

Carnaby. Do you not consider money lent to oblige a friend as much a debt of honour, as if it had been won at play?

Shuffle. By no means, there is a great difference; I am surprised you do not see it.

Carnaby. I do see some difference; but I do not distinctly perceive why the game-debt should have the preference.

Shuffle. Well, I do confess, my dear Shadow, that I am astonished at your blindness. You allow, do you not, that a game-debt is a debt of honour, and ought to be paid in preference to a tradesman's bill?

Carnaby. In preference to a tradesman's bill, I grant you.

Shuffle. And why, I would be glad to know upon what principle has a game-debt this preference over a tradesman's accounts?

Carnaby. Upon my soul, I cannot tell; because it is the fashion, I should suppose.

Shuffle. No, no, my friend; what has continued so long must depend upon something more durable than fashion.

Carnaby. Well, upon my soul, I cannot guess on what it depends; but I must own that I am inclined to think that money lent to oblige a friend in distress has as good a title to be considered a debt of honour as any game debt whatever.

Shuffle. How can you allow yourself to talk so? you may just as well say that your baker's account has a title to be considered as a debt of honour. Now mark the difference—Why does your baker send you bread? do you imagine he does it to feed you? Not a bit; he does not care if you were starved; the scoundrel sends you your daily bread on purpose to feed himself and his own squalling children. Why does he allow you to run a long account? is it to accommodate you? Not in the least; he would insist on payment at the end of every week, if he did not by delay find opportunities for inserting in his bill much more bread than he ever sends; and, besides, has he not the law on his side, and be damned to him? which is by much too partial to such fellows, and too hostile to gentlemen, particularly gentlemen distressed for money. Now when a man looks to law for relief, honour is entirely out of the question. You are lawyer enough, I dare swear, to be sensible of that.

Carnaby. You are still harping on a tradesman; come to the case of a gentleman, who lends money to oblige his friend.

Shuffle. The cases are similar. The man who lends his money to oblige his friend has the law upon his side likewise; and, besides, in lending the money, he probably imagines he does a friendly generous act; he takes credit in his own mind for it as such; he has the approbation of the world for what he has done, and his friend, perhaps, is grateful; having received something like value in these

various ways, he has the less reason to expect it in cash also:—but when a man wins money from his friend at play, he does not meet with the world's approbation,—some people even condemn him; he excites no sentiment of gratitude in the breast of his friend; he can receive value for his trouble in no way, but by being paid the money; the law affords him no assistance, and he relies entirely on the loser's honour: and, therefore, it is clear that he who pays money borrowed from a friend in the hour of distress, as well as he who pays his tradesmen's bills in preference to a game-debt, behaves like a low-minded dirty fellow, and not like a man of honour.

Carnaby. I must acknowledge there is a great deal in what you say; I wish I had conversed with you before I advanced the money—but part of this, it is but a small part indeed, is a game-debt.

Shuffle. That may make little difference in the present case, for the colonel does not always pay even his game-debts.

Carnaby. Not his game-debts!

Shuffle. Not always, I can assure you, unless when the money is actually staked on the table.

Carnaby. That is dreadful indeed—but are you certain of this?

Shuffle. I'll give you a pretty strong instance, which consists with my own knowledge: In the course of several successive nights the colonel won from a certain captain in the army a very considerable sum of money, I do not exactly remember how much; the captain always paid before they separated; at length fortune turning in the officer's favour, he won at one sitting nearly the whole of what he had lost to the colonel the preceding fortnight. He promised to pay him the next day, or at farthest in the course of the week, and fulfilled his promise to him exacty as he did to you. Many pressing debts from tradesmen and others came on the captain, who at last told the colonel that if he did not pay what he owed him, he himself should be driven to the necessity of selling his com-

mission.—The colonel expressed great sorrow, declared he could not immediately raise the money, having paid away all he had formerly won from him; but he gave such assurances of payment in a short time, that the captain found means to pacify his own creditors a little longer:—at last, however, he happened to be present when the colonel won, and directly received a larger sum than he owed him.—Thinking himself now certain of being paid, he took the colonel aside and desired immediate payment. 'I should be happy were it in my power,' replied the colonel; 'but unfortunately it is not.'—'Why, I saw you this instant pocket more than you owe me,' said the captain.—'More than I owe you, undoubtedly,' rejoined the colonel; 'but I unfortunately owe much more to others than to you, even at play; what I have now won could not near pay the whole. What would my other creditors say, if they heard I had paid a particular friend, in preference to them whose debts are of older date?—how would you like to be so served in their situation, would you not consider it as unjust and partial? All I can say,' continued the colonel, 'is, that as soon as I can do equal justice to all my creditors, you shall receive your money.' The officer was under the necessity of selling his commission, before those hopes were fulfilled. He intended to have called Snug out for this behaviour, but a friend of the captain suggested to him, that killing the colonel would do no good, whereas his interest properly exerted might procure something equivalent to the commission he had sold;—this prudent hint was taken, and the captain at last obtained, through the colonel's interest, a civil office which he now enjoys.

This account of the colonel's method of paying his debts afforded Carnaby no flattering expectation.

The carelessness and indolence of his disposition were in one respect however of service to him; because they prevented him from taking the trouble of inquiring after those commodious persons, whose business it is to furnish young gentlemen of fortune with money upon the most

exorbitant terms. Besides his land-estate, his father had left him some money in the funds, which Carnaby had already spent; he dissipated, as soon as he received them, the rents of that part of his estate which was not appropriated for the payment of his mother's jointure; but when his money was gone, he never thought of any other resource, except that of retiring to the country, and living with his mother, his aunt, or some other relation, until more became due to him.

His friend Mr. Shuffle was the first who informed him that it would not be difficult to obtain money upon bond; and he recommended a certain Jew, who, he said, would advance him a very considerable sum on reasonable terms.

Edward happened to call on Carnaby, just as the Jew went out; Carnaby acquainted him with the Jew's business, and his terms; Edward pointed out their enormity, and added every argument he could think of to dissuade him from accepting them; for without esteem for his character, Edward had much good will to Carnaby; he was wonderfully solicitous to prevent his beginning this kind of commerce with the money-lenders, which he thought could not fail of ending in his ruin.

After having exhausted his rhetoric, he still feared that Carnaby would accept of the money on any terms; he went therefore and informed Clifton, who was Carnaby's relation, of the whole business. He saw it in the same light with Edward; they returned to Carnaby together; Clifton assured him that he would be looked on as a dupe if he accepted of the Jew's terms, and at the same time offered to lend him the money, on condition that he would pledge his word of honour in the presence of Edward, to borrow no more money on any pretence whatever, until the sum now to be advanced was paid. Carnaby joyfully agreed to this proposal, and received the money the day after.

This transaction took place sometime previous to Clifton's leaving England—to whom Carnaby often applied to be relieved from his engagement, and wrote the most pressing letters to him, after he went to the continent, or

the same subject, but to no purpose. Clifton was inexorable, and Carnaby being too poor to live in town,—in the only way he thought living in town preferable to living any where else,—he had no resource but that of returning with his aunt to the house of Sir Mathew Mawkish.

CHAPTER LXI.

L'intérêt qui aveugle les uns fait la lumiere des autres.
ROCHEFOUCAULT.

It has been already mentioned that Lady Virginia was unmarried: to enumerate every reason she had for remaining in a state of celibacy might be thought invidious; but in justice to her ladyship it is proper to declare, that whatever her reasons were for avoiding matrimony in her own person, she always shewed a fondness for linking others in the gentle yoke. There was something in this employment so pleasing to her imagination, that even when she had little or no connection with the parties, she hardly ever was without some project of this nature; it cannot be wondered at, therefore, that she should be to an extraordinary degree set upon her scheme of uniting a young woman so rich and handsome as Louisa Barnet with her beloved nephew.

As he lived now with her ladyship more than ever, and had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Barnet, Lady Virginia took every occasion of enumerating to him the good qualities of which that young lady was in actual possession, without omitting the great fortune she had in reversion.

It was with great satisfaction that she at length perceived that her eloquence had the desired effect on the mind of Carnaby; who, notwithstanding his recollection of the arguments of Sir Charles Royston against marriage, and in favour of *keeping*, determined to take his aunt's

does not show a vast deal of eagerness to comply with a proposal of yours.'

'And pray, sister, why should not I be as much surprised at this, as any other person?' said Lady Virginia.

'For this obvious reason,' answered Lady Mawkish; 'that when he proposed a plan of division of our estate, you positively refused to agree to it, although it was convenient to us, would have suited you, and was highly approved of by your own nephew.'

This after a good deal of altercation terminated in a compromise, by which it was settled, that Sir Mathew should use all his influence with Mr. Barnet, to make him consent to his daughter's marriage with Carnaby; immediately on the conclusion of which, Lady Virginia agreed that she would adopt the plan of division proposed by Sir Mathew.

'Now, sister,' said Lady Mawkish, with all the dignity and sincerity of a plenipotentiary, 'I do assure you, (now that the convention is ratified), I should never have desired my husband to interfere in a matter of this kind, if it were not greatly for the benefit of *your* nephew.'

'I am much obliged to you, sister,' replied Lady Virginia; 'although I see no benefit it can be of to *my nephew*, without being equally beneficial to *your son*.'

Lady Mawkish having informed her husband of what had been stipulated, Sir Mathew, the very first time he met Lady Virginia, accosting her in a far more cordial manner than he had during their last conference, said,—'that he had been turning her proposal in his head, ever since she had mentioned it: that he had hit at last on a method of breaking it to Mr. Barnet, without appearing an intermeddler: was determined to exert all his influence with that gentleman; and, upon the whole, that he entertained very great hopes of success.'

Lady Mawkish and Lady Virginia now made it more their business than ever to gain the affections of Mrs. Barnet; they visited her very frequently, and sometimes contrived to be invited to those houses where they knew

Mrs. and Miss Barnet were to be; as Carnaby was their constant attendant, he had many opportunities of paying his court to the latter. On those occasions he sometimes met with a gentleman of the name of Waller, whom he discovered to be his rival, without feeling the least concern or uneasiness on that account; he had too high an opinion of his own merits, and Miss Barnet's taste, to admit a sentiment of jealousy.

Mr. Waller was about thirty years of age, of a good family, with an ample unencumbered estate, situated in a neighbouring county; he had seen Miss Barnet occasionally at the circuits; had sometimes danced with her, and was equally pleased with her person and the ingenuity of her conversation.

As this young lady was fond of increasing the number of her admirers, and loved to keep the whole artillery of her allurements in action, she directed them so successfully at the heart of Mr. Waller, that it was in a short time subdued; but although he wished to surrender it on honourable terms, he had not courage to propose articles of capitulation.

Mrs. Barnet soon observed Mr. Waller's partiality for her daughter, and the very favourable accounts she received of his character, agreeing with the idea she had formed from her own observation, she would have been well pleased with him for her son-in-law.

Mrs. Barnet had long seen with concern her daughter's fondness for universal admiration, and that she delighted in having a number of gentlemen pressing round her, at every public place, to secure which she endeavoured to make each believe he had a preference in her opinion; though, as she treated them all with equal attention, Mrs. Barnet was sensible that she felt an equal indifference for the whole group. When Mr. Waller came to be of the number, she watched her daughter's behaviour to him with particular attention, hoping that she would treat him either a great deal better, or a great deal worse than any of the others.

This discerning woman was cautious of shewing any mark of partiality to Mr. Waller, in the presence of her daughter, knowing it to be one of her favourite notions, that it was the proof of a grovelling mind, for a son or daughter to be directed or influenced by the opinion of their parents, in the important business of marriage, which ought to be entirely under the direction of love, and that none but sordid minds would

—— seek in love for aught but love alone.

Mrs. Barnet soon perceived that her daughter highly esteemed the character of Mr. Waller; yet she was a little uneasy to remark, that Louisa seemed more entertained with Carnaby's absurdities, than with the good sense of Mr. Waller; and that departing from the general tenor of her conduct towards men, she treated the former with a kind of familiarity which she refused to others: there was indeed nothing flattering for Carnaby in the motive of this familiarity, which proceeded wholly from the pleasure she took in laughing at his vanity and affectation; but still it gave Mrs. Barnet pain, because she knew that a man who always amuses, however contemptible in other respects, may sometimes be dangerous to a young woman.

Those considerations probably induced Mrs. Barnet readily to agree to her daughter's going to pass a few days with her old companion Miss Fuller, whose family she knew Mr. Shadow did not visit; she determined at the same time to caution her daughter, respecting her behaviour to him; but an unexpected incident which took place while Miss Barnet was at Mr. Fuller's, suggested to the mother a different line of conduct.

CHAPTER LXII.

La même chose souvent est dans la bouche d'un homme d'esprit, une naiveté, ou un bon mot; et dans celle d'un sot, une sottise.

LA BRUYERE.

HAD Sir Mathew Mawkish been Mr. Carnaby Shadow's real father, instead of his father-in-law, he could not have been more earnest than he now was in promoting his suit with Miss Barnet; he determined to take an early opportunity of talking to Mr. Barnet on the subject, and meditated certain arguments and flowers of rhetoric, which he imagined were calculated to dispose Mr. Barnet to the match. As a preparatory step which might secure a favourable reception to his oratory, he was at pains to procure such game, as he knew were most to Mr. Barnet's taste, and at that time very rare, and also a couple of very large carp, which he sent as a present with his and Lady Mawkish's respectful compliments to their worthy friends Mr. and Mrs. Barnet; in consequence of this, Sir Mathew, with his whole family, was invited to dine the following day at Barnet-place. It was thought proper however, on this particular occasion, that the ladies and Carnaby should send excuses, and Sir Mathew went alone, that he might have an opportunity of speaking, without interruption or restraint, on the subject which he had so much at heart.

Mr. Barnet received him with gratitude and every expression of welcome, and proposed a walk in the park, to procure an appetite; for he had by some accident been prevented from his usual excursion in the carriage that morning. Sir Mathew congratulated him on his being so much recovered from his late fit of the gout, as to walk in the park. Mr. Barnet declared that he believed in his conscience the robbers had frightened away the gout, for he had felt little or nothing of it since their attempt on the house,

for which reason he was glad that Edward had only wounded the fellow, and had not shot him quite dead, adding, 'that he was determined not to prosecute him, if he should be taken up, partly because he would not like to hurt a benefactor, though he had intended an injury, and partly because the prosecution would be attended with expense.'

Sir Mathew, in pompous terms, expressed his admiration of the generosity of the first reason, and of the prudence of the second; and then, wishing to introduce Carnaby to advantage, he observed that he had been unfortunately detained by a headach, to which he was sometimes subject.

'I have known several people subject to headachs,' said Barnet; 'particularly our last butler, whom my wife turned away for drunkenness.'

'Mr. Carnaby Shadow is a remarkably sober young gentleman,' replied Sir Mathew.

'I make no doubt of it,' rejoined Barnet; 'for I myself have been acquainted, in the course of my life, with two or three remarkably sober young gentlemen.'

'But do you know, my good friend,' resumed Sir Mathew, 'what makes Mr. Shadow so subject to headachs?'

'These easterly winds, I should think,' said Mr. Barnet; 'for they often bring on my sciatic, and are apt to attack the weakest part.'

'Weakest part!' cried Sir Mathew; 'I assure you Mr. Shadow has a very strong head.'

Sir Mathew had suspected Barnet of a double meaning in the last expression, but so far from a double meaning, he frequently had not even a single one; he replied therefore in the simplicity of his heart,—'I make no doubt of Mr. Carnaby's having a strong head, for I myself know people who have very strong heads—there is Joseph Thickness, my groom,' continued he, 'who received a kick from Louisa's mare, that would have beaten the brains out of any skull of common strength, but it

only stunned Joseph for a few minutes, and his brains are as sound as before. I have no notion what should make Mr. Shadow subject to headachs, since his is so very strong.'

'Books, Mr. Barnet, when too closely applied to, will produce an aching in the strongest heads.'

'I will not contradict what you assert, Sir Mathew; though I must acknowledge that books have always a salutary effect on me by producing sleep.'

'They have quite a contrary effect on my son-in-law; but he, indeed, studies rather too much; however, it is to be hoped, that he will reap the fruits of it *hereafter*.'

'There can be no doubt of it, Sir Mathew; particularly if it be the bible which your son-in-law studies.'

'The bible! Why, you know he was bred to the law.'

'I protest I had forgotten that; *that*, indeed, makes a material difference; for I never knew a lawyer who studied the bible.'

'To be sure you never did,' said Sir Mathew; 'and don't you see the reason why?'

'Because they are not paid for it, perhaps,' answered Mr. Barnet with more readiness than usual.

'Precisely; it is from no disrespect for the bible,' rejoined Sir Mathew; 'but merely because it is a book out of their line, the law being their profession, and a profession, let me tell you, Mr. Barnet, by which immense fortunes are made. I will be bold to say,' continued he, in a pompous manner, 'that very few who have made them, possessed either the talents or advantages of birth and connections that my son-in-law enjoys.'

'I make no manner of doubt of it,' said Mr. Barnet, who, having lost the thread of Sir Mathew's discourse, was thinking on the carp he was to have for dinner.

'They are of the greatest magnitude,' continued Sir Mathew.

'I confess I have seldom seen larger,' said Mr. Barnet.

'All possible pains were taken to improve them,' resumed Sir Mathew; 'parti——'

'It would evidently seem so,' said Mr. Barnet.

'Particularly during three years at the university,' added Sir Mathew.

'Hum—Where? I beg pardon; I did not hear distinctly what you said—Where were they improved for three years?' resumed Barnet.

'At Oxford,' replied Sir Mathew.

'Then I have been under a mistake,' said Mr. Barnet; 'for I thought, from their size, that you had got them out of the large pond belonging to your relation in Essex.'

'Large pond! What do you speak of?'

'I speak of the two fine carp you were so good as to send me, and which I doubt not we will find as good as they appear to be.'

'I was speaking of Mr. Carnaby Shadow,' said Sir Mathew.

'Then we have both been under a mistake,' replied Mr. Barnet; 'but there is no harm done; for I doubt not of Mr. Shadow's being as good in his way as the carp are in their's.'

'I was observing,' resumed Sir Mathew, 'that he had been three years at the university.'

Mr. Barnet. I make no manner of doubt of it; I myself knew a young man who was four years there, and retained a good deal of what he had learnt at school after all.

Sir Mathew. (Not attending to the import of Barnet's remark). Now, my worthy friend, you as well as I are, no doubt, acquainted with lawyers, who make several thousand pounds every year by their profession, though they never were at any university, except those of the North —— which go for nothing.

Barnet. So they ought; there is nothing to be there but starvation.

Mathew. Nothing else in the world, my good ; yet these very fellows seem as unwilling to prac- at they have learnt as their neighbours, who were taught it; but there are lawyers who never were at iiversity, north or south; and are related to none r vulgar people, who make great sums of money ly by their profession.

Barnet. Well I am sorry for it; but I cannot

Mathew. Certainly, my dear sir, you cannot help t this being the case, I leave you to judge what a man, educated as Mr. Shadow has been, and hon- y and nobly connected as he is; I leave you to im- I say, how much he may be supposed to make with- w years?

Mr Barnet made no reply, Sir Mathew repeated. ve you to imagine it, my good friend.'

Barnet. You may leave me to imagine it as long please; but I really know nothing of the matter.

Mathew. Only say what you think.

Barnet. Upon my word I cannot tell.

Mathew. Only guess how much an accomplished in his circumstances may reasonably be supposed e; how much do you think now?

Barnet. I suppose you mean how much money?

Mathew. Certainly, I mean how much money.

Barnet. I thought you meant money. Let me ow much an accomplished youth may make?

Mathew. Yes,—as a lawyer.

Barnet. Why really I should think he would as a lawyer, as much as he can squeeze from his ; most lawyers do so whether they are accomplish- not; but I fancy we had better turn here; I dare nner will be ready by the time we reach the parlour.

Mathew. It still wants some time from your usual of dining, (shewing his watch).

Mr. Barnet. Well, well, there is no remedy but patience; but I hope the cook will take care that the carp shall not be overdone, which was the case with the very last we had.

Although Sir Mathew perceived that Mr. Barnet was more occupied with his own sensations than with the subject of his conversation; yet being unwilling to allow the present opportunity to slip, he renewed the theme of Mr. Shadaw's connections, fortune, and prospects; and concluded by saying that the young gentleman was deeply smitten with Miss Barnet's beauty and virtues, wished to be permitted to pay his addresses to her, and earnestly begged that Mr. Barnet would prevent his wife from opposing Mr. Shadow's suit.

Mr. Barnet was hurt at this last insinuation; he stood too much in need of being governed, not to be in continual dread that it might be suspected he was so; he answered, therefore, a little dryly, 'that if *he* should favour Mr. Shadow's addresses to his daughter, there would be no danger of their being opposed by Mrs. Barnet.'

Sir Mathew seemed still to wish that he should take some pains to dispose Mrs. Barnet in Carnaby's favour.

'I do assure you,' replied Mr. Barnet, 'that my wife never has any will but mine.'

'It certainly ought to be so,' said Sir Mathew.

'Ought to be; ay and always shall be so with me,' cried Barnet, 'whatever may be the case with you; for I have no notion of a man's being influenced by his wife in any thing of importance; but more particularly in the disposal of a daughter.'

Sir Mathew agreed to the general proposition; and then, in very diffident terms, hinted, that he did not perfectly see any strong reasons for his being more averse to take Mrs. Barnet's opinion in the disposal of a daughter than in any thing else.

'Am not I her father?' cried Mr. Barnet.

'Undoubtedly,' replied Sir Mathew; 'but it is at least equally certain that Mrs. Barnet is her mother; and allow

me to say, my worthy friend, that in the opinion of many people, a daughter is as nearly connected with the woman who bore her, as she can, even on the most favourable supposition, be with that woman's husband.'

'All that does not signify,' said Barnet; 'I am more connected with Louisa than my wife is.'

Sir Mathew, with a low bow, said, 'It possibly might be so, although he could not clearly comprehend it; that there were secrets in all families, and he had no wish to penetrate into a mystery above his understanding.'

'Why there is no mystery in the matter; for I have been often told that Louisa is much liker me than her mother, especially when I smile,' replied Barnet, smiling with all his might.

'Now, indeed, I perceive it,' said Sir Mathew; 'but still it would be of importance that the match were made agreeable to Mrs. Barnet.'

'Give yourself no trouble on that head,' replied Mr. Barnet; 'for I repeat it, the moment she finds that the match is agreeable to me, it will become agreeable to her.'

Sir Mathew seeing that no more need be said regarding Mrs. Barnet, added, 'I have reason to believe that the young lady herself has a very favourable opinion of Mr. Shadow.'

'There can be no harm in that,' replied Mr. Barnet; 'but I hear the dinner bell; pray let us walk a little faster; there is nobody with us but my relation Mr. Wormwood. Louisa is at present with her friend Miss Fuller; I should have regretted her absence from your game and carp, but I believe it will give her little concern; for girls like her are more taken up about caps and ribbands than things of real importance. I might, indeed, say this is the case with women in general; for my wife, though in other respects a sensible woman, makes little difference between venison and mutton, and she prefers a boiled chicken to turtle itself; yet many people think her a woman of taste; but I own I never could perceive it in her eating.'

CHAPTER LXIII.

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
He's every thing by starts, and nothing long.
DRYDEN.

WHEN Sir Mathew and Mr. Barnet entered the dining-room, they found a neighbouring gentleman with Mrs. Barnet, besides Mr. Wormwood, which precluded all conversation during dinner respecting the object of Sir Mathew's visit; but when Mr. Barnet was alone with his wife in the evening, he said, 'I must inform you of a piece of news, my dear; Mr. Carnaby Shadow intends to pay his addresses to Louisa.'

'Mr. Carnaby Shadow!' exclaimed Mrs. Barnet.

After the high tone in which Mr. Barnet had talked to Sir Mathew, he would have been particularly mortified by any opposition on this occasion from his wife.

'Yes, Mr. Carnaby Shadow,' repeated he, in an accent bordering on anger; 'I hope you have no objection?'

'You never found me object to any thing, my dear, that you were eager for, and which was for our daughter's happiness.'

Mr. Barnet. Well, is not this for our daughter's happiness?

Mrs. Barnet. Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell.

Mr. Barnet. But I can; for Sir Mathew informs me, that he will soon make several thousand pounds a-year by the law. We know he has a tolerable estate of his own; though, to be sure, his mother draws a terrible jointure out of it; but she cannot live for ever. And beside, he will have all Lady Virginia's money; for you can hardly think she will ever marry *now*; and whether she does or not, it is ten to one she will never have a child; so Mr. Carnaby, of course, will inherit her money. So I told Sir Mathew that the young man might make his ad-

dresses as soon as he should find it convenient. And I intend, within a day or two, to drive to Mr. Fuller's, and acquaint Louisa with what we have determined.'

Mrs. Barnet now saw that all opposition on her part would be superfluous; being convinced, from the knowledge she had of her daughter's character, that the manner in which her husband intended to proceed would make her reject Mr. Shadow's addresses, even although she had a previous partiality in his favour: instead, therefore, of objecting to what her husband proposed, she only begged that he would not mention to any other person what he had resolved on, until after he should have had an opportunity of acquainting his daughter.

To this he agreed, and two days after he went to Mr. Fuller's; and being left alone with his daughter, without any idea that what he was about to propose was at all unreasonable in itself, or could be disagreeable to her, he said, 'My errand here at present, child, is to acquaint you that Sir Mathew Mawkish called two days ago to desire my permission that his son-in-law, Mr. Carnaby Shadow, should pay his addresses to you; he came, no doubt, at the request of the young gentleman, who intends in a short time to wait on you for that express purpose, having now obtained my consent.'

Miss Barnet stared with astonishment in her father's face during this harangue, and then, bursting into laughter, she said, 'You are surely in jest, sir.'

'I am not in jest, my dear,' replied Mr. Barnet; 'but I am not surprised to see that the news makes you merry, for Mr. Shadow will, first and last, and one way and another, have a great income.'

'And one of the ways, no doubt, is by his marrying me,' said Miss Barnet.

'If you do not prove an extravagant wife, he will certainly not be the poorer on that account,' replied Mr. Barnet: 'in the meanwhile you will receive him in the most obliging manner, when he comes, which will probably be within a few days after you come home.'

'Do you really think that I may expect the honour of seeing him within two or three days after my return?' said Miss Barnet, with an ironical accent, which was quite lost on her father.

'I really do think you may, my dear,' replied he.

'Suppose that he may not be able,' resumed she, in the same tone, 'to pay me this delightful visit for four days?'

'In that case you need not expect him till the beginning of next week,' replied Mr. Barnet; 'for I know that on Saturday next he is invited to a turtle feast.'

'O! then I certainly need not look for him on Saturday,' said she.

'Why there is no absolute certainty, child, but he may possibly call to see you before he goes to dinner—my house lies directly in his way.'

'He had better not,' said Miss Barnet, with indignation; 'because if he does, the reception he may receive may chance to spoil his appetite.'

This led to a full explanation; Mr. Barnet became violent, in exacting obedience to his will, and she in expressing contempt for Mr. Shadow. The father at last swore he would disinherit her, if she did not comply with his request; and she told him he might dispose of his trash as he thought proper; but he should never dispose of her to one she despised; nor would she submit to be bargained for like a bale of goods. She then left the room with precipitation, and shut herself up in her bedchamber.

Mr. Barnet, who was a good deal confounded, finding that Mr. and Miss Fuller had walked into the garden while he was with his daughter, ordered his carriage directly, and leaving a verbal apology to them, drove home.

Long before he reached his own house he began to repent of his violence, and to feel uneasy at the thoughts of being on such terms with his daughter; for he was not more apt to fall into a rage without reason, than to be appeased without reparation.

On his return Mrs. Barnet was airing in the chariot; he therefore went to Mr. Wormwood's apartment, and communicated to him the dispute he had had with his daughter.

'It is all *your* fault,' said Wormwood.

'I expected you would say so,' replied Barnet; 'that is always your way of comforting your friends.'

'After the manner in which you proceeded, you might naturally have expected that Miss Barnet would behave exactly as she has done.'

'Why you are enough to drive a man mad,' cried Barnet; 'was I to expect that my daughter would refuse to receive a gentleman's addresses, after I promised to his father-in-law that she should, and after she had my positive orders to receive him kindly?'

'If you had given positive orders that she should never see him more, she would probably have received him very kindly; for the old fashion of daughters receiving suitors at the recommendation of their parents is now exploded; there is no such thing known, I do assure you, in these days,' replied Wormwood.

'Why, in that case,' said Mr. Barnet, 'perhaps Louisa has a kindness for the young man after all!'

Wormwood. No, I'll be bound for it she has no such thing; and I am very much surprised that you yourself should have such a particular kindness for him.

Barnet. I a particular kindness for him!

Wormwood. Why, have you not?

Barnet. Not I, truly. Why should I have a kindness for him?

Wormwood. How then came you to think of sacrificing your daughter's happiness, to please him and his father-in-law?

Barnet. I would see him and his father-in-law at the devil before I would sacrifice one hair of her head; but Sir Mathew talked so much about the young man's fortune and expectations, that I thought he might suit Louisa well enough.

Wormwood. He suit Louisa! Why he is a great coxcomb.

Barnet. Sir Mathew said nothing of that to me; all he told me was, that he was a great lawyer—but perhaps he is both.

Wormwood. I am certainly acquainted with those who are both; but depend upon it, my friend, that though Carnaby Shadow is already the one, he never can be the other.

Barnet. Well, if that be the case, no more need be said on the subject.

Wormwood. No more ought to be said on the subject; but you really were too violent with Louisa, even if the man had been much more deserving—consider she is your only child.

Barnet. Well, am not I her only father? she ought to consider that.

Wormwood. Why, there is not a woman in England who could bear to have a husband forced upon her in that abrupt manner; you would not wish your daughter to be made in a different manner from all womankind?

Barnet. God Almighty forbid!

Wormwood. What woman of spirit could bear to be told that a man would come and pay his addresses to her *when he found leisure;* this was a want of attention which would have provoked a chambermaid.

Barnet. I really did not think of that.

Wormwood. But the coxcomb Shadow ought to have thought of it. Sir Mathew Mawkish ought to have thought of what was due to a gentleman's daughter.

Barnet. Ay, so they ought.

Wormwood. They imagined, forsooth, that because Shadow has a knight for his father-in-law and a woman of quality for his mother, they have a right to use the less ceremony with a plain gentleman's daughter.

Barnet. My daughter has as good a right to ceremony as any lady of quality among them.

Wormwood. To be sure she has; few of them are endowed with her beauty and accomplishments.

Barnet. And I hope I am able to give her a better portion than their beggarly whey-faced ladyships from the north and from the west, whom we see fishing for husbands at all the watering places in England.

Wormwood. And when they are unsuccessful there, who come to London, and try to hook a fat gudgeon in some pond in the city.

Barnet. They may angle at both ends of the town as they please; but my daughter shall never be reduced to such shifts; nor would I permit her mother, were she so inclined, to push her in the way of any man, however great his rank and fortune might be, in the hopes that he would take her off our hands.

Wormwood. As the orange-women do at the play-houses with their baskets of stale fruit.

Barnet. I care as little for an alliance with your people of quality as they can do for mine. What are your people of quality to me? a parcel of lazy lounging lubbards, that do nothing but eat and sleep.——Here, without perceiving that any part of the description was applicable to himself, he proceeded in a most violent invective against all the nobility of the three kingdoms.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Oh! blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules.

POPE.

Mrs. Barnet, having foreseen the resistance her daughter made to her father's proposal, and the effect it was likely to have on his mind, had been meditating on the most likely means of soothing him. On her return from her airing she was prepared accordingly; but she was agreeably surprised to find that what she had imagined

would not be performed soon, or without great difficulty, was in a great measure accomplished; for while he informed her of the positive and direct manner in which Louisa had refused to obey him, he did not express the resentment which might have been expected from a man of his disposition. Anxious, however, to extinguish the least particle of anger that might possibly glow in his breast, Mrs. Barnet spoke of the extreme sensibility of her daughter's temper, which made her feel with uncommon acuteness the smallest appearance of severity from those she loved; adding, that the same sensibility which rendered her so affectionate to her friends, sometimes hurried her into improprieties of expression, when she thought they behaved unkindly to her; and Mrs. Barnet concluded by saying, that from what she knew of her daughter's disposition, she was convinced that Louisa was exceedingly grieved for having disobliged the best of fathers, one who was incapable of exacting any thing, however agreeable to himself, which could make his daughter unhappy.

Mr. Barnet was uncommonly affected with this; he even shed tears, and assured his wife, in the strongest terms, that he loved his daughter better than any woman on earth; that he was sensible of his becoming daily more and more indifferent about all other women, without exception; whereas his love for Louisa increased with his years.

Mrs. Barnet happening to smile at the compliment to herself, which, unperceived by her husband, was contained in his words, he rejoined, 'you may smile, my dear; but I do assure you that what I have said is literally true.' To which she with gaiety, assuming his accent, and adopting his phraseology, answered, 'I do assure you, my dear, that *I make no manner of doubt of it.*'

'I was never more sincere in my life,' continued Mr. Barnet; 'and in what I proposed to Louisa, I declare, before God, that I had no private interest of my own, but merely her happiness in view; for if Mr. Shadow had

twenty aunts to leave him estates, it would not put sixpence in my pocket. Louisa and her children would enjoy the whole. However, since the young man is not to her taste, and, as Mr. Wormwood assures me, a coxcomb over and above, there is no more to be said. I shall inform Sir Mathew that he must look elsewhere for a wife to his son-in-law. I am now determined that my daughter shall be left to follow her own inclination in the choice of her husband; and I shall let Sir Mathew know at the same time, that the less connection, by blood or otherwise, the man she chooses shall have with people of quality, the more agreeable he will be to me.'

Mrs. Barnet hinted, that it would, perhaps, be as well for him not to give himself any farther trouble on the subject; that the whole might be safely trusted to Louisa.

Mr. Barnet assented to this with the same facility with which he usually adopted any proposal, the object of which was to save him trouble.

Mrs. Barnet went the following day to Mr. Fuller's; she found more difficulty to conciliate the mind of her daughter; the young lady was filled with indignation at the scene that had passed between her father and herself. Mrs. Barnet allowed her to unburden her heart in complaints and accusations of his cruel treatment before she attempted to interrupt her, and then putting her in mind of all his former kindness, Mrs. Barnet gave such a representation of his present disposition towards her, as entirely dissipated the young lady's resentment, made her condemn herself, and rendered her impatient to return directly with her mother, to ask his forgiveness for the unjustifiable expressions she had used.

Miss Fuller, who had expected a much longer visit, was rather pleased than otherwise with her friend's abrupt departure, when she understood what occasioned it. The meeting of the father and daughter was affecting, and their reconciliation sincere. Good-humour and happiness prevailed at Barnet-place. Miss Barnet's sentiments, respecting Sir Mathew's proposal, were communi-

cated to him in terms as obliging as a decided refusal could admit.

Mr. Waller, the gentleman already mentioned as an admirer of Louisa Barnet, had seen Edward on an intimate footing with Mr. Shadow, whom he despised. When Edward, therefore, made some attempts to be acquainted with Mr. Waller, his advances were received with coldness, which as soon as the former perceived, he assumed equal reserve, notwithstanding his having a very favourable opinion of Mr. Waller's character. Mrs. Barnet noticed this; and having the highest notion of Edward's discernment, she wished to know on what his coldness to Mr. Waller was founded. She took an opportunity, therefore, to hint to Edward that he seemed to have but an indifferent opinion of that gentleman; on which, with his natural candour, Edward answered, 'Your remark, my dear madam, would have been just, had you said that he seems to have but an indifferent one of me, which, indeed, I have long observed; but for my part, I have a very high opinion of him, for I believe him to be a man of sense, integrity, and honour.'

'Why do you imagine,' resumed Mrs. Barnet, 'that he has an indifferent opinion of you?'

'Because,' said Edward, 'notwithstanding all my endeavours to acquire some share in his esteem, the coldness of his behaviour to me is a clear proof that I have failed.'

'That does not raise my opinion of him,' rejoined Mrs. Barnet.

'Neither ought it to sink it, my dear madam; that a gentleman of Mr. Waller's fortune, importance, and high character in the county, should overlook or neglect one in my situation, is not surprising.'

'In a man of his fortune, it is not surprising; in one of his character, it is,' said Mrs. Barnet, and immediately after changed the subject.

Mr. Waller previous to this had been informed of Lady Virginia's project, and that Sir Mathew Mawkish and his lady were equally set upon a marriage between Car-

naby and Miss Barnet; he understood that Sir Mathew was to make the proposal, and that great settlements were to be offered. For this intelligence he was obliged to the communicative disposition of the maid, into whose bosom Lady Virginia poured all her secrets, in which reservoir they were not in use to stagnate long, but speedily flowed through numerous channels all over the country.

The family of Mr. Waller was one of the most ancient in the county, and had been distinguished for men of a generous and hospitable character; he himself was considered as prouder than most of his ancestors, merely because he was reserved; for his opinion of his own personal qualities was inferior to that of others, and likewise inferior to their real value.—Such a man could not justly be called proud.

The plan of Lady Virginia and the Mawkish family, in favour of Carnaby, gave him little uneasiness; because the notion he had of Miss Barnet's good sense, led him to think she would reject such a coxcomb; but if, on the contrary, she should not, he thought *that* of itself would be a proof that he had mistaken her character, and that it would be fortunate for him to have no connection with her. This cool way of reasoning will be thought a stronger proof of Mr. Waller's good sense than of what is generally called love:—but, by whatever name it may be called, his attachment to Miss Barnet was certainly founded on an admiration of her beauty, a high opinion of her understanding, and a considerable degree of regard for her fortune. Had any of these been wanting or greatly inferior, in all probability he would never have thought of her for his wife; but if the third article had been tripled with any other woman, he would have preferred Louisa. He had studied her character with such persevering attention, that while he considered her good qualities with uniform approbation, he became so familiar with her failings, that, like Mirabell, in *The Way of the World*, he viewed them at last with as much partiality as

he did his own. On the principle above mentioned, however, he abstained from visiting at Mr. Barnet's, till the scheme formed by the Mawkish family should be fairly put to trial.—Mrs. Barnet having been struck with this absence, questioned Edward respecting Mr. Waller, as was recited. But as soon as the latter understood that Sir Mathew's proposal, though listened to by Mr. Barnet, was rejected with indignation by his daughter, he recommenced his assiduities at Barnet-hall with more perseverance than ever.

The account which Mr. Waller heard at this time of Edward's behaviour, when the robbery was attempted, removed all the prejudices he had so rashly entertained against that young man, and inspired him with the desire of cultivating his friendship. In consequence of which, Mr. Waller had complimented him on that adventure in the most friendly terms, and afterwards behaved to him in such a frank and cordial manner, as entirely gained his friendship.

Mrs. Barnet saw with great satisfaction the growing friendship between Mr. Waller and Edward, which made her receive the former with more kindness than she would otherwise have done. He happened to call one morning, when Louisa accompanied her father at his airing; and as Mrs. Barnet was alone, he took that opportunity of expressing the sentiments he entertained of her daughter, desiring her permission to pay his addresses to her, and begging that she should also obtain that of Mr. Barnet.

Superior to all affectation, Mrs. Barnet declared at once, that nothing could be more agreeable to her than the connection he proposed, and that she had no doubt of its being equally agreeable to her husband; but, she added, that his success would finally depend on Louisa herself, whose inclinations neither Mr. Barnet nor she would attempt to controul; and she advised him to endeavour to gain the young lady's affections without letting her know that he had mentioned his intention to any other person.

Sometime after this Mrs. Barnet told her husband that she knew of a gentleman who, she had reason to believe, was fond of their daughter, and well calculated to render her happy.

Mr. Barnet, after expressing satisfaction at this intelligence, inquired who the gentleman was; and on being informed, 'What,' said he, 'Mr. Waller of —— shire?'

'The same,' replied Mrs. Barnet; 'he is a man highly esteemed.'

'No doubt he is,' said he, 'for he has a very good estate.'

'He is of a cheerful disposition,' added she.

'I make no manner of doubt of it,' answered he; 'for his estate is quite clear, and he has money in the funds.'

'He is a man of very good sense,' rejoined Mrs. Barnet.

'I am willing to hope so,' said her husband; 'though my steward told me, that he let some farms lately at a much lower rent than they might have brought.'

'I do assure you,' resumed she, 'that Mr. Waller is generally esteemed a man of great prudence.'

'I make no manner of doubt of it,' said he, 'but I must say, he is a rash player at backgammon, and leaves blots unnecessarily.'

Mrs. Barnet. You may rest assured, my dear, that he is a man of an excellent character, and if Louisa chances to like him as well as he likes her, they will be very happy.

Mr. Barnet. Since you are convinced of that, I will immediately let her know your opinion, and that you and I have agreed to their being married together.

Mrs. Barnet. That would undoubtedly be the best way, my dear; but Louisa will like that he should in the first place apply to herself; women, you know, love to be courted, and are pleased only when they think they are left to their own free choice.

Mr. Barnet. I have not the smallest objection to her being left to her own free choice, provided I were certain she would choose Mr. Waller.

Mrs. Barnet. It is highly probable that he will bring

that about, and it will be the more probable if nobody attempts to assist him.

Mr. Barnet. Are you certain of that, my dear?

Mrs. Barnet. I am clearly of that opinion.

'Then I will impart a thought to you which is just come into my head,' said Mr. Barnet, with the important air of a man who thinks he has hit on a new and promising project; 'let neither you nor I interfere in the matter, but leave it to Louisa, without informing her how we are inclined, or that we have any suspicion of what is going on.'

Mrs. Barnet. I am convinced that the plan you propose is the most prudent we can follow.

'But are you absolutely certain,' resumed Mr. Barnet, after musing a little, 'that is, by *absolutely certain*, I mean, are you *positively sure*, that instead of listening to Mr. Waller's addresses, Louisa will not take a whim into her head, and refuse him, as she did Mr. Shadow?'

Mrs. Barnet. There is no answering positively for taste, but if she has no particular dislike—

Mr. Barnet. How the devil can she have any dislike? Mr. Waller is a well-looking stately man, with a very good estate, and a round sum of money besides;—what should give her a dislike?

Mrs. Barnet. I know nothing that can have that effect; yet, if contrary to all likelihood, Louisa should have any repugnance to him as a husband, there is no more to be said or done: neither you nor I would advise her to accept of him; because in that case their being united would be a misfortune to both.

Mr. Barnet. If the marriage were fortunate for her, I should not much mind how it turned out for him.

Mrs. Barnet. When they are married, my dear, their good and bad fortune will be in common.

Mr. Barnet. That may be, my dear, but it is our business to think of the happiness of our daughter, without troubling ourselves with other people's.

Mrs. Barnet, perceiving that her husband could not

enter into her reasoning, thought proper to leave his understanding, and address his affections.

Mrs. Barnet. It is Louisa's good fortune to have a father, who in a matter which so nearly concerns her, has the goodness to wave parental authority, and to leave her to be directed by her own inclinations; and I am persuaded this indulgent behaviour will dispose her to conform her conduct as much as is in her power to your wishes.

Mr. Barnet. Since you think so, my dear, all I have to say is, that if Louisa has a repugnance, as you call it, to Mr. Waller, there shall be an end of the business; but if he shall prove to her taste, as I hope, I shall see all justice done her as to settlements, and she shall have my whole fortune at my death, for I do not think I should be inclined to marry again, although you were to die to-morrow; indeed nothing surprises me so much as to see those, who have tried matrimony once, incline to it a second time.

'I see, my dear, by your smiling,' continued Mr. Barnet, 'that you think I might take it into my head to venture to marry again.—Well, suppose I did, still that might be no prejudice to Louisa; for I might perhaps have no more children; very likely men sometimes have no children with very likely women; it is all a chance; and if the worst should happen, if I should, contrary to my inclination, have children by a second wife, you may assure Louisa that, even in that case, she shall be very well provided for:—I have good reason therefore to expect that she will conform herself to my wishes, and accept Mr. Waller's hand, as soon as he offers it.

Mrs. Barnet. I am persuaded she will, if left entirely to herself.

Mr. Barnet. Yet as it depends on taste, there is no perfect certainty; for people's tastes are various; I myself, for example, prefer stewed carp to any other dish,—others detest it,—one man's meat, they say, is another man's poison. The taste of women perhaps is as different respecting men.

To this shrewd observation Mrs. Barnet made no answer.

In the meantime Mr. Waller's visits to Barnet-hall were more frequent than ever.—Although genteel in his person, and of an agreeable countenance, he was not endowed with those qualities, which perhaps would have most flattered the fancy of Louisa Barnet in a lover; his conduct was more governed by truth and integrity, than ornamented by wit or elegance. In his company Miss Barnet was pleased without being agitated; she was in that state of tranquillity which leaves reason its full force, and that spoke entirely in favour of Mr. Waller.

Mrs. Barnet therefore trusted a cause, in which she felt herself infinitely interested, to the calm influence of her daughter's own understanding, without calling in the aid of any other advocate.

This conduct convinced Miss Barnet that her mother had no scheme of controlling her on the subject of matrimony, any apparent plan of which would have gone far to have prejudiced her against the person in whose favour it was formed; for it was the opinion of this young lady, that even the most indulgent parents laid too much stress on fortune, and too little on the affections of the heart, in the marriage of their children. Mr. Waller's assiduities, meanwhile, became daily more agreeable to her.

CHAPTER LXV.

———A grateful mind,
By owing owes not, but still pays.

MILTON.

On various occasions, after the attempt to rob Mr. Barnet's house, Mrs. Barnet had stated to her husband the obligations they both lay under to Edward. He acknowledged the obligation with readiness, declaring, that he

would always think of it with gratitude; for that he considered ingratitude as worse than the sin of witchcraft, adding every expression in praise of a grateful disposition that he had at his command. Having done this, he thought he had done all that was necessary; for he had no notion that his wife expected that he should manifest his gratitude in any other manner. What she had in view was very different; she wished to excite her husband to a virtuous action; she knew how dear the idea of independence was to every generous mind; she knew that the sense of repeated obligations was painful to that of Edward; she had observed that the approach of the terms of payment of his annual allowance sunk instead of raising his spirit; she knew that he regretted that he had not adopted some profession that could have enabled him to live by his own efforts, and without any expense to Mr. Barnet, sooner than was to be expected in that which had been chosen for him; she thought the service he had rendered her husband demanded a return of a nature to render Edward in some measure independent at once; she knew that Mr. Barnet had just recovered a debt of four thousand pounds which had been long considered as desperate, and that the money lay in the hands of his banker, till such time as he should decide where to place it.

During the fortunate era above mentioned, when happiness reigned at Barnet-place, this generous woman determined, by more direct means, to endeavour to gain the point she had in contemplation: It was her custom when the family, or a confidential friend only were present, to make the servants retire after placing the dishes; she used this precaution one night after Miss Barnet, who seldom supped, had retired to her own apartment; Mr. Wormwood only supped with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet. She observed her husband in high good humour, cutting up the first woodcock he had seen that season; Wormwood and she had for some time dwelt on the praises of Edward, in which Mr. Barnet joined with an appearance of uncommon cordiality.

Eager to seize the propitious moment, she said, immediately after he had commended the woodcock as excellent, 'that the four thousand pounds now lying at the banker's, had been recovered by an accident almost as singular and unexpected as that by which his life had been saved, and that the best and noblest use it could be put to, was to assign it over to Edward, as a small testimony of gratitude, for the great service rendered by that young man to him and his family.'

'You cannot mean,' said Mr. Barnet, staring his wife in the face, and laying down the leg of the woodcock, which he had begun to pick; 'you cannot mean to assign him all the four thousand pounds!'

'Yes, I do, my dear,' replied Mrs. Barnet.

'Four thousand pounds is a prodigious great sum of money,' repeated he.

'Then you are prodigiously rich, my dear,' resumed she; 'for we have many four thousand pounds, and I should think them all of little value, in comparison with your life, which Edward saved at the imminent risk of his own.'

Mr. Barnet seemed in suspense, and without making any answer, he began again to pick the leg of the woodcock.

'Consider,' said Mr. Wormwood, 'that had it not been for Edward, you would never have tasted that woodcock, nor many others which you now have the prospect of eating.'

Mrs. Barnet, who could not bear to see her husband placed in a ridiculous light, and yet wished that Wormwood might persuade him into her proposal, pretending to have forgot something in the next room, withdrew.

'Consider,' continued Wormwood, 'that had it not been for Edward, so far from enjoying that woodcock as you do, you would at this instant have been at supper, *not to eat, but to be eaten.*'

'Pray,' cried Barnet, with a look of terror, 'be so obliging as not to speak in that manner; upon my conscience, I never knew such a frightful man in my life, you use such shocking expressions!'

'Why truly, my good friend,' said Wormwood, 'the

expression is none of mine; I beg leave to inform you, that you will find it in Shakespear.'

Mr. Barnet, thinking that he recollected at that moment where it was, and hurt that he should be thought ignorant of an author whom he pretended to admire, replied, with uncommon quickness, but with his wonted precision, 'I know as well as you that the expression is in Shakespear; but what Shakespear puts, with great propriety, in the mouth of a blackamoor, like Othello, who murdered his wife, is not very fit to be used among Christians in my house, especially when they are at supper.'

Wormwood, willing to restore him to good humour, replied, in a conciliatory tone, 'I acknowledge the force of your observation; I confess that you and Shakespear are both in the right, and that I only am in fault. I shall always bless Edward, however, for having preserved you from immediate death: and I sincerely pray, my good friend, that the life he preserved be long and happy.'

Mrs. Barnet was agreeably surprised, on returning to the parlour, to see her husband and Wormwood shaking hands in the most cordial manner.

'I have come to the resolution, my dear,' said Mr. Barnet, as soon as he saw his wife, 'to make a present to Edward of the four thousand pounds you spoke of. Some people will think it a great deal too much; but, on mature deliberation, I am not entirely of that opinion; because it is impossible to deny that he rendered a great service to us both: for it is clear that he saved my life; and if they had once killed me, God Almighty only knows what such audacious libertines might have been tempted to do to you.'

'You have come to a noble resolution,' cried Wormwood, filling a bumper of wine; 'I drink your health with all my heart and soul, and shall remember this supper to my last hour; and as for you, my worthy friend, you have swallowed what few people would have had courage to taste, but which will afford you more comfort in digesting than any other morsel you ever eat in your life.'

It were superfluous to mention the satisfaction which her husband's determination gave to Mrs. Barnet; but it is still necessary to take notice of some things that took place previously. It was already mentioned that Clifton had made an application to the minister in favour of Edward—he renewed this with more warmth from the continent. A short time after, the minister meeting Lady Ann Clifton at an assembly, informed her that he had found the situation so earnestly desired by her son for his friend. Her ladyship, by letter, acquainted Edward with this. It was the very situation which would have been most agreeable to him, had he been on his former footing with Clifton; but Edward now thought, for he knew not that Clifton had written from the continent, that though he had exerted himself for the man he loved, he might not like to see the fruits of his exertions reaped by one for whom he had no longer any friendship: and even on the supposition that Clifton should still be well pleased that his application took effect, Edward could not bear the thought of lying under such an obligation to a man with whom he was no longer on the same friendly footing. He therefore wrote to Lady Ann, that something had very lately occurred, which put it out of his power to avail himself of the minister's favourable intentions, &c. &c.

Although the letter was conceived in the most respectful terms, yet her ladyship could not help thinking that there was something extremely odd in a person in Edward's situation refusing an offer of this kind; and in the letter she wrote to her son she insinuated that his friend's conduct seemed whimsical, if not quite absurd.

A short time after this, Wormwood called on Edward at his chambers in the Temple, and delivered to him a letter from Mr. Barnet, containing an order to his banker for four thousand pounds, which he was desired to accept of as a testimony of gratitude for the most important obligation which one man could lay upon another. Mr. Wormwood gave him at the same time a letter from Mrs.

Barnet expressive of the same sentiments, praising her husband's conduct; but adding, that the weight of obligation still lay upon them.

It is unnecessary to describe the feelings of Edward on this occasion, or to recapitulate in what manner Mr. Wormwood supported the concluding assertion in Mrs. Barnet's letter, which he insisted was an obvious truth; treating at the same time all Edward's arguments to the contrary as mere sophisms, and declaring that Edward's persevering in a refusal would be considered as proceeding from ill-placed pride, and would give great uneasiness to Mrs. Barnet.

Edward yielded to this last argument, and set out directly for Barnet-hall; and having found Mr. and Mrs. Barnet by themselves, he expressed, in fervent and manly terms, his sense of their conduct towards him, and remained some days with them without again making the least allusion to it; being resolved to manifest his gratitude by his conduct through life, and not by any farther professions.

CHAPTER LXVI.

L'orgueil ne veut pas devour, et l'amour propre ne veut pas payer.
ROCHEFOUCAULT.

MR. CLIFTON while at Paris received accounts that the person he had wounded was out of danger. He was still detained, however, by the amusements of that capital. Having had time for reflection, he became sensible that Edward had acted from the most laudable motives; and that the very conduct which had produced the breach between them rendered him more worthy of his friendship; at the bottom of his heart Clifton really had more esteem for his friend than ever; but still he felt a powerful reluctance from that avowal of his sentiments which would have led to the reconciliation he secretly wished, and

which was absolutely necessary for his happiness. Those uneasy reflections were sometimes precluded by the pursuits of pleasure, and sometimes drowned in the excesses of various kinds, to which he was too liable to be led; but the recollection of his friend always returned in those hours of languor which were the never-failing consequences of his excesses. It was during an interval of this kind, after a very riotous night, that he received his mother's letter, which inclosed that of Edward to her. She blamed his conduct in rejecting the minister's offer as capricious and unbecoming. Clifton saw it in a different point of view, and the letter affected him in a different manner. He was persuaded that the sole motive of Edward's having refused a situation he had formerly wished to obtain, was because it had been procured by him; a circumstance which once would have rendered it doubly acceptable. This struck Clifton as a proof that the heart of Edward was entirely alienated; an idea which filled him with such anguish that he dissolved into a flood of tears. The thought of his having lost Clifton's friendship had never produced the same effect on Edward; not because he was endowed with less sensibility; for a heart more exquisitely alive to every fine sensation of human nature, and particularly to that of friendship, was, perhaps, never framed than his; but having been early accustomed to disappointments, vexations, and crosses, although he felt with equal sensibility, he was able to suffer with more steadiness, than a youth born in affluence, to whom gratifications of every kind were familiar, and vexation new; besides, Clifton could not reflect on the loss of his friend without self-condemnation, from which, in lamenting the same misfortune, the mind of Edward was free.

Lady Ann Clifton had never much relished the intimacy her son had formed with a youth of Edward's unhappy situation; but the advantageous manner in which he was spoken of by every body, confirmed by his fine address and appearance, prevented her from having the same repugnance to it, which otherwise she would have had,

and from attempting to break a connection in which her son took so much pleasure. She expected that this would be effected by absence, and by more mature reflection: on an occasion like this offering, however, wherein she really thought Edward's conduct reprehensible, she did not neglect to state it in the most unfavourable light to her son, in hopes that it would contribute to break a connection which she thought imprudent in him ever to have formed.

The character of the mother and son were different in various points, and particularly in this, that the former had more vanity than pride, and the latter more pride than vanity.

Those qualities are sometimes used as synonymous, although essentially different: pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around; and when that kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously, however coarsely served up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. Praise a man of genuine pride for an honourable action which he did *not* perform, hint that he is the author of an admired anonymous literary production that he did *not* write, or for talents of any kind which he thinks do not belong to him, and he will earnestly declare that you are under a mistake. A vain man in the same circumstances will allow you to remain in error, or perhaps endeavour to confirm you in it by falsehood. The vain, continually afraid of losing importance in the world, avoid those of their acquaintance, however worthy of esteem, who are in an humble situation of life, or who are unfashionably dressed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themselves are in company with peo-

ple of high rank The truly proud man, despising such conduct, and never afraid of losing importance, accosts the humblest of his acquaintance with equal kindness, whether he meets them when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and fashion.

The dread of having lost the friendship of Edward brought into Clifton's recollection all those qualities of which his friend's character was composed; his manly steadiness, unshaken probity, acute discernment, and extensive benevolence; the scenes of their boyish days passing also before the mind of Clifton in visionary review, opened all those sources of esteem and affection which had stagnated, while he was engrossed with the pursuits of pleasure, and now poured on his heart with such force as to overcome that pride which had prevented his making any advances to a reconciliation. One idea in particular, which, on a less generous mind would have had a contrary effect, rendered him eager to accommodate matters with Edward; namely, that the breach between them would be considered by the world as a greater loss to Edward than to himself. He now saw that this consideration rendered it more delicate for his friend to make advances than for himself. Impressed with these sentiments, he wrote a most conciliatory letter, apologizing for the rash one he had sent formerly, taking blame on himself, applauding the conduct of Edward, and inviting a renewal of their friendship.

The steady mind of this young man, which remained unshaken by those blasts of adversity that overwhelm many, could not stand the unexpected felicity of his friend's letter. The tears of joy which fell from his eyes obliged him to recommence oftener than once *that* which he wrote in answer.

The mutual friendship of those two young men being thus renewed, a constant intercourse by letters was carried on between them. Clifton, however, was still unwilling to leave Paris; a variety of allurements retained him in that capital; yet amidst the scenes of novelty and

magnificence, none ever peculiarly commanded his admiration without exciting a wish that Edward were present to augment his enjoyment by sharing it. This induced him to invite his friend, in the most pressing terms, to pass a few months with him in Paris. No proposal could have been more agreeable to Edward; but on finding that Mr. Barnet was averse to his leaving England, and would be much disappointed by his not spending the approaching vacation at Barnet-hall, he declined it.

CHAPTER LXVII.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loitering aids advance. SHENSTONE.

WHETHER from intemperance, or some other cause, Mr. Clifton was soon afterwards seized with a fever, which within a few days rendered him insensible, and at its termination left him in a state of weakness of body and dejection of mind, far greater than he had felt on any former occasion.

Edward having been longer than usual without hearing from his friend, began to be uneasy on that account, when he received a message from Lady Ann Clifton, that she desired to see him. She had never heard of the misunderstanding between her son and Edward on account of Miss Barnet; she perceived by her son's late letters that her insinuations had produced no effect; and that the two youths were on the old confidential footing. In the present disturbed state of her mind she sent for Edward. When he arrived, a lady who lived with Lady Ann desired to speak with him apart before he was introduced to her ladyship. This lady, under the denomination of a companion and friend, performed the functions of an ene-

my; she was one of those accommodating persons, which some people of rank love to have constantly with them, for the purpose of applauding whatever they do or say; whose business it is to prevent disagreeable truths from reaching the ears of their patrons, and contribute to render them as weak, ignorant, and capricious, as they themselves are abject, selfish, and perfidious. This lady's present business with Edward was to beg him to look as cheerful as possible, and to assure her ladyship that the ill news she had received could not possibly be true, and would be contradicted by the very first mail.

'I do not know what the news is, madam,' replied Edward.

'So much the better,' said the lady; 'you may have the less scruple to assure her it is false, since you do not know for certain that it is true; the news is very bad, *that* you may depend upon, therefore, pray swear it is false; for that is the only way to keep up her spirits.'

Edward, being a good deal alarmed, hastily desired to be introduced to her ladyship. His alarm was increased when he perceived that she had been weeping. She asked if he had received any late accounts from Paris; and on his answering in the negative, she informed him that she had received a letter from her son's banker at Paris, acquainting her that he had been seized with a fever, and was attended by two physicians.

'That need not give your ladyship any manner of uneasiness,' said Miss Honeysuckle; 'for you may remember that her grace the duchess of ———— was attended by four in her late illness, and she recovered notwithstanding.'

Edward asked if her ladyship had any scruple at shewing him the banker's letter. She immediately gave it him; it was written in palliative terms, with a view to extenuate the danger. Edward perceived the writer's intention; and his face betrayed the feelings of his heart.

'Good God, sir! why do you look so sorrowful?' cried

Miss Honeysuckle; 'do you not know that the least appearance of sorrow does her ladyship harm?'

'What is your opinion of that account?' said Lady Ann to Edward; but before he could make any answer, Miss Honeysuckle observed, 'That banker's accounts were very little to be depended upon; that her ladyship had no occasion to be uneasy.' She then gave a variety of instances of false intelligence, both of a public and private nature, which had come from bankers, a class of men, she added, who by dealing in nothing but money, which is the root of all evil, are ignorant, thick-headed, and wonderfully liable to mistakes on every other subject. Your ladyship knows very well,' continued this candid and discerning gentlewoman, 'that this is the case with your own banker in London; and there is no reason to think that the French banker at Paris is more to be relied on: for my own part I am convinced that the next post will bring you accounts that Mr. Clifton is in perfect health; so that your ladyship has no reason to wear your eyes or destroy your complexion by sorrow.'

Lady Ann Clifton was naturally a woman of a strong mind and just understanding; the first had been weakened by the dissipation in which she had lived; the second by the homage which had been paid her as a beauty, and a woman of rank. She could not but perceive that what Miss Honeysuckle said was founded on no authority, and thrown out merely to keep up her spirits. It was acceptable, nevertheless; she wished to deceive herself, and was pleased with those who assisted her. She therefore allowed Miss Honeysuckle to continue her babble, while she herself was silent, and strove to believe all that the other suggested.

Edward had made no answer to Lady Ann's question; and she was afraid to repeat it, lest his answer should not tend to confirm the soothing things which flowed from the tongue of Miss Honeysuckle. He withdrew, and set out directly for Barnet-hall. On his arrival he found Mrs. Barnet alone; her husband and daughter having gone to

dine at Mr. Fuller's. Edward informed her of the accounts from Paris; his face and whole manner expressed his inquietude more than his words, while he requested her approbation of his proceeding immediately to Paris.

'I am too sensible of the warmth of your friendship for Mr. Clifton, my dear Edward,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'to oppose what you so eagerly desire; I know also what comfort the face of a friend conveys to those who languish under sickness among strangers. I shall inform Mr. Barnet of the cause of your sudden departure; I am convinced he will see it in the same light that I do; and as I perceive your anxiety and impatience, I will not even require you to stay till his return.'

Edward proceeded with all possible expedition to Dover, which he reached time enough for the packet, which was just about to sail.

During the ravings of his fever, Clifton had often repeated the name of Edward. When the fever left him, and his senses returned, he asked the servant, who had been most constantly with him, if he knew whether his friend had been informed of his illness; and expressed uneasiness when the man answered that he had not. He then desired the servant to write to Edward by that day's post.

'Shall I request him to come?' said the servant.

'Request nothing!' answered Clifton; 'write simply, that I have been very ill, am now better, but not quite recovered.' While the servant was writing, he said to himself, 'his heart will dictate what he should do.'

The valet having finished his letter, Clifton found his sight so weakened that it was with difficulty he could read it; yet, taking the pen, he scrawled, in wavering words, the following sentence.—'I am as weak as a child, but my friendship is strong as ever.'

Having seen the letter sealed, he was obliged to be put to bed, and then desired his servant to carry the letter to the post, saying,—'Would to heaven I could sleep till Edward arrives!'

The following day he told the servant he had been dreaming the whole night of Edward.

'Then I am sure you must have passed a pleasant night,' replied the man.

'On the contrary,' replied Clifton, 'I never was so teased in my life: I saw him; but a precipice, or a river, or some obstacle or other, always intervened, and prevented our being able to meet and converse.'

This young man was of a most impatient temper. When his heart once fixed on any object, every thing else appeared tasteless in comparison; he counted the minutes, and wished the time annihilated that intervened before he could obtain his wishes. He had been calculating at what hour Edward might receive his letter, and how soon after it was practicable for him to arrive at Paris. He said, one day when the servant was sitting alone by his bed-side, 'Edward may possibly be in the country when the latter arrives in London.'

The servant having remarked that the natural impatience of his master's temper was augmented by his present weakened state, wished to prepare him, in some degree, for a disappointment, which was likely to happen; for he had little expectation that Edward would set out for Paris immediately after receiving the letter. The man therefore said, in answer to his master's observation, 'That Mr. Edward certainly might be in the country, which would prevent his receiving the letter so soon as he would otherwise have done; besides, when he does receive it,' added he, 'it may not be *convenient* for him to leave England at this time.'

'How dare you talk so, blockhead?' cried Clifton.

'I only meant,' resumed the servant, 'that business may prevent him from—'

'Business!' repeated Clifton, with indignation; 'get out of the room! begone!'

While the heart of Clifton glowed with all the candour of youthful friendship, and his imagination was indulging the hopes of soon seeing his friend, an insinuation of cold-

ness on his part was the most grating idea that could have been presented to his mind. It will be readily believed, therefore, that his pleasure must have been very great a short time after, when he saw the servant he had driven with indignation from his presence return with a joyful countenance, followed by Edward.

There was, however, more of the eagerness of youthful friendship than of prudence in this sudden appearance before his exhausted friend, who at first imagined that the dream of the preceding night was returned.

His friend's embrace assured him of his real presence, and rendered Clifton's satisfaction complete. Edward, however, was soon warned of his imprudence, by the ghastly looks and emaciated person of his friend, and hinted a desire to withdraw.

Indeed repose was equally necessary to both; one being exhausted by emotion, and the other by fatigue; for Edward had not been in bed since the night preceding the day on which he left London.

Clifton, being informed of this circumstance by his servant, desired that his friend might not be called till very late the following day.

The agitation that Clifton's spirits had undergone was not followed by the ill consequences that were feared; the reflection that his friend was in the same house with him, soothed his mind into a pleasing reverie, from which he fell into a profound sleep that lasted several hours; he awakened greatly refreshed, and in all respects better. It was a full fortnight, however, before he had gathered strength enough to enable him to go out of the house. He then began to take short airings in a carriage; these were gradually extended round the environs of Paris, as his strength permitted—Edward being his constant companion both at home and when he drove out. Notwithstanding this unremitting attendance, Edward found sufficient time in the morning, before Clifton arose, to view every thing he wished to examine within the city of Paris.

After six weeks Mr. Clifton was still in such a state of

health, that his physicians advised him not to return to England, nor even remain at Paris, but to pass the winter in a milder climate.

Mr. Clifton, who had determined to accompany Edward to England, was highly displeased with this advice, which he declared he would *not* follow; and, in spite of all that could be urged by the physicians and others, he persevered in his resolution.

Edward had written to Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, that Mr. Clifton being now in a fair way of recovery, he himself intended, within a few weeks, to return; but finding his friend obstinate in rejecting the plan prescribed by the physicians, he suspended his own, and wrote to Mr. Barnet in a more dubious style respecting his friend's speedy return.

In the meantime both the young men remained in Paris until Clifton should recover such a degree of strength as was thought necessary for a journey, without declaring whether he should go to the south or return to England.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Illam ego non tulerim, quæ computat, et scelus ingens
Sana facit. JUVEN.

DURING the interval from the time that Edward wrote to Mrs. Barnet, as before mentioned, and his receiving an answer, as he returned one day from a ramble, to view the churches and other public buildings in Paris, the valet de place who generally accompanied him, led him to a shop to purchase some silk stockings.

While the mistress of the shop was recommending her goods with the zeal of a vender and the volubility of a French woman, Edward was struck with the beauty of a lady, who sat in a small room which opened into the shop.

This lady being equally pleased with his appearance, shewed a disposition to captivate him by various little airs and looks, that are easily understood, though difficult to describe.

The mistress of the shop perceiving that he paid more attention to this lady than to the stockings, whose eulogium she had taken so much pains upon, at length said, 'Monsieur will choose more at his ease in the room, and perhaps mademoiselle will be so good as to assist him.'

'Volontiers,' said the lady with a frank air.

The woman of the shop then turned to serve some other customers, and Edward stepping into the small room, seated himself by the lady, who began to examine the stockings, and glancing alternately from them to his legs, and from the latter to the former, 'en verité,' said she, 'it will be a little difficult to fit monsieur; il n'est pas fait comme tout le monde; but these are of the best shape,' added she, picking out one pair of stockings from the parcel; 'voyons,' holding them near his leg; 'yes, these may do.'

In the same playful manner, she chose six pair; Edward then desired the mistress of the shop to hand him a parcel of women's stockings, as he hoped the lady would accept six pair of his choosing.

After refusing a decent time, the mistress of the shop joining in the request, the lady accepted, desiring *him* to choose.

'I fear I shall blunder,' said he slily, 'if I am obliged to choose quite in the dark.'

'Monsieur seems to be more cautious than is absolutely necessary,' replied she, with affected gravity.

'I only wish for so much light,' said he, 'as may prevent my shooting very wide of the mark.'

'Allons, allons,' cried she smiling, 'il faut tirer au hazard.'

'As you please, madam,' said Edward; he then picked out a *very large* pair, saying, 'will these suit you?'

'Que voulez vous donc dire, monsieur?' cried she very much piqued.

'Perhaps they are a little too large,' resumed he.

'Grand Dieu!—infiniment,' exclaimed she, quite shocked at the idea of being suspected of thick ancles. 'Regardez, monsieur:' in her hurry to repel the imputation, she discovered more of her leg than was necessary to clear her innocence. This piece of etourderie was followed by an attempt to blush, and various marks of confusion on the part of the lady. She soon recovered her natural manner, however, displaying a degree of vivacity equally new and captivating, to a youth who was unaccustomed to the conversation of French women. Neither he nor she seemed inclined to terminate the *tête-à-tête*, when a chariot stopping at the shop-door, a young woman, who seemed to be the lady's maid, came out of it, and informed her aloud, that she had executed her commissions; but on seeing her resume her conversation with Edward, the maid whispered her, on which the lady rose, and after throwing a significant look at the maid, went into her carriage.

'Monsieur lodges in this neighbourhood?' said the maid. Edward put his card into her hand, accompanied with a Louis. 'Assurément,' said the maid, 'Monsieur est tres poli.'

After paying for the stockings, Edward sent the valet to the hotel in which he lodged, with those he had bought for himself; he then made some inquiries of the mistress of the shop, concerning the lady; the mistress assumed an air of prudery, gave him evasive answers, and he was obliged to leave the shop, without receiving the information he wished for.

In relating his adventure to Clifton, Edward described the lady as the most sprightly girl he had ever conversed with, and the prettiest he had seen in France.

The following day the valet de place informed him, that a young woman had brought a letter, which she in-

sisted on delivering into monsieur's own hands. When she was introduced, he recognised the maid who had whispered the lady in the stocking-shop.

In the letter he was blamed for having questioned the mistress of the shop, and desired to abstain from it in future; he was directed to come to a masked ball, announced for the following night, to be dressed in a white domino, and to wear in his hat a white cockade, which the bearer of the letter delivered to him: he was warned not to address the writer at the ball, although he should know her, but to wait until she should speak to him. The letter was subscribed, *La Dame aux bas de soie.*

When Edward shewed this epistle to Clifton, he expressed an inclination to attend him to the ball for a couple of hours: they went together.

After traversing the room a considerable time, Clifton distinguished one female mask, in the character of a Circassian; she was by much the most elegant figure in the assembly; she had hold of the arm of a person in a Turkish dress.

'Do you think,' said Edward to his friend, 'that the Circassian's face corresponds to her shape?'

'Let us move a little nearer them,' replied Clifton, 'and perhaps we shall make the discovery; if she persists in keeping on her mask, it is probable that she has not much beauty to display.'

They were now immediately behind the Turk and Circassian.

'I am of your opinion, my friend,' said Clifton in French, and loud enough to be heard by the lady; 'she certainly has the finest shape in the world, but as we often see very handsome women who are ill shaped, so the finest symmetry of person is no proof, nor even presumption, that the face is not homely.'

This was spoken as the Turk and the lady had arrived at the end of the hall; the latter in turning contrived to drop her mask. Edward picked it up, and presented it

to her without speaking; but Clifton said,—'You are a strong exception, madam, to an observation which I was just making.'

He said this with a view to engage her in conversation, but as she knew that would not be agreeable to her companion, having replaced her mask, and curtsied, she walked on.

The two gentlemen had afterwards occasion to admire her gracefulness and agility; for having danced a minuet, she was afterwards engaged in cotillons, during which she had the address, unmarked by her Turkish companion, to say some obliging things to Edward, in the expressive language of looks and glances.

When the dancing was over, observing a cluster of masks formed around a pantaloon, who was playing antic tricks, she joined the crowd, making Edward a sign to follow; and, as he pressed near, she slipped a note into his hand, soon after which she and her Turk disappeared.

Next morning at breakfast the two friends joined in praise of the masquerade lady's beauty. Edward dwelt on the theme with unusual warmth and fluency.

'I once thought,' said Clifton, 'that the *Dame au bas de soie* had made a conquest of your heart; I now begin to suspect that the Circassian will drive her out of the field; her charms seem to have very extraordinary power over you; last night they struck you dumb—this morning they render you eloquent.'

Edward then told him, that the Circassian and the *Dame au bas de soie* were the same person.

Clifton had in the preceding night taken notice of the angry deportment of the Turk, when the lady dropt her mask; and when he hurried from them with impatience, had said to Edward,—'If that fellow is not a real Turk, he supports the character wonderfully well; he seems ready to stab any man that speaks to his mistress. You ought to be on your guard.'

Lest his friend should be uneasy, therefore, at his pur-

suing the adventure any farther, Edward had not communicated to him the contents of the note which the lady had slipped into his hand, which imported that he should come the following day to a particular walk in the Luxembourg gardens, where he would be accosted by a person who would inform him further.

He had not made above one or two turns in the walk, when the same girl who had called at the hotel delivered him a letter; in this he was informed, that the writer could not have the pleasure of seeing him for two days, but that on the third, she expected to meet him in the evening, at a house which she described, adding, that there they could converse freely, without the fear of being disturbed by Turks, or any intruders whatever.

Having rewarded the girl for her trouble, Edward returned to the hotel disappointed, and vexed that the rendezvous was so long postponed; for the lady's charms appeared to him so much improved by the masquerade dress, that his admiration was more exalted than ever, and he now considered her as the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld.

All next day he could think of nothing but the fair incognito; Clifton observed this, and rallied him on many proofs of absence of mind he gave during their usual airing in the carriage.

'You may be assured, my friend,' said Clifton, 'that you have no cause to give way to despair, for notwithstanding her keeper's being a very Turk, and inclined to guard her for his own exclusive use, the heart of the lady seems evidently to revolt against that Mahometan practice, so contrary to the customs of the Christian country in which she lives.'

The same day, as Edward was dressing before dinner, the valet de place attended him as usual; while he handed him a pair of the stockings he had lately bought, the fellow said with a shrewd look, and in a significant tone of voice, 'those stockings are very well chosen; but no

wonder, that lady has a great deal of taste as well as beauty.'

'What lady?' said Edward.

'The lady,' replied the valet, 'who was so obliging as to choose monsieur's stockings for him.'

'Do you know that lady?'

'That I do; I had the honour of knowing her before she was married.'

'Married!' cried Edward; 'is she married?'

'O! mon Dieu, oui.'

'Does she live with her husband?'

'O! mon Dieu, non.'

'Where is her husband?'

'Le pauvre Diable, il est coffré,' answered the fellow, with a laugh.

Edward, not understanding the import of that phrase, demanded an explanation.

The valet said, 'that if monsieur had an inclination to pay his court to the lady, he never could have a more fortunate opportunity; because,' continued the valet, 'I have the honour to assure monsieur that her husband is in prison. Monsieur le comte, who occasionally supplies his place, is to set out to-morrow for Versailles, where he will be detained several days, and there can be no manner of doubt of her preferring the company of monsieur during that interval to that of either, for the lady is a woman of taste; and although I myself have the experience of her being an economist in money, she has the reputation of being very generous in love.'

'You have occasionally, no doubt, been of service to monsieur le comte, in his intercourse with the lady,' said Edward.

'Cela ne gatera rien,' replied the valet; 'je ne cherche qu'à faire plaisir à tout le monde.'

'For what reason,' resumed Edward, 'was this woman's husband sent to prison?'

'Pour lui apprendre à vivre,' replied the fellow; 'c'étoit un homme intraitable.'

On being farther questioned, he related, 'that the lady's family was of the petite noblesse, but that she herself having little or no fortune had condescended to marry a bourgeois de Paris; that he was a man *bien à son aise* before marriage, but much the reverse after it, *comme de raison*; but in his case, this was in a great measure his own fault, for he was *assez bête* to be displeased, because monsieur le comte de ——— frequently visited his wife; a circumstance which did him honour, and might have been otherwise beneficial to him, if he had been prudent; for monsieur le comte was a young man *tout à fait comme il faut*, lately married to a very respectable old lady, who had brought him a great fortune, which he spent *noblement*, and by which the bourgeois might have profited; but,' continued the valet, 'il est bourgeois depuis le piede jusq'à la tête, et un homme *tout-à-fait intraitable*. The valet then continued to inform Edward that the husband being a most unreasonable man, and blind to his own interest, had taken umbrage at the count's visits to his wife, which had occasioned some pretty sharp altercations, in the course of which the husband had been accused of uttering expressions not only violent against the count, but disrespectful of the minister, to whom he was distantly related, and glancing at the government; an account of which, with the connivance of his wife, being transmitted to the minister, monsieur le comte had influence to obtain a *lettre de cachet*, in consequence of which the bourgeois was siezed, and is now, *heureusement pour monsieur*, confined in prison; *car vraiment il est un peu brutal*.

The valet de place was himself at this very time retained as a spy of the police; he had got a glimpse of the lady, as he stood at the door of the shop where Edward first met her, and had observed enough afterwards to convince him that the youth was greatly captivated with her; the fellow therefore wished to be employed in a business which he had found by experience to be lucrative. His narration, however, had made a very different impression on the mind of Edward from what he intended.

'How came you to be acquainted,' said Edward, 'with all those circumstances?'

'I learnt this morning from the count's valet de chambre, that his master was to set out to-morrow for Versailles, where he will remain several days, *ainsi en attendant, monsieur doit avoir beau jeu*,' continued the fellow, with a profound bow.

'Are you absolutely certain,' resumed Edward, 'that this woman's husband was accused with *her* knowledge and connivance?'

'Monsieur may rely upon that,' said the valet; 'I was in a situation to know all the particulars; she pretended to the world to be in great sorrow, but I know better—*O! c'est un fin mouche.*'

'What a shocking woman!' exclaimed Edward, turning from the valet, whom he afterwards desired to say nothing more of this affair, nor to attempt seeing the lady, until he should receive instructions from him.

Edward then went into Mr. Clifton's apartment, and related all the valet's story to him, declaring at the same time, 'that he must have better authority before he could give faith to so shocking a tale.'

Clifton said he expected the marquis of ———, a young French nobleman, by whose means it would be easy to know whether it was true or not.

The marquis entered while they were talking, and Clifton had no sooner mentioned the affair in question, than the marquis acknowledged that he had heard it much in the manner the valet had related, and although he did not say he knew it to be true, he sufficiently shewed that he believed it. It did not strike him however with much surprise or indignation, as would seem by his manner of recounting the following adventure.

'It must be owned,' said he marquis, 'that the case of your bourgeois is rather more lamentable, than that of a certain captain of a man of war in our service, *un peu lourd à la verité d'ailleurs brave, et le meilleur homme du monde.* Well, all the storms this officer had experienced

at sea did not frighten him from embarking in the marriage state; he chose for his mate a very pretty girl, whom he loved a great deal, without esteeming her much; while she, on her part, had some esteem for him, without loving him at all. They might have lived as comfortably together as many other husbands and wives with similar sentiments do; for the captain was glad to meet with his wife as often as he returned from sea, and she was by no means miserable when he was obliged to return to it again.

'During a longer period than usual, which the captain passed at sea, the minister de la marine became acquainted and formed an intimate friendship with his wife, and the husband arrived at one of our harbours when their friendship was at the height. He immediately applied, as is usual, for leave to quit his ship and go to Paris. The minister informed him by letter, that he had been for some time very impatient to hear of his safe arrival, because an important project, which required to be conducted by an officer of distinguished talents, was in contemplation; that *he* was fixed upon to conduct it; he was therefore required to remain at the port where he then was, to hasten and superintend the victualling and repairing his ship, and then to proceed with all possible expedition to one of our islands in the West Indies, where he would receive the necessary instructions.

'The captain, who had not hitherto had much reason to be vain of the notice taken of him, rejoiced to find that his merit had attracted the attention of the court at last; consoled himself the best way he could for being disappointed of meeting his wife; hurried the preparations for his ship, and sailed in high spirits to the West Indies; where, after having waited a considerable time for particular instructions, respecting the important object of his mission, he received dispatches from the minister, by which he was informed, that an unexpected incident having rendered the intended enterprise more hazardous than when it was planned, the king was unwilling to risk so gallant an officer in so desperate an attempt, which was therefore relinquished.

'The captain consoled himself for this disappointment by reflecting, that the honour of having been selected on such an occasion still remained with him; and that the same motives which had determined the minister to recommend him for conducting this enterprise, might prompt him to employ him in some other equally honourable, and more profitable.

'Notwithstanding certain obstructions that were thrown in his way to retard his departure from the West Indies, the captain arrived in France sooner than was wished by his lady, or convenient for the minister. Before he could quit the sea-port, however, he received information from him, that in order to indemnify so active an officer for his late disappointment in the west, a ship was ready prepared to carry him, without loss of time, to the East Indies, where he was to have the conducting of a business of more importance than the former. He went accordingly, and gave so much satisfaction that he was kept there several years, and would probably have been detained till this hour, had not the minister's friendship for the wife undergone such an alteration in this interval, that he became as willing that the husband should find employment at home as he had formerly been to employ him abroad. The captain returned accordingly, a good deal improved in point of fortune, and was received by his wife with the same affection as at the commencement of their union.'

Edward had no farther doubt of the truth of the valet's story, which converted all his passion for the woman into aversion; and as soon as the marquis left him alone with his friend, he expressed much indignation against a government under which such horrid things could be practised and connived at, contrasting it with the government of Great Britain, where the oppressions and unnatural inequalities which attend monarchy in other countries are precluded, and in a great measure softened by equal laws and wise limitations. 'No wonder,' continued he, 'that a violent thirst for liberty, and a desire of a reform-

ation of government is so prevalent at present among the French.'

'Yet,' replied Clifton, 'there are people who imagine there is something in the character of the French, proceeding perhaps from the nature of the climate, or the effect of that luxury which has been carried such length among them, that renders them incapable of liberty; they are fond of the word, but seem to have no just notions of the thing itself. Those wanton exertions of power and injustice which, whether from design or mistake, sometimes take place among them, do not affect the minds of the generality of the French nation. You heard in what a light tone our friend the marquis, though himself one of the sweetest tempered fellows alive, narrated the odious conduct of the minister towards the naval officer; such a thing would excite universal indignation in England; and any lord of the admiralty, suspected of it, would be mob'd: it has no such effect here on the minds of high or low;—even the valet, from whom you have learnt all those particulars, saw nothing amiss in all he told you; that a bourgeois should be cuckolded by a courtier he thought very entertaining; that he should be shut up in prison when he became refractory and mutinous, he thinks in the natural order of things, and quite *selon les regles*. All the valets in France think in the same manner; none of them conceive that there is any thing wonderful or shocking in a roturier being insulted with impunity by a man of quality. Tell the same story to a parcel of English footmen, and they will be filled with fury, and most assuredly insult both the lady and her lover wherever they see them.'

'But wherefore impute this,' resumed Edward, 'to climate, or any cause except the arbitrary nature of their government, which has so long habituated the minds, especially of the inferior orders of this lively people, to acts of injustice, that they bear them with more tameness than people of even less sensibility would do, among whom such acts seldomer occur? But if by any fatal concurrence of circumstances, which heaven avert, it should be thought

necessary to infringe the free nature of the government established in Great Britain at the revolution, by new restraints and severer laws, it will then appear whether terror cannot repress the national spirit, gradually deprive Englishmen of that hardihood and energy of character, that hatred of tyranny, that indignation at the sight of oppression which freedom inspires, rendering them at last as tame to injustice as the most submissive of their neighbours, without even a wish for liberty; or like the Romans, in the reign of Augustus, described by Tacitus—*Ceteri nobilium, quanto quis servitio promptior, opibus et honoribus extollerentur; ac novis ex rebus aucti, tuta et presentia, quam vetera et periculosa mallent.*'

'No concurrence of circumstances,' replied Clifton, 'can render such an alteration in the British government necessary.'

'I am of your opinion,' said Edward; 'and was only supposing a case.'

'I hate even the supposition of such a thing,' resumed Clifton; 'but if on any pretence the attempt were ever to be made, I am of opinion, that the spirit it would excite would produce an effect diametrically opposite to what was intended, but equally fatal to that happy constitution established in Great Britain in the year 1688.'

'I am not much fonder of your supposition than you are of mine,' said Edward; 'and most heartily hope that neither will ever be verified.'

'In that I cordially join you,' rejoined Clifton; 'but we have (I dont know how) slid into politics, which has produced the usual effect, and made us neglect the lady. When do you intend to visit her?'

'Never! I detest the thought of her.'

'She is a wicked jade, to be sure,' resumed Clifton; 'and if her guilt has affected her beauty; if it has made her teeth black, or rendered her *uni turpior ungui*, I shall rely upon your never going near her.'

'I never shall.'

'You will at least make her one visit, were it merely to upbraid her for her treachery to her husband.'

'You may be as ironical as you please; but I certainly never will have any thing more to do with that woman.'

'No! why, you did not take her for a paragon of virtue,' said Clifton.

'Neither did I take her for such a model of vice,' rejoined Edward; 'and I now consider her as too shocking a creature to have any sort of connection with.'

'There are many who would not shew so much delicacy on such an occasion,' said Clifton.'

'I hope not many,' replied Edward: 'for such perfidy, I should imagine, would revolt every heart of common sensibility; for my own part, I cannot help being interested for the husband, and I should be happy if, by any trouble on my own part, I could procure the poor man his freedom; it is painful to think on his situation.'

'It is, indeed,' added Clifton.

'I think I have heard you mention your being acquainted with the minister; if either directly, or by the means of some of your acquaintance, you could get this case fairly represented to him, my dear Clifton,' said Edward, 'it might possibly have the desired effect.'

'We may at least make the trial,' replied his friend; 'and I'll set about it directly.'

That same evening Mr. Clifton saw a French nobleman of his acquaintance, whom he knew to be on an intimate footing with the minister, and who gave him good hopes that the man's liberty would be obtained, if the circumstances were as Clifton represented.

Previous to the time of rendezvous appointed by the lady, Edward sent her a letter by the valet de place, importing, 'that although he could not meet her, yet as he understood she expressed great sorrow on account of her husband's unjust confinement, he had the pleasure to inform her that he would be soon at liberty.'

A few days after, the nobleman to whom Clifton had applied told him that the minister, at his request, had made inquiry concerning the man's confinement; and as there was reason to believe that the expressions he was

accused of having used had been, in some degree, aggravated and misrepresented, he would be set at liberty; which was done accordingly, after having been very gravely admonished by the lieutenant de police to be more prudent in future, and never to allow passion or a sense of injury from an individual to impel him to speak disrespectfully of the government, for that was, in some measure, to shew disrepect to the sacred person of the monarch himself.

Edward's chief motive in writing to the lady was, that she might be prepared for her husband's release; for although he rejoiced in having contributed to it, yet, both on the husband's and the wife's account, he wished to prevent her being surprised with the count by her husband.

In consequence of the information in Edward's letter, the lady, though filled with rage and disappointment, took such arrangements as prevented any event of that nature; but the husband, after his enlargement, was informed of enough to prevent his living any more with his wife.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Les amitiés renouées demandent plus de soins, que celles qui n'ont jamais été rompues. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

EDWARD kept up a constant literary correspondence with Mr. Temple, who resided generally at his new living, at no great distance from the seat of the nobleman who had appointed him to it; a more particular knowledge of each other confirmed their reciprocal esteem, and established a considerable degree of intimacy between them. The earl happened to consult Mr. Temple respecting a person then wanted for a public situation of confidence. Mr. Temple named Edward, as a young man in whom all the requisites which his lordship had enumerated were united. On this occasion Mr. Temple learnt, for the

first time, to whom he owed the living; and the surprise he expressed made his lordship recollect that he had inadvertently disclosed what he had promised to conceal; but finding it too late to draw back, he acquainted Mr. Temple with all the particulars of that transaction.

'What your lordship informs me of,' said Mr. Temple, 'surprises me *only* because I did not know that you were at that time acquainted with this young man, for it is entirely of a piece with all his conduct since I had the happiness of knowing him.'

A short time after this his lordship informed Mr. Temple, that the affair he had formerly mentioned was nearly arranged; desiring him to write to Edward to return to England immediately, as the minister wished to converse with him previous to his going on his intended mission.

All Edward's friends, particularly Mrs. Barnet, rejoiced at this news, because they knew that the situation accorded equally with his taste and talents; and as it was known that Mr. Clifton's health was much better, it was not doubted but that Edward would return directly on receiving Mr. Temple's letter.

Clifton was persuaded that Edward would accompany him to the south, and even pass the winter with him, if he were to request it; but being acquainted with his friend's views in life, the steadiness with which he pursued them, and the honourable motives on which they were founded, he thought that such a request would be unreasonable: foreboding, however, that he himself should pass a tedious and melancholy winter in the south, if he went unaccompanied by the friend he loved, he resolved, in spite of the advice of the physicians, to return to England; for it was in this youth's character to run any risk rather than endure what he thought tiresome or disagreeable.

Edward was alone in his chamber when he received Mr. Temple's letter with an account of the situation which had been procured for him, and the entreaties of

Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, that he should return to England as speedily as possible. A situation of that nature was what he had greatly wished to obtain, ever since he had relinquished his hope of going into the army. He was roused from a reverie, which the perusal of this letter had thrown him into, by hearing Clifton giving orders to his servant in the passage, regarding their immediate return to England. This touched Edward sensibly. Shall I, thought he, connive at my friend's persevering in a measure dangerous to him, and which it is in my power to turn him from? Shall I now, from views of ambition, accept what I formerly refused to friendship? He snatched the pen, and wrote to the earl and Mr. Temple in the warmest language of gratitude, but declaring, that as Mr. Clifton's health required his going to the south, he was determined to accompany him, and to pass the winter there; begging at the same time, that they would take measures for preventing Mr. Clifton from being informed of the new proposal that had been made to himself.

The following day, on hearing Clifton make some allusion to his speedy return to England, Edward said, 'I will fairly confess to you, Jack, that being now on the continent, with very little chance of ever revisiting it, I think with reluctance of quitting it so soon.'

Clifton looked at him with surprise—'This lively people amuse me exceedingly,' resumed he; 'and what I have heard of Provence and Languedoc has greatly excited my curiosity. I shall not indulge it without you; and you will oblige me much if, without farther ceremony, you will agree to our directing our course to Lyons, instead of Calais.'

In spite of this colouring, Clifton perceived the motive of this proposal, and felt it with a degree of sensibility which he could not express; he turned round, wiped his eyes, and went out of the room.

The two friends set out a few days after for Lyons. After spending a week in that beautiful and flourishing

city, they descended the Rhone to Avignon, in company with a French officer, who had served during the late war in America; they soon discovered that he had more learning than French officers usually have, and that he had imbibed political opinions, which, however prevalent in France at that time, they did not expect in one of his profession. These opinions were strengthened by a recent disappointment at Versailles, from whence he came, after two months attendance and fruitless solicitation for a preferment, which a much younger officer of noble family had obtained through the influence of a prince of the blood. This disappointment, fermenting in the man's mind with the republican ideas he had acquired in America, produced a violent animosity against the court, the princes of the blood, and nobility in general; for this officer was a soldier of fortune, who had obtained a certain rank from services, although he was not of the noblesse. He was on his way to join his regiment at Toulon, and accompanied the two gentlemen in the cursory view they took of Avignon. The cathedral is situated on a hill, from which there is an extensive prospect, not only of the county of Avignon, but of the principality of Orange, part of the provinces of Dauphiny, Languedoc, and Provence. While they contemplated this landscape, the French officer, in whose mind the ideas he had acquired in America were always present, began to exclaim at the contrast between the rich fertility of the country, and the squalid poverty of the peasants: 'Why,' cried he, 'are the inhabitants of those fertile fields half-starved in the midst of such profusion? Why is the cordial juice denied to the fainting labourer, and carried to the cellars of those whose health is already broken by intemperance? Why is the morsel torn from over-laboured indigence, to swell the granaries of slothful gluttony? But I am greatly mistaken if all this will be endured much longer.' Then abruptly addressing his companions, he said, 'Some very curious scenes were exhibited in your country, gentlemen, about the middle and towards the end of the last century.' And

he afterwards explained, that he alluded to the fate of Charles I and that of James II.

'I thank heaven!' said Edward, 'that there is no probability of any such scenes being again acted in Europe.'

'The history of mankind, however,' said the Frenchman, 'consists of a repetition of the same scenes in different countries at different periods.'

'If similar scenes were to be repeated,' added Clifton, 'France is the last country in Europe in which they will be acted; the French in general being more attached to their princes than any other people.'

'Nous avons un peu changé tout cela,' replied the French officer; 'the French army caught the Anglomanie in America; and since their return have infected their countrymen, and are now as likely to behead or banish a tyrant as any of their neighbours.'

'Had James II possessed half the humanity and moderation of Lewis XVI, he never would have needed to have taken refuge at St. Germain,' said Edward.

'I wish no harm to the king,' rejoined the officer, whose rancour was chiefly directed against that prince to whom he imputed the loss of his preferment; 'but if any of the Bourbon princes should be forced to take refuge in your island, do you think your countrymen would so far overcome national prejudice as to imitate the hospitality of Lewis XIV to James, by lodging him in a palace?'

'As the prejudices of my countrymen are always in favour of the unfortunate, I am convinced they would,' replied Clifton.

'I heartily wish,' rejoined the Frenchman, in a passionate tone, 'that the experiment was made; and if half the noblesse were included, it would be so much the better.'

The recollection of the injustice he had sustained, by a young nobleman, who had seen no service, being preferred to him, enraged the man to such a degree, that he abused the whole body of noblesse without mercy; and he indulged his hatred the more freely, because neither of

his companions having titles, he concluded that they were not allied to nobility, and of course would hear that class inveighed against with pleasure.

As he had named the young man who had been preferred to him, Edward recollected that his father was a nobleman of merit, who had distinguished himself as an excellent officer in the war in Germany. When Edward mentioned this circumstance, the Frenchman replied—

> Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis
> Æacidæ similis, vulcaniaque arma Capessas,
> Quam te Thersitæ similem producat Achilles.

'You seem to have studied Juvenal's eighth satire with great attention,' said Clifton.

'And you seem to have studied it *con amore*,' added Edward; 'it is the severest satire that ever appeared against nobility.'

'I have studied the last war and revolution in America,' said the Frenchman, 'successfully conducted by merchants and mechanics, in opposition to statesmen and generals of high birth and reputation, which I think a severer satire against nobility still. Something of a similar nature, in some people's opinion, is in great forwardness in this country at present.'

From the cathedral the three gentlemen walked to the church of Cordeliers, a very fine Gothic building, in which there are some valuable paintings; but what chiefly draws the attention of travellers to this church is to view the tombs of Laura, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch, and of Crillon, so distinguished for his bravery during the war of the League and the reign of Henry IV of France.

Speaking of this celebrated lady the officer observed, 'that whatever other accomplishments she possessed, she certainly had no great taste for poetry, otherwise the admired sonnets which Petrarch had composed in her praise would have moved her more, and enabled him at length to have carried his point.'

'It is not very clear what his point was,' said Edward.

'Diable!' cried the officer, with an air of astonishment;

'I should have thought *that* the clearest thing in the world.'

'Certain historians assert,' added Edward, 'that Pope Benoit XII advised him to propose marriage to Laura, which the poet declined.'

'That proves nothing,' said the officer; 'the point he wished to carry might be clear for all that.'

'The reason that he assigned for declining the pope's advice,' resumed Clifton, 'was lest the familiarities of the married state should abate the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love.'

'Parbleu,' exclaimed the officer, 'Voila un animal bien delicat; it is,' added he, 'as if a man was to refuse to eat his dinner, lest it should spoil his appetite.'

From Avignon the two friends proceeded to Aix, and thence to Toulon, accompanied by the officer, whose regiment was quartered there. He introduced them to his brother officers, and other gentlemen, whose lively conversation was so agreeable to the natural gaiety of Clifton's disposition, that it was with difficulty he could be prevailed on by Edward to quit Toulon for the village of Hiers, which had been strongly recommended by the physicians, as the properest residence for him during the winter.

The country from Toulon to Hiers resembles a continued garden, richly planted with olive, fig, and fruit-trees, vines, grenadines, and palm-trees. The village of Hiers itself is situated amidst extensive orange-gardens, screened from the N. E. wind, by a mountain richly cultivated; while it is open to the Mediterranean, and within sight of the island of St. Marguerite; the air being more mild and salutary here, perhaps, than in any part of France.

They remained in this place during the severity of the winter; after which they visited other parts of the south of France, and having made a second visit to Lyons, they turned to Geneva, and made a tour through Swizerland, intending from thence to return to England: but Mr. Clifton having caught a fresh cold, attended with threat-

ening symptoms, he was advised to pass the winter in Italy, and being convinced that no consideration would prevail on Edward to leave him while he was thought in a doubtful state of health, he disdained the affectation of ever mentioning the subject.

CHAPTER LXX.

She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the Spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro.

THOMSON.

After passing the Alps, they proceeded by moderate journeys through Italy, making a short stay in the principal towns, in their way to Naples, where they had been advised to make a longer residence, the air of that place being thought most suitable to Clifton's state of health.

Of all the English, who at that time resided in Naples, they formed the greatest intimacy with a Mr. and Mrs. Anguish; and as this was the commencement of a friendship that continued during the lives of all the four, it is proper to make the reader a little acquainted with this gentleman and lady.

Mr. Anguish had been originally intended for the profession of physic, and was a student of medicine, when by the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to his father's estate. He sometime after married the heiress of a fortune more considerable than his own, which, however, he could not possess without changing his own name to that of Anguish, which was the name of his wife.

Mr. Anguish was a man of good sense, agreeable manners, and a genteel appearance. All those qualities, no doubt, had some weight in forwarding his suit; but it

was supposed, that the circumstance which first recommended him to the lady, and most contributed to his success, was his having studied medicine.

Mrs. Anguish was a woman of a most benevolent disposition, genteel in her manners, beautiful in her countenance, and to those who judged merely from her looks, agility, appetite, and other obvious symptoms, she seemed to have an excellent constitution, and to be in perfect health. She herself, however, was convinced that all these symptoms were erroneous, and that she was in a dying condition; this discovery she had made in consequence of reading some medical books, which had accidentally fallen into her hands, and which she perused with equal anxiety and ardour. Being soon convinced that her case was almost desperate, she consulted a physician, who was a good deal surprised to hear a woman of a blooming countenance, and in every respect a healthful appearance, enumerate a list of complaints, belonging to diseases, opposite in their nature, and claiming them all as her own.

When he attended to her narrative, he could hardly believe his own eyes, and when he considered her looks, he could not believe a word he heard. He thought proper, however, to act as if he believed, and prescribed some innocent medicine. After this she seldom thought herself in tolerable security for a single day, without swallowing some drug, either to remove the disease she imagined was actually begun, or for the purpose of precluding that which was fast approaching; this practice had almost reduced her in reality to the state in which she was before only in imagination: when Mr. Anguish paid his court to her, the interest which she soon took in this gentleman turned her attention to new objects, and for some time after their marriage, they both enjoyed health of body and peace of mind. But her husband having been suddenly called on pressing business to London, where he was detained longer than she expected, she unfortunately found a treatise on air among his books,

and before she had got half through it, she began to be troubled with a difficulty of breathing. As this was a symptom she had never perceived before, she was exceedingly alarmed, and told her husband as soon as he returned to the country, that the air of England, particularly in summer, was much too thick for her constitution: it was immediately decided that they should set out for the south of France.

After spending a short time in that country, she took a suspicion that the air of Montpellier was by much too thin, on which account she persuaded her husband to hurry from it, with as much expedition as if she had heard that the plague had broken out again at Marseilles; they made short trials of the different airs, in various towns of Italy, without being long satisfied with any, until they arrived at Naples, where they remained longer than they had in any place since their leaving England.

Mr. Anguish had not only endeavoured to keep books of medicine from his wife's perusal, but he had also laboured to convince her that she had no need of any strict regimen, far less of any medicine; for that in his opinion she enjoyed a very sound constitution. This fully satisfied his wife that she had been egregiously mistaken, not respecting her own constitution, but in her former opinion of his skill in medicine; she still retained, however, all possible esteem and affection for him, as an amiable man. He on his part, when he perceived that his arguments could not convince his wife, gave up all reasoning on the subject, and accommodated himself to her prejudices, as much as an affectionate husband, who was at the same time a man of sense, could possibly do.

A little before the arrival of Clifton and Edward, Mrs. Anguish had begun to be tired of the society and amusements of Naples; the consequence of which was, that the air seemed not to agree with her so well as formerly, and had not they arrived she would probably have found it as pernicious as that of Montpellier; but the agreeable manners and entertaining conversation of those two gentle-

men, who lived almost constantly with her husband and her, gave such a new zest to the amusements of Naples, that she became satisfied that the air of that place was in a salutary medium between that of England and France, and very suitable to her constitution.

While the party passed their time, however, in the most agreeable manner, Mrs. Anguish, by letters from England, received a piece of information which her husband had concealed; namely, that his return was necessary to his carrying a point on which he placed a great importance, but had determined to risk losing, rather than press his wife to go home, while she imagined that her health required her remaining abroad.

Mrs. Anguish was of too generous a disposition not to be struck with the delicacy of her husband's conduct. This discovery made her recollect other instances of the same nature; she resolved not to be outdone in generosity, and proposed to him that they should immediately return to England. Having expressed surprise, Mr. Anguish asked what had determined her so suddenly to that measure; she gave no other explanation, than that she found her health better. Clifton and Edward used their endeavours with both to prevail on them to postpone their journey. Mrs. Anguish was inflexible, and they set out directly. Edward, however, had the satisfaction to know that their residence in England was in future to be at Mrs. Anguish's estate, in a different county, but at no great distance from Barnet-hall, a spacious house having during their absence been repaired and fitted for that purpose.

The two young gentlemen remained a short time at Naples after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Anguish; Clifton's health being entirely re-established, and both wishing to visit those parts of Italy which they had not yet seen. After a pretty extensive tour they returned to France, passing through Franche-Comte and Champagne.

On their arrival at Paris, Clifton found a note at his banker's, informing him that his mother had been there for some weeks;—he hastened to the hotel in which she lodged—she expressed infinite satisfaction on finding him restored to perfect health; she had addressed letters to Naples, to acquaint him with her intention of meeting him at Paris; a resolution she had suddenly formed, when she understood he was on his return. He had received none of them.

Lady Ann Clifton was so rejoiced at sight of her son, and so sensible of Edward's attentions to him, that her early prejudices against that young man were entirely obliterated. She expressed her gratitude and regard with equal warmth and sincerity. Edward passed some weeks very agreeably with the mother and son; but Lady Ann having shewn an inclination to make a tour through some of the southern provinces of France, her son immediately declared that he would accompany her. They set out accordingly, and Edward on the same day left Paris for London.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Le plus dangereux ridicule des vieilles personnes qui ont été aimables, c'est d'oublier qu'elles ne sont plus.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WHEN Edward arrived at Barnet-hall, he found Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Mr. Wormwood assembled there. He was received with kindness by Mr. Barnet, with maternal affection by Mrs. Barnet, with every mark of goodwill and regard by the rest of the company.

Mr. Waller was the first visitor who made an agreeable addition to this society. Mr. Barnet afterwards frequently asserted that this week was the pleasantest he had ever

assed in his life; and what is still a stronger proof of he truth of the assertion, he declared the same every day hile the week was passing.

It was with particular satisfaction that Edward was informed of Mr. and Mrs. Anguish's being established at heir new residence, and that they had already been visited by his friends. Mr. Waller at the same time informed him, that he was nearly related to that lady, and was esides an old college companion of her husband; that he ad heard them speak with much satisfaction of the pleaure they had enjoyed in his and Mr. Clifton's society at Naples; and as he was then going to visit them, he proposed that Edward should accompany him.

Mr. Barnet, who never could conceal his feelings, said, that if Mr. Waller was determined to go, there was o help for it, but that he ought not to entice others from he company.'

Every one present was hurt at this rude speech; but it ave secret pleasure to Mrs. Barnet, to observe that Louisa seemed more shocked than any of them.

'My husband,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'cannot bear to lose he company of any of his friends; but if Edward will ngage to bring Mr. Waller back with him, I dare ay, my dear, you will agree to their both going at present.'

'To be sure I will,' replied Barnet, 'provided they both return to-morrow, or the day after at farthest.'

'I hope Mr. Waller will agree to this compromise?' aid Mrs. Barnet.

'With the greatest pleasure, madam,' replied Mr. Waller.

Matters being thus arranged, Mr. Waller and Edward set out together; they were received with the warmest welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Anguish. After some conversation with Edward concerning their Neapolitan acquaintance, Mr. Anguish said, 'that before dinner he would present them both to a lady, who equalled in beauty the handsomest woman they had seen in Italy.'

'If my husband,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'met with any lady in Italy who equalled her, it must have been in secret, and unknown to me, for I saw nothing that could be compared to the young person now with us.'

Edward did not think that Mrs. Anguish had overrated her beauty, when he was presented to her. The name of this young lady was Caroline Huntly. She had lately arrived from the continent, where she had passed two years with her uncle, a gentleman of the name of Morton, who had been obliged to reside in the south of France on account of his health. On the death of Mr. Morton, who left her a very considerable fortune, the young lady returned to live with Mrs. Nevile, to whose care and protection Miss Huntly's mother had, on her death-bed, in the most pathetic manner, consigned her while a child.

Mrs. Nevile was the widow of an officer in the army, who had been killed while abroad in the service of his country. She was a woman of a most respectable character, related to Mrs. Anguish, for whom she had a great affection. She had brought her young friend to Mr. Anguish's, in the intention of spending several weeks there, but on receiving a letter from her husband's uncle, who was a general officer in the army, pressing her to meet him at London, on some business of importance, she had yielded to the entreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Anguish, in leaving Miss Huntly with them, when she herself went to meet the general.

Mr. and Mrs. Anguish had frequently spoken of Clifton and Edward, as the two handsomest and most agreeable young men they had ever been acquainted with; and at one time, after some conversation of that kind, in the hearing of Miss Huntly, Mr. Anguish said, 'that their mutual friendship was more admirable, and perhaps more extraordinary, than their appearance:' he then related Edward's adventure with the lady in the stocking-shop at Paris, which Clifton had imparted to him, with other anecdotes highly to the honour of his friend.

'I confess,' added Mr. Anguish, 'that when I heard this story, I told Mr. Clifton that I suspected his friend's attachment to the lady had been but slender, since he could quit her so easily; to which he made a reply which I never shall forget.—It is natural for you (said he to me) to think so, because you are unacquainted with the energy of my friend's character; but I can assure you that the beauty and sprightliness of that woman had made a very deep impression on him—as they might have made on one less susceptible of such impressions than he is; but the instant he became acquainted with the baseness of her disposition, that strong abhorrence which he has against all perfidy was so roused, that

'——— the wanton Cupid
Did from his neck unloose his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from a lion's mane
Was shook in air.'

This story, which Mr. Anguish had related a few days before the arrival of Waller and Edward, had struck Miss Huntly's fancy, and excited her curiosity to see him; and Edward did not, in her eyes, fall short of the expectation which the praises of Mrs. Anguish and of Mr. Clifton had raised. Symmetry united with elegance distinguished his person, while his countenance announced reflection.

He had been so much distinguished for an engaging and easy air before he left England, that it was thought his manner could not be improved; but while abroad, he acquired a greater degree of frankness, without losing his former modesty. His most distinguished graces, however, he derived from no master, either at home or abroad. The expressive comeliness of his countenance, and the elegant proportions of his person, he inherited from nature; the modesty, yet manliness of his general manner were the product of reflection and conscious uprightness; his behaviour and style of conversation impressed the idea of his being a youth of sense, benevolence, and spirit—one who would not behave with

haughtiness to a beggar, nor put up with arrogance from a prince.

Mrs. Anguish, when she did not think of her health, was generally gay, and as she had a sincere esteem for every individual of the present company, which consisted of her husband, Miss Huntly, Edward, Mr. Waller, and herself, she was in high spirits all the evening. Perceiving that Edward behaved with rather a ceremonious respectfulness to Miss Huntly, who also seemed more serious than usual, 'Do you know,' said she, addressing Edward, 'that you are not so great a stranger to this young lady as you imagine; she has known you for some time, by the portrait which I drew of you for her.'

'She will find the original, I fear, far inferior to the idea which your friendly pencil conveyed,' replied he.

'He expects a compliment, but let us disappoint him,' said Mrs. Anguish in a loud voice, but in the attitude of whispering into the ear of Miss Huntly; then turning to Edward, she added, 'What you say is very true; *I did flatter*, but how can a poor painter do otherwise?—nobody is satisfied with his portrait, unless it is handsomer than the original; a portrait that resembles too accurately always displeases the person who sat for it.'

'I do not know why that should be,' said Miss Huntly; 'for it is thought that people in general are extremely well pleased with their persons and faces, as well as their understandings. One would imagine, therefore, that the same partiality that makes people think their own faces handsome, even when they are homely, would make them think what resembles their own faces handsome also.'

'However natural it is to think so,' said Mr. Waller, 'it certainly is not the case; for people, who view their own natural face with wonderful complacency, are often out of humour at the sight of a portrait which represents that face just as it is.'

'I see nothing inconsistent in that,' rejoined Mrs Anguish; 'because it is natural that people should have

more partiality for their own flesh and blood, than for a piece of painted canvass.'

'Well, for my part,' said Mr. Anguish, 'I think portrait-painters have a very difficult task, and are often unjustly used; when I was last in town a friend of mine, an artist of great merit, had the portrait of a lady (whose age ought to have rendered her more reasonable) returned on his hands, although every body, except the lady herself, thought it very like, exceedingly well painted, and that it had no fault, except being a little handsomer than the original.'

'The painter's error perhaps was, that he made it *only a little* instead of a great deal handsomer than the original,' said Miss Huntly.

'You have precisely hit it,' said Mr. Anguish, 'as appeared by her accepting with pleasure another portrait done for her, without the least likeness, and infinitely handsomer than she had ever been.'

'As my husband has entertained us with an anecdote of a *lady*, I beg leave,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'to give you one of a *gentleman* who treated a painter with as great injustice;—the face of this same gentleman, who by the way is a peer of the realm, has, unfortunately, no more expression than a dish of *blanc-mange;* the painter, however, considering the subject he had to work upon, was thought to have succeeded wonderfully; yet his lordship, who has no more bowels than features, had the cruelty to throw the portrait on the poor painter's hand, giving as a reason, that although it had a great deal of resemblance, it wanted the *spirit* of his countenance.'

'This may be a subject of pleasantry to you, good folks,' said Mr. Anguish, 'but it is a very serious matter to many poor portrait-painters.'

Mrs. Anguish was at this time making preparations for a concert and ball, to which all the genteel company of the county had been invited.—A celebrated Italian singer was engaged for the concert, with which the entertainment was to begin. Mrs. Anguish desired Edward

to inform Mr. Wormwood that the Italian was certainly to be with them. 'I know,' added she, 'that Mr. Wormwood is so very fond of music, that this information will make us sure of having his company.'

'From the morose manner of that gentleman,' said Miss Huntly, 'instead of being *moved by the concord of sweet sounds*, I should have suspected him of a taste for *treason, stratagems, and spoils*.'

Edward took some pains to remove the unfavourable notion Miss Huntly seemed to have of his friend Wormwood, assuring her, that in spite of his rough and cynical manner, he was a friendly and benevolent man; and he desired her to recollect, that in the very same play from which she had quoted, the *treasure* was placed in the roughest and least promising of the three caskets.

The conversation was interrupted by a footman who delivered a card to Mrs. Anguish from Lady Bab Mawkish. Mr. Anguish, perceiving that his wife smiled as she glanced it over, observed that Lady Bab was certainly more entertaining than usual; Mrs. Anguish handed the card to her husband, who read it aloud.—'Lady Bab Mawkish presents compliments to Mrs. Anguish,—is extremely sorry she cannot be at her concert next week, being confined with rheumatisms—but is extremely glad that the signora is to be there, because she will give pleasure to all the amateurs and true lovers that are present, for, as his grace the duke of Illyria says,

'*If music be the food of love, play on.*'

'Well,' said Mr. Anguish, 'I am *extremely sorry* for her ladyship's rheumatisms, but I am *extremely glad* that she is not to be here.'

The following morning, Mr. Waller hinted to Edward that they had promised to return on that day to Barnethall; but Edward put him in mind, that they were expected either that day or the next, and that Mr. and Mrs. Anguish might take it amiss if they showed an unnecessary inclination to be gone.

When they were preparing the next day to take their

leave, Lady Bab Mawkish, to the surprise of the whole company, was announced. As soon as she entered, she addressed Mrs. Anguish, 'When I wrote to you, my dear madam, I really believed that I should not have been able to leave my bed-chamber for a month, because Dr. Scribble assured me that my rheumatism was quite nervous, and that the nervous disease assumes all manner of shapes, just like *Porteus;* but for my own part, I have found it more like Mungo in the farce,—here and there, and every where,—sometimes in my head, sometimes in my foot, sometimes in my stomach, and sometimes——'

As Mrs. Anguish had the misfortune to think she was in danger of being seized by every disease she heard described, however slow in its nature and progress it might be, no wonder that she now began to imagine it impossible to escape from one so rapid in its motions. She became pale, and was ready to faint, which Lady Bab observing, interrupted her narrative, and said, 'Pray, my dear Mrs. Anguish, be not so much alarmed, for the apothecary told me this morning, that my complaint was not nervous at all, but only spasmodic, which made me so happy, that I set out directly to inform you that I will certainly be at your concert, and, if possible, will stay to the ball.'

CHAPTER LXXII.

Grace was in all her steps. MILTON.

MR. WALLER and Edward returned as they had promised to Barnet-hall. The attention of the former to Miss Barnet became every hour more agreeable to the young lady herself, while Mrs. Barnet, and by her care her husband, seemed to take no notice of the friendly footing on which they were. Miss Barnet was highly pleased with the friendship which had taken place be-

tween Mr. Waller and Edward, and was much gratified with the praises which each bestowed on the other in his absence.

Mr. Waller's intention was to remain in this part of the country until the entertainment and ball at Mr. Anguish's should be over; but two days before that, he was informed of an affair which required his presence in London, where he foresaw he would be detained some days. He happened to be alone with Miss Barnet when he received the letter which gave him this information; and having communicated to her that he would be deprived of the pleasure of being at the ball, as he was obliged to set out for London immediately, she said with an air of concern, that she hoped it was not any unfortunate accident which made him leave them so abruptly. He answered, that it was nothing unfortunate, but that she might conclude it was something very important, which was able to drag him from the happiness of her company. Encouraged by the concern she had expressed, he ventured to make a direct declaration of love—and a proposal of marriage.

Miss Barnet, notwithstanding the coquetry in which she sometimes indulged herself, had too much good sense to pretend to be displeased, or even much surprised at this declaration. She answered, with a smile, that it betrayed more rashness than she had imagined belonged to his character, for him to wish to engage in two important businesses at the same time; she begged, therefore, that he would proceed to London, and finish the first before he thought farther of the second.

Mr. Waller had no reason to be discontented with this answer, and still less with the lady's manner of giving it.

After taking leave of the family, he set out in high spirits for London.

On the day of the ball Mrs. Barnet accompanied her daughter to Mr. Anguish's. Edward went on horseback; and having stopped at an inn adjacent, to which he had previously sent a servant with a change of clothes, he

dressed there, and arrived at the assembly a little after the concert, but before the ball began. The company was numerous. A good many minuets had been danced, when Mrs. Anguish, who stood by Miss Huntly, beckoned to Edward:—'I have good news for you,' said she; 'your friend, Mr. Clifton, thinks of being in England soon; my husband has received a letter from him; but by the way I suspect that Clifton and you have entered into a treaty to praise each other, for in this letter to Anguish, he has made a sketch of you, more flattering, but not so like as the portrait I formerly drew to this young lady; however,' continued she, addressing Miss Huntly, 'that I may be able to judge more accurately, will you do me the pleasure, my dear, to dance a minuet with the original?'

'If the original is so inclined,' said Miss Huntly.

They had to wait till a couple who greatly engaged the attention of the spectators had finished. One was the wife of a newly-created peer, whose elevation to the upper house did not deprive the lower of one particle either of talent or virtue, but wonderfully increased the airs of the lady.

Her partner was related by blood, and still more by disposition, to her ladyship; he was the son of a man who, by a long course of dishonest industry, having accumulated a large fortune, died just at the time which he had fixed for beginning to enjoy it. The son was then at the university, which he immediately quitted, and having spent five years abroad,

> Returning he proclaimed by many a grace,
> By shrugs and strange contortions of the face,
> How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
> Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.*

During his travels his awkward timidity was converted into pert self-sufficiency, leaving his original meanness unaltered—in his dress he combined tawdriness with ex-

* Cowper.

pense, and he performed his minuet in the most affected manner.

As soon as this couple finished their exhibition, Edward led Miss Huntly to the bottom of the room. The whole company were struck with the contrast between them and their immediate predecessors. If the natural beauty of Miss Huntly could have been improved by art, the fine taste of her dress might have had that effect; the easy elegance of her movements seemed quite unstudied, and perhaps *seemed* so the more, that they were in some measure, at least, the work of the best masters.

Edward had not neglected the accomplishment of dancing; to excel in which a fine symmetry of shape, and wonderful ease of air had peculiarly fitted him: —these, with a blooming manliness of countenance, and the most engaging simplicity of manner, equally modest and unembarrassed, drew the silent approbation of the women, as much as the striking beauty of Miss Huntly did the loud applause of the men.

When the country-dances began, Miss Huntly danced the first and second with a young man of higher rank than any at the ball;—in the course of the evening she and Edward frequently met, but as he perceived that she was continually surrounded by gentlemen of the highest pretensions in the assembly, he refrained from asking her to be his partner in a country-dance, a piece of reserve which she would have been better pleased he had waved.

Mrs. Anguish, who was fond of dancing, when she forgot that she was in ill health, seeing him disengaged, proposed to dance down one country-dance with him.

When it was finished, quitting him she went into a room where Miss Huntly was drinking tea. She whispered to her, 'Do you know, my dear, that this Edward is one of the most agreeable young fellows in the world—don't you think so?'

'My acquaintance with him is too short to enable me to give any opinion on the subject,' replied Miss Huntly;

'I can only say from my own knowledge, that he dances a minuet very genteelly.'

'He dances country-dances full as well, I can assure you,' said Mrs. Anguish; 'why don't you dance one with him?'

'He has not done me the honour to ask me,' replied Miss Huntly.

'You are so surrounded with lords, that nobody else can get near you,' resumed Mrs. Anguish.

'That is my misfortune, but not my fault,' said Miss Huntly; 'I can dance with none but those who ask me, although they should be lords.'

'Well, my dear, I'll try to relieve you with a commoner,' said Mrs. Anguish, leaving her to go in search of Edward, who, without having seen Mrs. Anguish, came up soon after to Miss Huntly. She, feeling a difficulty to inform him on what errand Mrs. Anguish was gone, hoped that he would ask her for the next dance, before any other person should put it out of her power to grant his request.—Edward however did not immediately profit by the opportunity, which vexed Miss Huntly still more when she saw two gentlemen hurrying towards her: he who had the start of the other, was the wealthy heir above mentioned; he immediately begged she would be his partner in the dance that was then forming; Miss Huntly seeming a little disconcerted, he repeated, 'if you are not already engaged, madam, I hope you will do me that honour.'

'I am afraid—I mean, I believe I am not, sir,' said she, throwing a look of less good humour than was her usual at Edward.

She had no sooner joined in the dance, than Mrs. Anguish accosted Edward; 'I have been looking for you,' said she; 'I wish to see you dance a country-dance with Miss Huntly;—do you know what is become of her?'

He answered, 'that she had just left him to join in the dance.'

When Mrs. Anguish saw who Miss Huntly had for her

partner—' Why did you not save her from that affected fool?' said she.

Edward seeming uneasy, ' Come,' resumed Mrs. Anguish, ' it is no great matter, you shall engage her for the next dance; in the meantime walk a little this way, and let us not look at them, for I know that ridiculous creature will put her out of countenance.'

The dance was no sooner finished, than Mrs. Anguish went to the relief of her friend, who was fretted and disconcerted with the affected airs of her partner.—She led her to the end of the room, under the pretence of having something to communicate.

Edward joined them just as Miss Huntly had declared to her friend that she had got a complete surfeit of dancing.

' Let me prescribe for your surfeit, my dear,' said Mrs. Anguish; ' you know I am a great doctress.'

' On condition that you will take fewer prescriptions yourself, I will be your patient,' replied Miss Huntly.

' Then I order you to dance your surfeit off with this gentleman,' said Mrs. Anguish.

' That is prescribing as a remedy some more of the very drug that made me sick,' resumed Miss Huntly.

' The drug will be so differently applied, that it will have a very different effect,' said Mrs Anguish.

' After what I have said I am bound to make the experiment,' Miss Huntly answered.

Edward thanked her for the honour intended him, and they waited only till the dance was ended, that they might join in the next; but the gaiety of the assembly was interrupted by an unexpected incident.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool) is sense and spirit with humanity.
ARMSTRONG.

Miss BARNET's old acquaintance, Sir Charles Royston, having found means to make a compromise with his creditors, had returned to England. He had written several pathetic letters to her from the continent, and one since his return, assuring the young lady of the persevering and disinterested nature of his love, the severity of his sufferings, &c. &c. &c.; but the slight impression he had made on her fancy was now effaced, and she knew the just value of these expressions.

In answer to his first letter she informed him, in polite but decisive terms, that his pursuit would be vain; and she entreated him, for her ease as well as his own, not to continue it. On his persevering, she returned his letters unopened.

Sir Charles, however, thought this conduct was not dictated by the genuine sentiments of the young lady, but entirely proceeded from parental constraint He was a distant relation of Mr. Anguish, who knew nothing of his former adventure with Miss Barnet. He had a few days before come to the house of a friend of his, who lived at no great distance from Barnet-hall; and having received an invitation to the ball, he attended in the hopes of meeting her. He did not think proper to make up to her, however, in the presence of her mother, next to whom Louisa constantly sat, except when she was herself dancing. Colonel Snug came and invited her to dance just as she had taken her seat, but she begged to postpone it a little, upon her mother's observing that she seemed already overheated. A female acquaintance of Mrs. Barnet's came a little after, and desired to speak to her in an adjoining room.

'I will return to you immediately, my dear,' said she to her daughter as she went out of the ball-room.

Sir Charles Royston, who watched the opportunity, immediately accosted Miss Barnet. She received him with coldness, and walked to that end of the room where Mrs. Anguish was sitting with Miss Huntly; a group of gentlemen stood near, admiring the latter. One of them wishing to speak to Edward, had drawn him a little aside; meanwhile Sir Charles, following Miss Barnet, pressed her to dance with him.

'I have already danced a great deal; I am tired, and beg to be excused,' said she.

'Be pleased to be seated, madam,' resumed he; 'when you have rested a little I hope you will do me the honour of dancing with me.'

'I do not know that I shall dance any more to-night,' said she, a little peevishly.

'What, madam! not to night!' said he with a tone of surprise, not entirely free from anger.

'No, sir,' answered she briskly, 'very probably not.'

'You seem to be out of humour, madam. Pray what is the matter?'

'Truly, sir, I see no necessity for my rendering any account to you,' replied she, with warmth.

'I cannot help being concerned, madam, at seeing the sweet serenity of your temper disturbed,' he rejoined sneeringly.

'I desire you will leave me, sir,' said Miss Barnet, with passion.

'Let me first ask, madam,' said he, 'if you now imitate the tone of your papa, when his chicken is overdone, or his carp is understewed?'

'You are extremely impertinent,' said she, flinging from him, and seating herself opposite to Miss Huntly.

Sir Charles, with a loud laugh, joined the cluster of gentlemen, among whom was Colonel Snug.

'Sir Charles,' said one of them, 'Miss Barnet seems not to be in the humour of dancing with you.'

'If she is not in the humour of dancing with me, she shall dance with nobody this night, *that* I engage for,' answered he, with a haughty air.

Colonel Snug heard this, and observed that Miss Barnet looked to him, as if to invite him to renew his request that she would dance with him, which was precisely her meaning.

The colonel, however, not thinking this the most favourable moment, slunk to the bottom of the room, and from thence into the garden.

Edward had heard Royston's words indistinctly; he begged of the person who was talking with him, to repeat what Sir Charles had said; which being done, Edward stepped up to him saying, 'whether that lady shall dance again or not will depend entirely on her own inclination, sir.'

'I would not advise you, young gentleman, to attempt dancing with her this night!' replied Sir Charles.

Edward walked directly to Miss Barnet, and begged that she would do him the honour of dancing with him.

Full of indignation at Sir Charles, whose insolent speech she had overheard, she presented her hand to Edward, saying, 'With the utmost pleasure.'

'I thought, madam,' said Sir Charles, again accosting Miss Barnet, 'that you had not been to dance any more to-night. I think you told me so.'

'If I did,' replied she, 'you now see that I have altered my mind.'

'Is that a custom of your's, madam?' said he.

'I do not wish to have any farther conversation with you, sir,' replied Miss Barnet.

'You are mighty obliging, madam,' said he, with an ironical smile.

'You heard, sir, what the lady said,' resumed Edward.

'I did, sweet sir,' said Sir Charles; 'but although the lady declines conversation,' added he in a low voice, 'I shall expect to exchange a few words with you, if you persist in dancing with her.'

'When the dance is over, I shall be at your service,' Edward replied, in the same low voice.

Mrs. Anguish, who knew nothing of the dispute, came up to desire Sir Charles and Edward to be seated, for the dance was about to begin. The baronet immediately withdrew, and she said to Edward, 'Why do you not go to your partner? She certainly waits for you. On which, leading Mrs. Anguish a little aside, he said, 'My dear madam, I am under an absolute necessity of dancing this dance with Miss Barnet; pray make my excuse to Miss Huntly, and do not put an harsh construction on a conduct which I am unexpectedly *obliged* to adopt, as will be explained hereafter.'

'Such conduct never can be explained,' said Mrs. Anguish.

'Pray spare me, dearest madam, and be assured, that nobody can respect Miss Huntly more than I do; or can be more sensible than I am of the honour she has done me.'

The first couple having arrived at the place where Miss Barnet stood, Edward was called to join her.

Miss Huntly, who sat in expectation of his leading her to the dance, was surprised when she saw him engaged as the partner of Miss Barnet. When he arrived at the top, immediately before he began to dance down, he went to Miss Huntly, and, with agitation, and an accent of much concern, said, 'The obligation under which I am to act as I now do is indispensable. Were this not the case I should be the greatest brute on earth. When you know the circumstances which have brought me under this necessity, I hope it will prevent you from regretting the honour you intended me.'

'I believe, sir, you are waited for,' replied she drily.

Edward returned to his place, and resumed the dance.

Mrs. Anguish then came, and seating herself by Miss Huntly, 'Did you ever know any thing so extraordinary?' said she.

'If we were to meet with nothing new, my dear,' repli-

ed Miss Huntly, with an air of indifference, 'we should soon tire of this world.'

'His conduct is inexplicable,' rejoined Mrs. Anguish. 'I shall never forgive him.'

'That would be giving the affair more importance than it deserves, even should it never be explained,' rejoined Miss Huntly.

'It never can be explained,' added Mrs. Anguish; 'do you think it can?'

'Why truly,' answered Miss Huntly, 'it is hardly worth while to bestow much thought on the subject; though it is so very singular, that one must suppose he has some reason for his conduct that we do not comprehend.'

'You are more ready to forgive than I should be on such an occasion,' said Mrs. Anguish.

'You imagine, then, that I have met with a great misfortune,' rejoined Miss Huntly.

'On the contrary, all the world must think that the misfortune is his,' said Mrs. Anguish.

'Let us not then, my dear, be inexorable to the unfortunate,' rejoined Miss Huntly. 'Let us not condemn the unhappy youth,' added she, with assumed gaiety, 'till we know what he has to move in arrest of judgment.'

When the dance was ended, Mrs. Barnet took her daughter into a room where there were refreshments, forbidding her to dance any more, as it was near the hour when she had ordered the carriage.

As they were retiring, Sir Charles Royston passing close to Edward, whispered, 'You'll not go, sir; you'll receive a message from me soon.'

'I will not stir until I hear from you,' replied Edward.

Within half an hour an officer belonging to a regiment of dragoons, quartered in the neighbourhood, touched him on the shoulder, and leading him aside, said, 'I have a message from Sir Charles Royston to deliver to you.'

'Come this way, then,' replied Edward, walking out of the room.

When they were in the garden, 'Sir Charles desires you to meet him to-morrow morning,' resumed the officer; 'and expects you will bring your pistols and a friend with you.'

Edward answered, 'That he would readily meet Sir Charles at the time appointed; yet,' added he, 'I am somewhat at a loss with regard to pistols, having none with me; and to ask for them now may create suspicions.'

'I am glad that it is in my power to accommodate you, my dear sir,' said the officer; 'you shall have mine: they are as sweet a pair as any in the three kingdoms, and have done execution before now.'

Edward thanked him in polite terms.

'I never travel without them,' said the officer.

'I have never heard of highwaymen in this part of the country,' said Edward.

'Nor I,' replied the officer; 'and if I had, I should not trouble myself to carry the pistols on their account. Highwaymen are a species of sharks who are not fond of attacking us lobsters; they know we are a little too hard to crack. No, my dear sir, highwaymen know that soldiers have not much money; and what they have they fight for.'

'Since that is the case,' resumed Edward, 'how come you to travel always with pistols?'

'Because,' answered the officer, 'I find them very useful in accommodating any little difference I may accidentally have with a friend, or which one friend may chance to have with another.'

'By the way,' said Edward, 'I fear I shall have some difficulty in finding a friend to accompany me; for there is no gentleman here whom I should like to acquaint with our intended meeting, lest he should divulge it.'

'If any friend of mine were to serve me such a trick,' said the officer, 'I should wring his nose from his countenance, and throw it in his face, the very first time I chanced to meet with him, were it in a church.'

'In church!' cried Edward.

'Ay, d—n me,' continued the officer, 'in the best in Christendom, and in the middle of the service.'

'To prevent *my* being put to any such disagreeable necessity,' said Edward, 'I will meet Sir Charles without speaking to any body else. I am satisfied that you are a man of honour; your presence will answer every purpose; and I desire no other second.'

'No, no,' replied the officer, 'that can hardly be; though I am very much obliged to you for your good opinion, my dear fellow; and I heartily wish it were in my power to accommodate you.'

Edward seemed uneasy at his not agreeing.

'Come,' resumed the officer, 'since you are at a loss, I will shew you that I am not unworthy your confidence; and I am determined to attend on this occasion as *your* friend, instead of Sir Charles's; for I know he can easily find another second; and I will go and tell him so directly.'

Edward was a great deal surprised at such a singular instance of friendship from a stranger, for which, however, he thanked him in the warmest manner.

'It is nothing at all, my dear fellow,' interrupted the officer, 'but merely what I should expect from you or any other gentleman, when I chance to be at the same pinch.'

Edward repeated, 'that he was very sensible of his kindness.'

'We ought to do as we would be done by on all such occasions, like good Christians,' said the officer.

'It is more, however, than I had a right to expect from you,' resumed Edward; 'and what I should not have taken the liberty to ask.'

'Yet it is a liberty,' replied the officer, 'which all gentlemen ought to *damus et petimus vicissim*, as we used to say at college,' rejoined the officer.

'Well,' said Edward, 'I believe we had best return to the company, lest we should be observed. You will arrange every thing as you have so generously under-

taken. I shall be at the inn where you lodge in proper time, that we may go together to the place where Sir Charles appoints.'

'You are a gallant young fellow,' said the officer, taking Edward by the hand; 'and I will tell you a secret before we part, which you may keep to yourself; or, if you please, you may proclaim it to all the world, for I value the resentment of no man, when I know that I have reason on my side: and what I have to tell you, my dear, is this, that I was witness to what passed between you and Sir Charles, and I do think, in my conscience, that he was to blame; and if you had not anticipated me, I should have asked the young lady myself to take a trip with me, although I am not acquainted with her; for I never balked a handsome young woman in my life, when she was in the humour.'

'I am happy that you approve of what I did,' said Edward.

'I do from my soul,' the officer added; 'for the devil a right had he to prevent her from dancing with another, although she was not in the disposition to dance with him.'

'He certainly had no right,' resumed Edward.

'And even if he had a right,' continued the officer, 'he ought not to have talked in such a threatening tone as must naturally prompt men of spirit to dispute it; and so I will honestly confess that I am easier in my conscience in my being on your side than his; for although one is obliged in honour, on occasions like this, to attend whoever applies first, whether he is in the right or wrong, yet it is always some consolation for an honest man to think that he is on the side of justice; and so, my dear boy, I hope you will give this haughty genius such a quieting pill to-morrow morning, as will make him less outrageous all the rest of his life.'

On separating from the officer Edward returned to the rooms. As he could not at that time explain the motives of his conduct, he wished to shun meeting Miss Huntly;

but when he returned to the ball-room, he saw her sitting alone; Mrs. Anguish had just left her. The young lady's eyes met his when he entered, and he could not avoid going to her. He again assured her, in the most earnest manner, that the idea of even seeming to have behaved with want of respect to her rendered him very unhappy.

'You take unnecessary trouble in apologizing to me for an injury of which I do not complain,' replied she.

'Your goodness, madam, is an aggravation of my apparent crime,' Edward rejoined; 'yet, however guilty I may be in appearance, I am innocent in reality; notwithstanding of which, the light in which I must appear to you gives me very great pain.'

Edward pronounced these words with so much earnestness and sincerity, that Miss Huntly, with a frankness natural to her, said, 'There is no need of your being uneasy on that head, sir; I am much inclined to believe that you were under an obligation to act as you did. It would be doing injustice to the discernment of some, whose judgment I highly respect, to doubt of it.'

'Without such a necessity, madam,' resumed he, 'could I have acted with seeming disrespect to the person on earth for whom I have the highest esteem, and to whom I should consider it as an honour and happiness to render a service, even at the hazard of my life?'

Miss Huntly gently bowed to him, and was going to reply, when Mrs. Anguish joined them, and led her into another room. The instant she saw Miss Huntly conversing with apparent ease and good humour with Edward, she supposed he had explained his behaviour in a satisfactory manner; and she was so impatient to know the particulars of the explanation, that she led Miss Huntly abruptly away to have her curiosity satisfied.

'Pray tell me quickly, my dear Caroline,' said she, 'how did he account for his unaccountable conduct.'

'I am unable to satisfy you in that point,' replied Miss Huntly.

'What!' resumed Mrs. Anguish, 'has he given you no explanation?'

'He possibly might if you had not taken me away,' replied Miss Huntly.

'He ought to have *begun* by an explanation the instant he presumed to address you; and if he did not, you should have cut short all conversation with him.'

'That would have been shewing more anger than I really feel,' replied Miss Huntly; 'for I cannot doubt of his inclination to clear up this matter; but the same reason, which made him decline an explanation at first, perhaps still exists.'

'I can see no reason,' resumed Mrs. Anguish, 'for his dancing with Miss Barnet, when he was engaged to dance with you.'

'Nor I,' said Miss Huntly; 'but neither can I see any reason to induce him to behave with incivility to your friend and guest. There are difficulties both ways; but I am convinced that, for his own sake, he will clear them up as soon as he can with propriety; and I do not wish it sooner.'

'I do not desire it sooner more than you, my dear,' rejoined Mrs. Anguish; 'only I should very much like to have the whole explained immediately; not from impatience or idle curiosity, for I do not approve of people being curious to know what perhaps may be improper to reveal.'

'If not from impatience, my dear,' said Miss Huntly a little slily, 'from what motive do you wish him to explain this matter *immediately*?'

'Not in the least from impatience,' replied Mrs. Anguish; 'but merely because it would be a satisfaction to have a thing cleared up which appears so odd; for my part, I am sure I shall not have a sound sleep until I get to the bottom of it.'

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Si on vous accusoit d'avoir tué un homme, vous en iriez tuer un second pour prouver que cela n'est pas vrai—toute la réparation due à ceux qu'on outrage est de les tuer, et toute offense est également bien lavée dans le sang de l'offenseur ou de l'offensé. Dites; si les loups scavoient raisonner, auroient-ils d'autres maximes? J. J. Rousseau.

When Captain Gore returned to Sir Charles, he related what had passed at his interview with Edward, adding, that as the young fellow was quite at a loss for a second, he could not help offering himself, because if he had not, there might have been no meeting at all; and he had a better opinion of both, than to suspect that was the wish of either. 'And so, Sir Charles,' continued Mr. Gore, 'you have nothing to do but to provide another person to attend you; and this young gentleman, who I can assure you is a very spirited youth, will meet you precisely at five to-morrow morning at the appointed place.'

Sir Charles was somewhat surprised at this unexpected arrangement; but seeing Colonel Snug, he asked the favour of him to supply the place of Captain Gore. This was the only favour which the colonel was more ready to grant than to ask: he agreed to it at once.

Mrs. and Miss Barnet had gone away about one; Edward remained in the rooms till the assembly broke up; he then walked to the inn, and understanding that Captain Gore was gone to bed, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Barnet, expressive of his gratitude, to her husband and herself, for their unexampled goodness towards an unknown and forsaken orphan, declaring, that one of the first objects of his life, and on account of which he chiefly wished it to be prolonged, was, that he might have had opportunities of discharging, in some degree at least, the vast debt of obligation he lay under to both; that, perhaps, those seeds of virtue which, with maternal affection, she had sown in his breast might have produced fruit worthy

of her approbation; that his chief regret in quitting life was, that the trial had not been fully made. He mentioned, in terms of the warmest esteem, Miss Barnet, and Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and inclosed within this letter one addressed to Mr. Clifton, which was also an effusion of friendship and affection; this he begged that Mrs. Barnet might send to that gentleman. Having addressed the cover to Mrs. Barnet, he left the packet on the table, and perceiving that it was four o'clock, he entered Mr. Gore's bedchamber, and waked him.

'I hope I have not over-slept myself,' cried Gore. 'No,' continued he, looking at his watch, 'we shall have plenty of time to do our business deliberately, and without precipitation.' So saying, he put his clothes on; and then taking up his pistols, 'There,' said he, 'is as pretty a pair of hair-triggers as any in the three kingdoms: you have only to take a cool aim, and, at the slightest touch, off they go, as sweet as honey, without either recoiling or dipping.'

'I suppose,' said Edward, 'Sir Charles has pistols of the same nicety, otherwise it would be fair that he should have one of these.'

'If he is pleased with his own pistols,' replied Mr. Gore, 'it is no business of your's to put him out of conceit with them; he first began to bully you, and because you would not be bullied, he asks satisfaction. Your cause, my dear, is as clear as day-light, and as straight as an arrow; and you may give him his belly-full of satisfaction without scruple or remorse.'

They then walked to the place appointed, which was at some distance from the inn, in a field near Mr. Anguish's house; they were on the ground a quarter of an hour before the time. Sir Charles and his friend were not arrived.

'Perhaps,' said Mr. Gore, 'this is the first business of the kind in which you were ever engaged.'

Edward acknowledged that it was.

'Nay, I do not blame you, my dear,' said Mr. Gore;

'because I am convinced the reason is, that no proper opportunity has occurred, and you are still very young; but, for my own part, I was twice *out* before I arrived at your age. The first time was with a relation of my own, who said he would like to see my courage tried before he would contribute with the others towards the purchase of my first commission; so I sent him word that I would be happy to give him one proof the very next morning; and when we met, I touched him so smartly in the leg, that he has halted ever since. But all his doubts being now removed, he cheerfully contributed his quota with the rest of my relations, and we have been very good friends ever since.'

'Pray what gave occasion to the second?' said Edward.

'How it began originally is more than I can tell,' answered Gore; 'all I know is, that a large company of us dined together; we sat long, and drank deep, and I went to bed rather in a state of forgetfulness, and was awaked in the morning from a profound sleep by a gentleman, who began a long story, how I had said something that required explanation; and also that I had accidentally given him a blow, but he supposed I had no intention to affront him; and so he continued talking in a roundabout kind of a way without coming to any point. So I was under the necessity of interrupting him. 'Upon my conscience, sir,' said I, 'I am unable to declare with certainty, whether I had any intention of affronting you or not, because my head is still a little confused, and I have no clear recollection of what passed; nor do I fully comprehend your drift at present, but I conjecture that you wish to have satisfaction; if so, I must beg you will be kind enough to say so at once, and I shall be at your service.' Finding himself thus cut short, he named the place and the hour. I met him precisely at the time. His first pistol missed fire, but I hit him in the shoulder. At his second shot the bullet passed pretty near me, but mine lodged in his hip, and then he declared he was quite

satisfied So as I had given a blow the preceding night, and two wounds that morning, upon declaring himself satisfied, I said I was contented.'

'You would have been thought very hard to please,' said Edward, 'if you had made any difficulty.'

'I thought so myself,' rejoined the officer, 'and so the affair ended, he being carried home in a coach, and I marching from the field of battle on foot.'

'Pray,' resumed Edward, 'may I ask if you ever was in a battle?'

'No, sir,' replied the officer with a sigh, 'I never was. The briskest service I ever saw was at the quelling of a mob, where there were seven men killed, and nineteen wounded; but if the mob had not dispersed, it might have come to be *serious*.'

'I think it *was* serious,' said Edward.

'Why, yes,' rejoined the officer, with an air of half assent, 'as you observe, pretty well, perhaps, for a mob; but I confess I never had the good fortune to be in a battle, though I would give all the money I have in the world, and all the money I am owing, which is at least triple the sum, to be in one to-morrow.'

'Provided you had a good cause,' replied Edward.

'I should not be squeamish respecting the cause,' replied Captain Gore, 'provided I had a good battle: that, my dear, is what is the most essential to a conscientious officer, who wishes to improve himself in his profession. I have much reason, therefore, to wish for a war; and at the present juncture it would be much for the advantage of the nation in general.'

'How for the advantage of the nation?' said Edward.

'Why because it is dwindling into a country of ploughmen, manufacturers, and merchants,' said the captain; 'but, thank God, there is now some glimmerings of hostilities; besides, this damned peace has been so violent, that it cannot possibly last much longer.'

'If so, you will have the pleasure of being in a battle,' rejoined Edward.

'Ay, and I hope of being *after having been in one* also, my dear lad; for you must know that I am pretty fortunate, having already stood thirteen shot, and I never was hit but once.'

'Thirteen! What have you fought thirteen duels?' cried Edward.

'No, no!' replied Gore, 'the last shot fired at me completed only my sixth duel.'

'Pray what gave rise to that?' said Edward.

'Why that one originated,' replied Mr. Gore, 'in a dispute I had only last week with a shopkeeper in the town where my troop is quartered. Plays are acted there about this season, and I happened to go to *Venice Preserved* with a friend who is a little hard of hearing, and of course I was obliged to speak to him pretty loud, or not to speak to him at all; and just as I was observing to him that the tallest of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment, this shopkeeper cried—Silence. 'Upon my word, friend,' said I, 'you give the word of command a little too imperiously.' 'You must not disturb the company,' answered he. 'I am afraid,' said I, 'that both you and I disturb the company; and so if you will please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body.' He declined this, and muttered something, none of which I distinctly heard, except the word *impertinent*, which reduced me to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. He called me out the next morning; and as this was acting like a gentleman, I thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting myself on a footing with him. We met accordingly, and I must do him the justice to say, that he fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that, on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so I fired my pistol in the air. 'Now, friend,' said I, 'you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; so, if you are satisfied, our

dispute may end here, if you are not, you may take another shot.' He declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal—but here comes Sir Charles Royston and his second. And now, my dear boy,' continued Mr. Gore, 'if you get the first shot, take a good aim, and remember, the least touch of the trigger is sufficient.'

The ground being measured, it was proposed to toss up a guinea to decide who should have the first fire.

'I give it to Sir Charles,' cried Edward.

'On my conscience,' said Gore, 'that is being very young; you ought to leave it to chance.'

Edward persisted.

Sir Charles took aim with great deliberation, and then fired. The ball lodged in Edward's body; but as he said nothing, it was supposed to have missed him.

'Now it is your turn,' cried Mr. Gore to Edward.

'I bear no malice against Sir Charles Royston,' said Edward, 'and, therefore, shall take no aim at him.'

So saying, he fired his pistol in the air.

'On my soul it is generously done, and I think this business should be carried no farther,' cried Mr. Gore.

'Is the gentleman willing to declare that he did not ask Miss Barnet to dance with a view to provoke me?' said Sir Charles.

'I neither considered nor regarded how Sir Charles Royston would be affected by my asking Miss Barnet to dance,' replied Edward. 'I did it because I was determined that his threat should not prevent her from dancing, if she was so inclined.'

'We must go on,' cried Sir Charles.

'Now, my dear lad,' said Mr. Gore to Edward, 'you see how rash and inconsiderate it was in you to throw your fire away; how he missed you the last time I cannot conceive; for I know he is a practised shot with pistols, and has often split a bullet on the edge of a knife. I am much afraid he will bring you down this time.'

'Perhaps not,' replied Edward; 'and I shall after-

wards fire without scruple. I am ready, sir,' added he, looking at Sir Charles.

'Stop!' cried Captain Gore, 'upon my soul I believe the young gentleman is already wounded.'

'I believe so too,' cried Colonel Snug; 'the blood appears through his waistcoat.'

On examination it appeared that Edward was wounded by the first shot; a vessel of some importance had been torn, for the wound bled profusely, and produced weakness, which Edward endeavouring to conceal, cried, 'It is nothing, Sir Charles may proceed.'

'He is no gentleman, if he does,' said Mr. Gore, supporting Edward, who staggered from inability to stand.

'We must retire, without loss of time,' said Colonel Snug; 'this young man is dangerously hurt.'

'Whatever befalls me,' said Edward, 'observe, I now declare, that Sir Charles ought not to be brought to trouble; he took no unfair advantage, and I wish him no ill.'

Edward had no sooner pronounced these words, than he sunk to the ground; and two labourers approaching, Sir Charles and his second withdrew from the field.

By the assistance of Mr. Gore, Edward was carried to the house of Mr. Anguish.

CHAPTER LXXV.

La source de toutes les passions est le sensibilité, l'imagination determine leur pente. J. J. Rousseau.

The labourers carried Edward by a footpath to the back door of Mr. Anguish's garden, into which they were admitted by one of the gardener's servants, who was then at work. Edward was taken into the parlour, which opened to the garden. The noise awakened Miss Huntly,

whose bed-chamber was above the parlour. She sprang from her bed, and looking through the window, perceived three men carrying a fourth, whose face she could not see. Slipping on some of her clothes, she desired her maid to go and see who this sick or wounded person was; but before the maid was ready, leaning over the rail of the stairs, Miss Huntly asked the chambermaid, who ran from the parlour, what was the matter?

'Lord, madam!' cried the chambermaid, 'one of the handsomest young men my eyes ever beheld lies bleeding to death in the parlour.'

'Have you sent for a surgeon?' said Miss Huntly.

'Yes, madam,' replied the maid; 'the housekeeper has sent for the apothecary, who cures all outward wounds like a surgeon, and all inward diseases like a physician; but I was going for some spirit of hartshorn for the wounded gentleman.'

'If you do not make haste, Molly,' cried a footman, 'Mr. Edward will bleed to death.'

'Mr. Edward!' exclaimed Miss Huntly.

'Yes, madam, it is young Mr. Edward, who lives at Mr. Barnet's,' said the footman, while the chambermaid ran to bring the spirit of hartshorn.

Miss Huntly being greatly shocked, stood undecided what to do, till she heard the housekeeper call in a loud voice, 'Some volatile spirits, for God Almighty's sake!' On which, thrusting her hand into her pocket, and finding her salts, she rushed down the stairs, and into the parlour, exclaiming, 'Here, here, are volatile salts.'

The group that presented itself on her entering the room consisted of Edward extended fainting on a couch, his breast and shirt stained with blood, his head supported by Captain Gore, a servant sprinkling water upon his face, and the housekeeper, who pressed a piece of linen cloth to his breast to stop the bleeding; she snatched the salts from Miss Huntly, and held them to Edward's nose, whose face was of a deadly paleness, and his eyes half shut.

Finding that he moved not, the housekeeper said, Alas! the poor youth bleeds to death; this is full of blood—has nobody a cambric handkerchief?'

Miss Huntly eagerly tore her's from her neck, and gave it to the housekeeper, who applied it to the wound, which was immediately beneath the nipple of the right breast.

After a short time Edward opened his eyes with a kind of sob, but seemed unable for a little to distinguish the persons around him. The first object he recognised was the lovely form of Miss Huntly, in loose robes and flowing tresses, bending over him with the compassionate look of a ministering angel, appointed to convey a departing soul to heaven.

'Am I in paradise?' said he, in a feeble voice.

'I hope you are better, Mr. Edward,' said Miss Hunt-

'How can I be otherwise?' he replied, with a look expressive of pleasure and admiration.

'I have good hopes of you now, my dear boy,' cried Gore; 'for in my conscience I believe an angel has descended to perform your cure.'

This speech from Mr. Gore, whom Miss Huntly, in the confusion of her spirits, had not before remarked, restored her recollection. Observing the disorder of her dress, her face instantly exchanged the hue of the lilly for that of crimson. She turned in confusion from the eyes of those present, and with the assistance of her maid regained her bedchamber, from whence she soon after dispatched the maid, with orders to give whatever assistance she could to the housekeeper, till the surgeon should arrive.

This happened sooner than was expected, the messenger having met the apothecary near the house; and, most fortunately for Edward, Mr. Sound, a surgeon of distinction, was in company with him. This gentleman had been called from London by the apothecary, to perform an operation on a person in a neighbouring village. They

had remained all night with their patient, and were returning to the apothecary's when they were met by the servant.

As soon as the apothecary was informed of the nature of the case, he begged of Mr. Sound to go with the servant, pretending that he himself had some indispensable business which called him home directly. The truth was, that although this same apothecary would, without scruple or hesitation, have taken the sole direction in a medical case, even of the most intricate nature, and where the most enlightened practitioner must grope his way; yet he often declined taking the management of surgical cases, where the right road is far more certain and obvious. His reason for this was, that in the former, where darkness alone is visible, error is more easily concealed, and the cures performed by nature are oftener imputed to art, than in the latter.

Mr. Sound agreed to accompany the servant the more readily, because he was acquainted with Mr. Anguish, and also knew the apothecary's incapacity.

Mr. Anguish had been informed of the accident a little before Mr. Sound arrived, and had directly ordered a bedchamber, and every accommodation, to be prepared for Edward. He also shewed great satisfaction at the arrival of Mr. Sound, whom he knew to be a man of probity, and great professional knowledge.

Mr. Sound having examined the wound, found that the ball had not pierced into the cavity of the chest, but that a considerable laceration was made by a button of Edward's coat, which was driven by the bullet into the fleshy part of his right breast. The ball was discovered at some distance from this, and extracted with dexterity by the surgeon, who having stopped the bleeding, and applied the proper dressing, desired that the patient might be kept as undisturbed as possible; he then accompanied Captain Gore into the dining-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguish, with Miss Huntly, were now assembled, waiting with impatience to know his opinion.

Mr. Sound informed them in a few words, free from the pedantry of technical terms, that the wound was more formidable in appearance, than dangerous in reality; that the fainting was owing to the bleeding of a vessel torn by the button, and to the fatigue of the preceding evening; that the bullet had been soon found, and easily extracted; and that it would be proper to keep the young gentleman quiet for some days, and he had no doubts of his perfect recovery at the end of a few weeks.

'Had you ever a patient who behaved with more fortitude?' said Gore.

'Never,' answered the surgeon; 'nor is it possible for any man to display more manly composure and resignation, than this youth.'

'He never winced,' resumed Gore, 'or altered his countenance when you probed the wound, nor even when you made the incision to find the ball.'

'Incision!'—cried Miss Huntly, who instantly became quite pale.

'That was necessary, madam,' said the surgeon, 'for the extraction of the ball; it saved him pain on the whole.'

'I presume, sir,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'that you will order him some cordial julep, after such a painful operation.'

'Believe me, madam,' replied the surgeon, 'the best cordial julep for him at present, is sleep.'

'Some cordial will be proper for this young lady,' said Captain Gore, 'who was lately as rosy as a cherubim, and is now as pale as a ghost.'

'What is the matter with you, my dear?' cried Mrs. Anguish, looking at Miss Huntly.

The young lady being unable to answer, Mrs. Anguish, addressing the surgeon, said, 'Pray, sir, order her something, she seems very ill.'

'Here, madam,' said the surgeon, filling up a glass of water, and presenting it to Miss Huntly, 'pray take a little of this.'

'Water!' cried Mrs. Anguish, in astonishment; 'good God, sir! would you have a sick person drink cold water?'

'Yes, madam, cold water is a favourite cordial of mine, in some cases,' replied the surgeon.

Miss Huntly having drank the water, said she felt herself better, and would soon be well.

'Will you not,' said Mrs. Anguish to the surgeon, 'order her some medicines to *keep* her well?'

'Her best chance of keeping well, madam,' replied the surgeon, 'is by not taking medicines; because, although they sometimes are of use in removing a disease, they never can make a person who is in good health better.'

'I assure you, sir,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'that when Dr. Scribble has cured me of any complaint, he always orders a course of medicines to prevent a relapse.'

'And do they prevent a relapse, my dear?' said Mr. Anguish.

'Were it not for them I might relapse sooner,' rejoined Mrs. Anguish; 'you may smile as you please, Mr. Anguish, but I am quite convinced of that.'

'This young lady,' resumed Mr. Sound, 'I believe, has no need of drugs at present; but to prevent her from relapsing, it will be necessary to abstain from the mention of wounds or incisions in her presence.'

Miss Huntly coloured a little at this observation, and requested Mrs. Anguish's assistance, while she walked to her own apartment.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

wise must into Nature's secrets pry,
weak believe, they know not what, nor why;
we may equally deluded call,
doubt of nothing, and who doubt of all.
POPE.

lies being gone, Mr. Anguish ordered break-
Captain Gore wishing to join his troop, took his
ctly. After drinking a dish of coffee, Mr. Sound
he had business at the apothecary's, but that
visit Edward again in the evening.

nguish. I must beg that you will not think of
to London until this young man is out of dan-
ar this will be inconvenient for you; but I will
that your complaisance in that point shall be
considered.

ound. I am already engaged to remain some-
this country with the patient on whose account
n; before it will be in my power to leave him,
ig man will be out of all danger. My attendance
no way inconvenient to me.

nguish. To tell you the truth, I am the more
for your punctual attendance, because I under-
wife has sent express for her oracle, Dr. Scrib-
hose skill I have little faith.

ound. I am not personally acquainted with the
ut I hear he is much employed.

nguish. I have known a very dull man employ-
ncipal secretary of state, yet I remain convin-
acuteness and clearness of intellect are necessary
tuation.

ound. The most lively and agreeable is not al-
most skilful physician, however.

nguish. I do not insist on my physician's being
a man of much pleasantry, but I do expect to

find him a man of diligence, and of a clear understanding; —if I find him deficient in these, I acknowledge that all the other qualities he may possess, would not tempt me to employ him as a physician.

Mr. Sound. Dr. Scribble I understand has had much experience;—do you lay no stress on that?

Mr. Anguish. Very little, if connected with the deficiency above mentioned. To trace the effects we observe to their *real* causes, and to avoid assigning them to concomitant circumstances, which in no degree influenced them, requires very acute discernment; for the want of which I have known several experienced practitioners impute the removal of a disease to drugs, which removed nothing but the returning appetite of their patient; therefore I have always considered natural sagacity, and a clear discriminating judgment, as essentially requisite to render experience useful.

Mr. Sound. The last time I had the pleasure of meeting you in London, there was a physician in company, who I should imagine to be precisely to your taste.

Mr. Anguish. You mean Dr. Gloss.

Mr. Sound. I do.

Mr. Anguish. Dr. Gloss is certainly a man of uncommon accuteness and sagacity.

Mr. Sound. He is also very attentive to his business.

Mr. Anguish. He is so, for his business is to get money,—and he gets a great deal.

Mr. Sound. The best way for a physician to get money is by exerting all his powers to acquire knowledge in his profession, and by applying it to the cure of diseases.

Mr. Anguish. That is unquestionably the *best* way, but not the easiest, nor the most universally followed. Those practitioners who study their patient's prejudices, and attend to his humours, often succeed better than those who study his disease, and attend only to his cure;—and medicine, which frequently proves unprofitable to him who applies to it as a science, has been very lucrative to many who pursue it merely as a trade.

r. *Sound.* That may sometimes be the case; but it ıot unfrequently happens, that physicians are accused ping their patient, when they themselves are duped; ıey may be divided into two classes, one of which en- n a much higher opinion of the power of their art it deserves, and the other think it less efficacious it really is. The former in general are weak credu- men, apt to stuff their patients with drugs, but they ve all the while that they are doing much good.

r. *Anguish.* My observation applies to the other , who having observed that nature often does a great and medicine frequently little or nothing, towards ure of diseases, and being unwilling to take the ıle of observing all the variations of the disorder, and atching the moment when art can effectually assist re, they content themselves with laying hold of the prominent symptoms, prescribing according to the fashionable practice, and, after saying something ring to the patient, they hurry away with osten- us precipitancy, and think no more of the case till the visit. This is called experience;—if the patient ces to recover, so much the better—if he dies, so h the worse for him, but the event affects neither the ngs nor reputation of the doctor.

r. *Sound.* If the death of the patient does not affect eeling of the physician, I should think it would some- affect his reputation.

r. *Anguish.* Not when his reputation is as well esta- ıed as Dr. Scribble's is with some in this county:— rtain lady of rank, who first introduced him into busi- here, insists that he can cure every disease except ;—when the patient recovers, her ladyship says with iumphant voice, 'Did not I tell you so? the doctor r fails.' But when the patient dies, she says, 'It is clear that this has been a mortal disease,—I never he could cure death.'

r. *Sound.* Nothing can be more convenient for Dr. bble than to have patients who reason in that manner;

but if the doctor reasons so himself; if he really believes, as you seem to imply, that all his patients who die, are carried off by incurable diseases, and that all who recover owe their lives to his prescriptions; whatever you may think of his discernment, you cannot think him a knave, or wonder that he should allow himself to be very well recompensed for his attendance.

Mr. Anguish. I certainly do not put him on a footing with the man who, day after day, for a month together, encourages the fancies of a vapourish woman, or an hypochondriacal man, and takes their money for prescribing sugar and water, with a few spiceries in draughts, or other forms, when he perfectly knows that a glass of wine or a draught of porter would do more good;—yet some do this with as little remorse, as when they attend patients whose distempers it is in the power of medicine to remove.

Mr. Sound. Even in the case you have put,—if the vapourish lady, or hypochondriacal man, insist on the physician's visiting them every day, what can he do?

Mr. Anguish. Do as *you* do; honestly tell them that drugs and confinement are prejudicial, and that air and exercise can alone be of use to them.

Mr. Sound. They would immediately send for another physician.

Mr. Anguish. Let them:—if a fool were to offer gold for a commodity of no value, an honest man would refuse to deal with him.

Mr. Sound. Suppose the fool to put little or no value on the gold he offers, and of which he has a superfluity, whereas the commodity he wishes to procure, however useless in reality, affords a temporary relief to his imagination; and lastly, suppose that there is a certainty that although one may refuse to sell this useless commodity, the fool will purchase it from another;—do you not think that this will render the vender more excusable?

Mr. Anguish, (after some hesitation).—Perhaps it may, but the case must be accompanied with all the circum-

stances you have enumerated, and after all, a fortune accumulated in this manner, founded on the weakness and ignorance of mankind, where the doctor is conscious that he has been of little or no use, how highly soever his skill may be rated by his patients, must produce very different sensations from what are felt by those physicians whose industry and ingenuity have improved the art of healing, whose genuine merit is acknowledged, not by the ignorant, but by the most intelligent, and whose useful lives are passed, like yours, my good sir, in removing real disorders, and performing indisputable cures.

Mr. Sound. I am much obliged by your favourable opinion, though your sentiments in general, I fear, would give offence to many of the medical tribe, if they were known.

Mr. Anguish. The judicious and upright practitioner will not be offended, and even those of an opposite character will not find their profits much diminished, by any reasoning on this subject, however well founded;—for what reasoning will deter suffering credulity from trying the cure that is advertised to be infallible? or will prevent the victims of indolence and caprice from preferring those who flatter their humours, to the candid physician, who fairly unfolds the origin and nature of their complaints, and tells them they are to look for a cure, only by following a plan which crosses their strongest propensities; so that those who are so much alarmed at the voice of reason, shew as great ignorance of human nature, as they betray eagerness to profit by its weakness.—The liberal and enlightened physician gives no attribute to his art, but what justly belongs to it—undertakes nothing but what there is a possibility of his being able to perform, and rejoices at the detection of trick and imposture; he despises all the attempts of ridicule against his profession, when they are ill founded—and joins in the laugh when they are just; whereas the narrow-minded practitioner betrays the cause he wishes to defend, by silly rage and rancour against all who presume to remove a single remnant of the old hieroglyphical tapestry, with which, ever

since the days of Gothic ignorance, the deficiencies of the art were attempted to be concealed.

Mr. Sound. The same remark may be with equal justice applied to other professions. When the pen of satire is pointed against the impostures and abuses which have crept into divinity or law, who are those who are most likely to take offence?

Mr. Anguish. Most assuredly not the truly pious divine or upright lawyer;—no, no, it is the galled jade that winces; the hypocritical and knavish feel sore and are fretted; they sound the alarm and bellow atheism and sedition, and the long-eared multitude bray forth that the state and the church are in danger.

Mr. Sound. Well, my good sir, I shall only say, that it is fortunate for you that you are not obliged to adhere to the line of life in which you set out,—if you had, with *your* turn of thought, you would have been in danger of having all the drones of the profession buzzing against you—but now I must take my leave.

Mr. Anguish. I will not attempt to detain you, that I may have the pleasure of seeing you sooner return; for I am truly anxious about the health of this fine young man.

It will now be proper to acquaint the reader with what passed at Mr. Barnet's.

That gentleman, his wife, and daughter, being assembled at breakfast, 'I am surprised,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'that Ned, who used to be the earliest, is the latest in the parlour to-day.'

'He will come when he is ready, my dear,' said Mr. Barnet. 'Hand me some toast.'

'At what hour did Mr. Edward arrive,' said Mrs. Barnet to a servant who entered the room.

'Mr. Edward is not yet arrived,' replied the servant.

'Not yet arrived!' cried Mrs. Barnet, with an alarmed voice.

'I saw Lady Virginia speaking to him when we came away,' said Miss Barnet.

'O! then he *must* have slept at the inn,' said Mr. Wormwood; 'she would not leave him strength to ride home; she exhausts the spirits like an air-pump, and had very near whispered me to death at the concert.'

'I hope he will come soon,' resumed Mrs. Barnet.

'If he does not, he will be too late for breakfast,' added her husband.

After waiting a little longer, Mrs. Barnet growing more uneasy, ordered a servant to ride to the inn to inquire if Mr. Edward had slept there, and what was become of him.

The servant, returning almost directly, delivered a letter to Mrs. Barnet, which he said a country lad had just brought.

This was the letter which Edward had left at the inn when he went to meet Sir Charles Royston.

'It is a letter from Ned,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Why did he not come himself?' said her husband peevishly.

'The letter will inform us,' said Mr. Wormwood.

Mrs. Barnet had not read half the letter before she seemed agitated and very uneasy.

'Why, there is bad news!' cried Miss Barnet. 'Dear madam, what has happened?'

'Heaven knows what has happened! Where is the person who brought this letter?' said Mrs. Barnet.

The messenger being called in, related, 'That the innkeeper had found the letter in Mr. Edward's bedchamber; and on hearing afterwards what had happened, he dispatched him to Mrs. Barnet, to prevent mischief.'

'Well, but what *has* happened?' cried Mr. Wormwood.

'Nothing more, but, as I was going to tell you,' replied the lad, 'as how Mr. Edward was killed.'

Miss Barnet shrieked. Mrs. Barnet fell back on her chair, overcome with the shock. Mr. Barnet sat speechless, not so much from the violence of his emotion as from his not knowing what to do or say.

'Who did your master receive this report from?' said Wormwood to the lad.

'I can't tell,' replied he; 'but young Mr. Edward was the last man in the country that I would have thought any one would have had the heart to kill—he was so loved.'

'Do you know who killed him?' said Mr. Barnet.

'May-hap he is not quite killed yet,' answered the lad.

'D—n you, why did you say he was?' cried Wormwood.

'Bless you, friend, for that hope,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'I can't be positive certain one way or t'other, please your ladyship,' said the man; 'but only I heard, as I came along, that he was not dead after all.'

'Why then did you say at first that he was killed, you brute you?' exclaimed Wormwood.

'If your honour will not be so bloisterous,' said the lad, 'I will tell you the whole.'

'Pray do,' cried Mrs. Barnet.

'So I will, please your ladyship, if this here gentleman would only have patience, and give me time. Well, then, you must know, that my master told me at first, when he gave me the letter, that he heard that Mr. Edward was killed, and desired me to make haste with it to your ladyship to prevent mischief, as I told you before; but as I came along, who should I meet but Mr. Anguish's under-gardener, and I said to him, 'Jenkins,' says I, 'this is sad news concerning young Mr. Edward.' 'Ay, sad enough, Nightingale,' says he.

'Is your name Nightingale?' said Mr. Barnet, interrupting the man.

'Yes, please your honour,' answered he; 'and it was my father's name likewise.'

'Pray, friend, go on,' said Mrs. Barnet.

Having thanked her for this permission, twisting and turning his hat with both hands, the lad resumed.

'Sad news enough, Nightingale,' says Jenkins to me;

'but, howsomever, my master is resolved to persecute Sir Charles Royston before the old bailiff of London, if so be that Mr. Edward chance for to die.' 'The bailiff of London must be mortal old now, Jenkins,' says I; 'for I have heard my father speak of him as an old man, when he was ——'

'Curse your nonsense,' cried Wormwood; 'can't you tell what you know respecting Edward?'

'So I will, sir,' said the lad. 'So I told Jenkins, that I hoped the old bailiff was still young enough to condemn Sir Charles to death, if there was occasion; and so I left Jenkins. But as I came along with the letter, mayhap, thinks I to myself, Mr. Edward may not be quite dead.'

'What made you think so with yourself?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Because,' replied the lad, 'Jenkins said to me, which I forgot to mention before, that he saw him carried alive into Mr. Anguish's house; and that he had heard since that he was somewhat better.'

'Mr. Edward is now at Mr. Anguish's house then?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Jenkins told me so,' replied the man; 'but I know nothing more or less from my own certain knowledge.'

'And he also told you,' said Miss Barnet, 'that Mr. Edward was better?'

'Yes, Jenkins told me so,' answered he; 'but, to be sure, all he says is not to be counted on, being that he is a little given to lying.'

'Why should he lie in this case?' said Mr. Wormwood.

'I hope he spoke the truth, for once,' replied the lad, 'both for young Mr. Edward's sake, and for her ladyship's, who, I see, is sorrowful on his account.'

'What were the express words the gardener made use of?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'I cannot charge my memory with all his words,' replied the lad; 'for I did not much mind what he said,

being in haste to bring the letter to your ladyship, as in duty bound; only I do remember that he did say, young Mr. Edward, says he, is not quite killed dead, but only shot through with a pistol; and so, says he, Surgeon Sound from London thinks him a great deal better.'

Mrs. Barnet gave orders for the chariot to be made ready with all speed, saying she would drive to Mr. Anguish's herself.

'I pray God you may find young Mr. Edward better,' said the man.

'I thank you friend,' said she, giving him money.

'For none of all the gentlefolks was more kinder to the poor,' added the man.

'Well, well, you may get you gone,' cried Mr. Barnet a little angrily.

'I meant no disparagement to your honour,' rejoined the lad; 'and far less, God knows, to her ladyship there, whom all the country praises with one universal discord.'

'Pray get you gone, *Mr. Discord*,' cried Wormwood.

'My name is Nightingale, sir,' said the lad sulkily as he retired.'

Mr. Wormwood then proposed to go himself, and bring a distinct and certain account of Edward's condition; but Mrs. Barnet begged that he would remain with her husband, as she was anxious to see Edward herself.

Miss Barnet desired to accompany her mother.

'I see no reason for your going, my dear,' said Mrs. Barnet.

The young lady repeated her request to her mother, looking to her father.

'Since Louisa wishes to go, you had best take her with you, my dear,' said Mr. Barnet.

'If you please, my dear,' replied the wife.

'For,' resumed he, 'there is little or no chance that Mr. Waller ——'

'Come, Louisa, the chariot waits,' cried Mrs. Barnet, hastily interrupting her husband; for she feared that he

would shew a partiality for Mr. Waller, that might injure that gentleman in the fancy of her daughter.

'I hope you will bring us good accounts of Ned, my dear,' cried Mr. Barnet as they were going; 'for I am still very uneasy about him; but remember that I shall order dinner at the usual hour; and that I make it a rule to wait for nobody.'

CHAPTER LXXVII.

——— Falsis terroribus implet. Hor.

When Mrs. and Miss Barnet arrived at the house of Mr. Anguish, they found that gentleman and his lady by themselves, Miss Huntly having, under pretence of a slight indisposition, withdrawn to her own apartment. Mr. Anguish assured his visitors that there was reason to think that Edward was not so dangerously hurt as had been first imagined. He enumerated all the circumstances of the duel as he had received them from Captain Gore.

During the narrative, Miss Barnet broke into frequent invectives against Sir Charles Royston. This gave uneasiness to her mother, because she knew he was related to Mrs. Anguish; and to bring this circumstance to her daughter's recollection she observed, 'that he was unworthy of the family to which he belonged.'

'I do assure you, dear madam,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'I am as convinced as Miss Barnet can be, that he alone was to blame.'

'My daughter was, in some degree, to blame,' said Mrs. Barnet soothingly to Mrs. Anguish; 'for she certainly ought not to have danced with any body after refusing Sir Charles.'

'I have suffered so much uneasiness from this unlucky accident, that I might have been spared my mother's censure,' said Miss Barnet.

'Of all who suffer from it,' replied Mrs. Barnet, 'you ought to remember, my dear Louisa, that you are the only one who had any share, however innocently, in producing it; you cannot, therefore, be more blameless than Mrs. Anguish, who feels the more uneasiness, on account of the misfortune's being the work of so near a relation.'

Mr. Anguish interposed, by repeating the favourable report of the surgeon. His wife added, that she had sent an express for Dr. Scribble; and expatiated on the wonderful skill of that physician. Her eulogium was interrupted by the arrival of the doctor himself, who received a more cordial welcome from Mrs. Anguish than from her husband, who informed him briefly of what had happened; and that the young gentleman's wound was already dressed. Mrs. Anguish lamented that the doctor had not been present at the dressing, that he might have pronounced with certainty respecting the degree of danger, and have ordered proper medicines.

'That I shall do immediately after I have felt the patient's pulse, and asked him a few questions,' said the doctor, going to the door.

'I understand that he is asleep,' said Mrs. Barnet. 'Would it not be best to wait till he awakes?'

'Truly, madam,' replied the doctor, 'it is very seldom in my power to wait; it was with great difficulty I could come hither at present, for Lady Megrim has had a relapse; but this lady,' added he, bowing to Mrs. Anguish, 'knows I never withstand her summons. As for this young man, I dare say I shall be able to order him something that will more than compensate for the interruption of his sleep.'

'That is more than the surgeon could do,' said Mrs. Anguish; 'for he acknowledged that he knew nothing better for his patient than sleep.'

'There can be nothing so good,' added her husband.

'Sleep is certainly very proper on some particular occasions,' said the doctor; 'but at other times it is dan-

gerous; and we have it in our power to order narcotics, which will make patients sleep at any time.'

'But do they not sometimes make patients sleep too long?' rejoined Mr. Anguish.

'I fear our patient sleeps too long at present, said the doctor, 'and, therefore, I wish to see him immediately.'

'You will be so obliging as to delay till he awakes,' resumed Mr. Anguish. 'The surgeon who dressed the wound gave the strictest injunctions that he should not be disturbed.'

'I should imagine,' replied the doctor, 'that those injunctions were not meant to extend to me.'

Mrs. Anguish being convinced that her husband would not permit Edward to be disturbed at that moment, and fearing that the doctor might refuse to wait until he awaked, said, 'I had almost forgot, doctor, that there is another patient in the house. I will conduct you to her directly.

Mrs. Anguish and the physician being withdrawn, 'I have heard Dr. Scribble much commended for his skill in nervous complaints,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'What his skill in nervous complaints may be,' replied Mr. Anguish, 'it is difficult to ascertain; but this I do know, that he has had the skill to persuade half the country that all their complaints are nervous. I have been told, that before he settled here, there were fewer complaints of every kind, and no such thing as a nervous complaint heard of.'

'As for this young man,' said Mrs. Barnet, 'he is subject to no complaint whatever; he has enjoyed good health and good-humour all his life.'

'I hope this doctor will not make him fancy he has any nervous complaint, as he did poor Nancy Blossom, who has been swallowing pills and pining ever since he visited her,' added Miss Barnet.

'Give yourselves no uneasiness, ladies,' said Mr. Anguish; 'I shall take care that he shall not have it in his

power to injure either the health or good-humour of this young gentleman.'

While this conversation was passing in the parlour, Mrs. Anguish conducted the doctor up stairs to a room adjacent to Miss Huntly's bed-chamber. 'I have brought Dr. Scribble to see you, my dear,' said Mrs. Anguish, introducing him.

'I am glad to see the gentleman,' replied Miss Huntly, with her usual affability, though somewhat surprised.

'Tell him all your complaints,' resumed Mrs. Anguish, 'and he will order what is proper directly.'

'My complaints! I have no complaints,' cried Miss Huntly. 'How could you, my dear madam, give the gentleman the trouble of ——'

'Was you not indisposed before you left the parlour?' said Mrs. Anguish; 'I am sure you need something to compose your spirits. Does she not, doctor?'

'My spirits are perfectly composed,' cried Miss Huntly.

'There, madam, I must take the liberty of differing from you,' said Dr. Scribble; 'your spirits are in evident agitation, and your whole nervous system is ——'

'I beg you will not talk so, sir,' said Miss Huntly; 'I have no nervous systems, and wish to hear nothing about them.'

'Indeed but you have, my sweet young lady,' said the doctor; 'a very fine one, though I apprehend it is endowed with a little too much sensibility; and if ——'

'You must excuse me, sir,' said Miss Huntly, with an air of impatience, and offering to go.

'Only allow the doctor to feel your pulse, my dear,' said Mrs. Anguish.

'This is the strangest fancy,' cried Miss Huntly. 'I assure you my pulse is quite as it ought to be.'

'Permit me to touch your arm, madam,' said the doctor.

'Pray do, my dear Caroline,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'were it only to make me easy.'

'I will certainly do much more to make you easy, my dear madam,' said Miss Huntly; 'but you never had less reason to be uneasy on account of my health. There, doctor, (continued she, holding out her arm), satisfy Mrs. Anguish that I am perfectly in good health.'

The doctor, pulling out his watch, felt her wrist with a look of sagacious deliberation; and, after a becoming pause, said, 'I will not declare quite so much; but this much I will venture to say, that after you have taken a few draughts, for which I shall write directly, you will feel yourself much better.'

'I am much obliged to you, sir; but I never could take any draughts in my life,' said Miss Huntly.

'Can you swallow pills, madam?' rejoined the doctor.

'I can swallow nothing, sir,' she answered.

'If that is the case, you must have something to mend your appetite,' said the doctor; 'pray, ma'am, let me see your tongue.'

'This is too much!' cried the young lady, rising with impatience.

'I must entreat you, my dear Caroline, not to be so obstinate in a matter of so much importance as your health. If Mrs. Nevile were here, she would persuade you, I am sure, to follow the doctor's directions. If your health should suffer while you are in my house, it would give me double concern; for my sake, therefore ——'

'I hope,' resumed the doctor, 'the young lady will do what is proper, for all our sakes; for it is impossible to see her without taking a warm interest in her welfare.'

Miss Huntly now perceived that the speediest way to get rid of their importunity was by seeming to comply.

'Well, doctor,' said she, 'although I am not fond of drugs, since my friend here and you think them necessary, pray order whatever you please.'

'What I shall prescribe will be by no means disagreeable,' said the doctor; 'I will order it in the form of a julep.'

'If you please, sir,' answered Miss Huntly with resignation.

'Pray, madam,' resumed he, as he prepared to write, 'do you ever feel any flutterings at your breast, any —'

'I am perfectly convinced you understand the case fully,' said she; 'it will, therefore, be unnecessary to ask any more questions.'

'I will leave you a few minutes with the doctor,' said Mrs. Anguish, offering to withdraw.

'I beg you will not stir, madam,' cried Miss Huntly, laying hold of her friend's arm. 'I am persuaded that your prescription will be effectual, sir,' continued she, addressing the doctor; 'and I return you many thanks for this trouble.' So saying, she feed him liberally; and at that instant a maid entered the room, who informed him that Mr. Edward was awake.

'I am happy to hear it,' said Mrs. Anguish, conducting the doctor to the door of Edward's bed-chamber, where she left him.

The sleep had proved so effectual a restorative, that Edward felt himself greatly refreshed, and tolerably easy. The doctor told him that he should not trust to flattering appearances, because various bad consequences were still to be apprehended, but which he hoped would be prevented by the medicines he would prescribe.

'Upon my word, doctor,' said the youth, 'I imagine I have no need of medicine; for I feel myself pretty easy in all respects, except that I am rather hungry.'

'My dear sir,' resumed the doctor, 'that alone proves that something is wrong; for hunger, in your present state, is an unnatural sensation, and, therefore, the medicine for which I am writing is the more necessary.'

'If it is intended to remove hunger,' said Edward, 'I am sure it will be effectual: for I never took a drug in my life that did not take away my appetite for that day at least. But Mr. Sound the surgeon assured me, doctor, that I did not need any medicine.'

'Mr. Sound the surgeon,' replied the doctor, 'is a very

good surgeon, I dare say, and understands very well, no doubt, what plaster should be applied to your wound; but does that prevent or mitigate a fever? Do you imagine, my dear young gentleman, that plasters or ointments, or any external means, will cure that?'

'Perhaps not,' replied Edward; 'but extracting the ball, I should humbly hope, would do some good.'

The physician, without taking notice of this observation, gave his prescription to a servant to carry to the apothecary; took the fee, repeated his injunctions that Edward should take his medicine punctually according to the direction, and then returned to the dining-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguish were with Mrs. and Miss Barnet.

As soon as Doctor Scribble appeared, the company eagerly surrounded him, to know what he thought of Edward.

The doctor, assuming a look of as much reflection and acuteness as the vacancy of his features would admit, answered, 'that he was as well as could be expected, considering ——'

'Considering what?' cried Mrs. Barnet.

'Considering,' resumed the doctor, 'that I did not see him sooner; but still I hope it is not too late to prevent fever.'

'Fever!' cried Mrs. and Miss Barnet in the same moment.

'Yes ladies,' replied the doctor; 'there *is* such a thing as a fever in consequence of gun-shot wounds.'

'But as every body agrees that the ball was happily and speedily removed,' Mrs. Barnet observed, 'and as the young man has had such calm and refreshing sleep, and seems so easy, we were in hopes, sir, that there was little or no danger of fever.'

'I find,' replied the physician, 'that a great deal too much importance is placed on the removal of the ball—a thing very easily accomplished, indeed; but it must be remembered, that the passage of this same ball through the muscles must have, in some degree, deranged the animal economy, and of course, the whole nervous system;

and the various effects which this may produce on the most delicate and most essential part of the animal machine, are not removed with the bullet. Why, good God! ladies, I have known a wound look well for several weeks, and seem almost skinned over, when all of a sudden, for want of due attention on the part of those who had the cure of the wound, and, perhaps, of a proper knowledge of the internal structure of the human machine, with all its various springs, connections, and combinations, a fever supervened, accompanied with alarming symptoms, and terminating in a locked jaw, and ——.'

'For heaven's sake, sir,' cried Mr. Anguish, 'do not terrify the ladies with your knowledge and learning, which really surpasses all our comprehensions.'

'I only mean to warn the young gentleman's friends,' replied the doctor, 'that appearances are not always to be relied on; for unlucky symptoms sometimes occur when least expected.'

'For the satisfaction of the young gentleman's friends, said Mr. Anguish, 'I beg a plain answer to a plain question, doctor. Do you not think that the bullet being extracted, the patient having had several hours of calm sleep, and feeling refreshed, cool, and easy since, are all favourable circumstances?'

'Unquestionably, sir,' replied the doctor.

'I am glad to hear you say so, doctor,' resumed Mr. Anguish; 'for I believe the ladies thought your harangue implied the reverse.'

The doctor then looked at his watch, expressed surprise at its being so late, and impatience to visit Lady Megrim, lest her ladyship might suffer from his absence.

As he withdrew he was followed by Mrs. Anguish, who never allowed him to go without having some conversation concerning her own health. She led him into another room for this consultation. After having felt her pulse, and examined her tongue, he asked if she ever felt any uneasiness at her stomach? She at first answered, that she never did; but on the doctor's repeating the question,

and desiring her to recollect attentively, she said, that she sometimes did feel a kind of uneasy sensation there.

'Generally in the evening, I suppose,' said the doctor.

'No, never in the evening,' replied Mrs. Anguish; 'but rather immediately before dinner.'

'Ay, that is a proof that all is not quite right,' rejoined the doctor; 'but do you never perceive any sensation after dinner?'

On recollection, she answered, 'that she sometimes felt a slight sensation of *fullness* at that time.'

'I thought so,' said the doctor; 'that proceeds from a swelling in the stomach; but pray (continued he) have you not something of a headach at present?'

Mrs. Anguish hesitated a little at this question, as if she was not quite sure whether she had a headach or not. The doctor repeated the question, on which, shaking her head from side to side, and backward and forward, she at last answered, that she believed she really had something of a headach.

'I suspected as much,' rejoined the doctor. 'I perceived something of a *latent* headach by your pulse; and it is fortunate that it has been detected before it arrives at a height; for the shock which your nervous system has sustained from the accident that has befallen this young man may, without proper care, lay the foundation of various complaints of dangerous tendency, and reduce you to a far worse condition than that of the wounded gentleman; for bullets, my dear madam, (continued he), are soon extracted, and external wounds easily healed; but it is a nice operation, and a far more difficult task, to sooth the disordered nerves, to compose the distracted spirits, to sweeten the acrimonious bile, and remove diseases from those unseen parts, which can be reached by the subtility of the most penetrating medicines only with safety to the patient. And now, my dear madam, I will order a few draughts to strengthen your weakened solids, dilute your thickened fluids, brace your unstrung nerves,

and put your whole constitution in tune.' Having finished this comfortable harangue, he wrote his prescription, took his fee and his leave.

Mrs. Barnet understanding that the surgeon had promised to return that same day, and being desirous of seeing him, was easily persuaded by Mr. Anguish to remain till he came. As soon as Miss Huntly heard that the doctor was gone, she joined the company in the dining-room, and was sitting with them when the surgeon entered. He had quietly slipped up to Edward's chamber, and examined accurately into his situation before any of the company knew of his arrival, so that they were equally pleased and surprised when he assured them that he found his patient in all respects as he could wish; and that although he had not looked at the wound, which it would not be proper to do for some time, yet he could almost venture to pronounce his patient out of danger.

'Is there no danger of fever, sir?' said Mrs. Barnet.

'There will be something of an increased heat or feverishness sometime hence, madam,' replied the surgeon; 'but it will not be dangerous.'

'Perhaps what the doctor has prescribed,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'will prevent that feverishness.'

'I dare say,' replied the surgeon, 'that the doctor would prescribe what is very proper.'

'What should he drink during the feverishness?' said Mrs. Anguish.

'Water, madam,' replied the surgeon.

'Water!' cried Mrs. Anguish; 'nothing but plain water?'

'If you please, you may put a toast in it, madam,' said Mr. Sound.

'A toast!' rejoined she; 'why even then it will be only *toast and water*.'

'Nothing more,' replied he; and, having assured the company that he would visit his patient the following morning, he took his leave.

Mrs. Anguish's housekeeper had from the beginning

imagined that Edward's wound would prove mortal; unfortunately she had declared to every servant in the house, and others who were assembled in the servant's hall, that, in *her opinion*, he could not possibly survive it. This woman was a good deal mortified, therefore, when she heard Mr. Sound give such a favourable account of him in the parlour; and she could not help shaking her head with an air of incredulity as she retired.

Miss Barnet observed this, and following the woman into her own room, begged to know what she meant.

The woman answered, 'that she had shaken her head for sorrow to see them all deceived; for, to her certain knowledge, the poor young man would not recover.'

'Do you pretend,' said Miss Barnet, 'to more knowledge than Mr. Sound?'

'Mr. Sound,' replied the housekeeper, 'like all doctors, conceals his real opinion, for he is quite sensible that the young gentleman is in great danger.'

'How dare you say that Mr. Sound is quite sensible of the young man's being in danger, when he has asserted the contrary in the most solemn manner?' resumed Miss Barnet.

The housekeeper being provoked at the young lady's incredulity, like those who have the habit of lying, added a new falsehood to give strength to the former, by declaring, that Mr. Sound himself had told her that Mr. Edward was in the utmost danger, though he did not choose to say so to his friends, while there was the least glimmering of hope. She begged at the same time, that Miss Barnet would not betray her, by informing Mr. Sound, or any other person, of what she had now related. This Miss Barnet promised, and being at the same instant told that her mother was already in the carriage, she followed without questioning the housekeeper any farther.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine thro' the hovering cloud of Care;
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend, and Pleasure's queen!
Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of home-bred strife;
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the scene where thou art by.

ANSTEY.

AFTER Mrs. Barnet and her daughter were gone, Mrs. Anguish began to think of her latent headach, and became impatient for the medicines the doctor had prescribed. She sent another servant to the apothecary's to hasten them. This servant at his return delivered her a whole basket full of medicines, some directed for Edward, some for Miss Huntly, and some for herself. While she was examining the parcel directed for herself, Miss Huntly joined her. 'Merciful heavens, my dear!' cried she, 'what are you going to do with all these drugs?'

Mrs. Anguish then told her what the doctor had said concerning her latent headach, and the acrimony of her bile.

'As for your headach,' said Miss Huntly, who was naturally of a very cheerful turn of mind, 'the longer it remains *latent* so much the better; and with regard to bile, I am apt to think you have very little; but I am sure you have none that is acrimonious, for a sweeter-blooded woman does not exist.'

'The doctor, my dear,' replied Mrs. Anguish, 'is the best judge in such matters:' so saying, she swallowed one of the draughts.

'Well, my dear friend,' said Miss Huntly, with fervour, 'I must declare that it gives me great uneasiness to see you thus tamper with an excellent constitution; and I must remind you of the Italian, who, having destroyed

his health by the same means, became sensible of it when it was too late, and ordered this sentence to be inscribed on his tomb,—

Stavo bene, ma par star meglio, sto qui.'

In answer to this observation, Mrs. Anguish declared, that she felt herself better already.

'Better, in what respect?' said Miss Huntly; 'I hope the headach is not less *latent* than it was before.'

Mrs. Anguish answered, that 'the headach was much the same; but she felt a little sickness at the stomach, which was generally the case when a medicine was to do her good.'

Mr. Anguish, entering the room with a gay air, began to speak on some indifferent subject; but his lady endeavoured to turn the conversation on her own complaint. This was a topic which the husband never encouraged, for two reasons: first, because he was somewhat of Miss Huntly's turn of mind; and, in the second place, because he imagined, that however fond Mrs. Anguish was of speaking of her complaints, it always had an ill effect. Without seeming to have heard her, therefore, he continued the subject he had begun. Mrs Anguish made several attempts to draw the attention of the company to her favourite topic, but without success; for her husband evaded all her hints, and dexterously started new subjects of discourse.

Mrs. Anguish, having been in this manner repeatedly balked, at last imputed her husband's behaviour to indifference about her health; and she was on the point of bursting into tears, which Miss Huntly observing, said, 'Do you know, my dear Mrs. Anguish, I have a great notion that your dancing the other night, and the bustle you have been kept in ever since, have acted as bracers, for I never saw you look better.'

'Nor more lovely,' added Mr. Anguish, who now observed how his wife was affected; and taking hold of her hand, 'I'll defy Dr. Scribble, or all the doctors among them,' continued he, 'to make you look otherwise than

you do at this moment, my dear Eliza, without taking from your beauty.'

This did not prevent the tears from coming into Mrs. Anguish's eyes; but it converted them into tears of pleasure.

'Do not imagine,' said she, wiping her eyes, and smiling, 'that I am such a fool as not to distinguish flattery.'

'To be sure, my dear, women are most apt to be flattered by men when they are most beautiful; but here is your friend Caroline, I appeal to her, if there is any flattery in what I say?'

Mrs. Anguish looked cheerfully at Miss Huntly.

'Well, upon the honour of a wise and upright judge,' said Miss Huntly, assuming a serious and solemn air, 'I do pronounce, that I never saw you look handsomer than at present—you may take it as you please.'

'A most learned and upright judge!—A second Daniel!' cried Mr. Anguish.

'Pshaw, you both flatter,' said his wife with a tone of satisfaction.

'Nay, my dear, I speak only of your looks. You may, for aught I know, be in better health when you look worse,' said Miss Huntly, with a sly accent; 'for as you said just now, *the doctors are the only judges in such matters.*'

'Confound the doctors!' cried Mr. Anguish; 'she is always best when she has the least to do with them; and I impute the delightful bloom my wife has at present to her having taken no medicine ever since you have been with us, my dear Miss Huntly.'

'Forgive me my dear,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'I took a draught just before you came.'

'Then it has not produced the usual effect of making you look worse.'

'Do you sincerely think they have that effect?' said Mrs. Anguish with earnestness.

'I do most sincerely think so,' answered he.

'I am absolutely certain of it,' added Miss Huntly.

'I am likewise convinced, my dear,' resumed Mr. Anguish, addressing his wife, 'that you would be even handsomer than you are, were it not for the drugs you take, which, I believe, are of no service to your health in general; but which, I am certain, are hurtful to your looks.'

At this instant a footman delivered a message to Mr. Anguish, who withdrew; and soon after his wife went to her own apartment, and after contemplating herself for some time in the looking-glass, she threw all the remaining draughts out at the window.

Mr. Anguish was sitting in Edward's bed-chamber, when the medicines directed for him were brought. Edward changed colour at the sight of them.

'What is the matter?' said Mr. Anguish; 'you seem to be taken ill all of a sudden.'

'No great matter,' Edward answered, wiping the sweat from his face.

'You seem faintish,' rejoined Mr. Anguish. 'Does your wound give you pain?'

'No, it is not that,' said the unhappy youth.

'Pray what is it then?' said Mr. Anguish.

'Why, to confess the truth,' replied he, 'I feel such a loathing at present, that if I attempt to swallow any of those medicines, I am certain they will set me a vomiting.'

'Don't attempt it then,' said Mr. Anguish.

'I should be sorry to seem obstinate, or to disoblige the doctor,' resumed Edward, 'and shall try to get some of them down my throat as soon as I am tolerably well; though I own that I should prefer obliging him in any other way.'

'Indeed, my dear fellow, you shall not oblige him in this way,' cried Mr. Anguish, laughing at this mark of Edward's complaisance; then opening the door, and calling to his groom, who was going through the passage, 'Here, Will,' said he, 'take and throw these phials into the river.'

Edward felt as much gratitude for this as for any mark of attention he had received since he was brought to Mr. Anguish's house.

When that gentleman had left him, and had gone down stairs, he met with the apothecary, who, on finding such a quantity of medicines ordered for one family, thought it his duty to call and inquire for the patients.

Mr. Anguish took him into the parlour, saying that he had just left the wounded gentleman, who was disposed to sleep.

The apothecary, in the course of conversation, told Mr. Anguish that he had been visiting three or four patients in a neighbouring village, who were ill of an influenza, which had prevailed for some time in that part of the country.

'Pray,' said Mr. Anguish, 'how do you medical gentlemen treat that complaint?'

'Why,' replied the apothecary, 'there is no saying how the physicans treat it; for some of them order one thing, and some of them another; but the surgeons generally *bleed* for it; and as for us apothecaries—we *drench*.'

'Ay, that is natural enough,' said Mr. Anguish smiling; 'but you know I once studied physic myself, and have some general notions on the subject: so when this epidemic began among my servants and tenants, I ventured to prescribe barley-water for them.'

'Barley-water!' cried the apothecary with disdain; 'you might as well have ordered them water-gruel.'

'I might so,' replied Mr. Anguish; 'for which reason I gave them the choice; and what do you think was the effect?'

'Why, barley-water and water-gruel could have no effect,' said the apothecary.

'It is indeed a little difficult to ascertain what is the effect of many things that are prescribed,' resumed Mr Anguish; 'but I can at least tell you what was the *consequence*.'

'That is the same thing,' said the apothecary.

'Not quite,' replied Mr. Anguish; 'though in the practice of physic the one is often mistaken for the other.'

'Well, what *was* the consequence?' the apothecary asked.

'Why, they all recovered!' replied Mr. Anguish.

The apothecary having remarked that there was a great difference in constitutions, and the same plan which did well enough for the poor would not suit the constitutions of the better sort of people, he took his leave a little abruptly, and without recollecting that he had promised to visit one of the chambermaids, who was taken ill about the time he arrived. On this maid's growing worse, an old woman, who came with a second message for the apothecary, began to make a pathetic lamentation on hearing he was already gone.

'Here is plenty of doctor's stuff, if that be what you want,' said the groom, to whom Mr. Anguish had given the medicines prescribed for Edward. 'Here they be,' repeated he, 'if you like to take them.'

The old woman accepted of them with thankfulness, and carrying them to the room where the sick maid lay, gave them to the housekeeper, who had already administered burnt brandy, peppermint water, and various other cordials, without affording the patient relief. The maid complained of a cholic, which attacked her at intervals with great violence.

The housekeeper observing that the signature on a parcel of the medicine was, *Quieting draughts—one to be taken every two hours*; 'if these draughts,' said she, 'can quiet the pain in Mr. Edward's breast, it stands to reason, that they may also relieve the pain in Margaret's belly; for the belly is at no great distance from the breast, particularly in poor Margaret's, who is but a short woman.'

On this theory, by no means the least rational on which medical practice was ever founded, the housekeeper gave one of the draughts to Margaret, with what effect will appear hereafter.

On their return from the house of Mr. Anguish to Bar-

net-hall, very little conversation passed between Mrs. and Miss Barnet. Notwithstanding the favourable report which Mr. Sound had made, the former could not help being still uneasy; and what the housekeeper had told Miss Barnet made that young lady still more so; but she concealed this from her mother, on account of the promise she had made the housekeeper.

When they arrived, Mrs. Barnet informed her husband that Edward was thought to be in the way of recovery.

Mr. Barnet himself was by no means free from concern about this young man; and the following morning, while at breakfast with his wife and daughter, he said to the former, 'I am sorry that this cursed gout prevents my going to see Ned; but I fancy you would like to drive to Mr. Anguish's, my dear.'

'If you have no objection, I will set out immediately after breakfast,' replied she. And then addressing her daughter, she added, 'You will keep your father company, Louisa, till I return.'

Besides her desire that her husband should not be left alone, Mrs. Barnet had another motive for wishing her daughter to remain at home; she expected that Mr. Waller would arrive in the course of the day.

Miss Barnet, on the other hand, had relied upon accompanying her mother to Mrs. Anguish's; and her anxiety for Edward had deprived her of sleep most part of the night. Whether it was owing to Miss Barnet and Edward being brought up together somewhat like brother and sister, or from what cause it proceeded, the fact is certain, that neither ever entertained for the other that sentiment which is peculiarly called love. Edward sincerely wished the happiness of Miss Barnet, and would have done all in his power to promote it; he was pleased and entertained with her company and conversation; but she never had touched his heart. Her esteem and friendship for him was also very great; and the idea of his imminent danger engrossed her thoughts to such a degree, that they, in some measure, suspended those sentiments

of love which her heart had entertained for some time, and which had been hourly increasing towards Mr. Waller.

As soon as Mrs. Barnet had desired her daughter to keep her father company until she should return, she rose to leave the room, on purpose to prevent any objection or difficulty being made. At that instant a footman entered and announced the arrival of Mr. Waller, and that he was in the dining-room.

So eager was the young lady to go, and so predominant was her concern for Edward, that she immediately said to her father, 'As Mr. Waller will entertain you much better than I can do, my dear sir, you will have no objection, I am sure, to my accompanying my mother.'

'You are mistaken, Louisa,' replied Mr. Barnet, with the utmost simplicity, 'in imagining that Mr. Waller can entertain me better than you can do; though I dare say, my dear, that he can entertain you better than I can do.'

'Well, but,' resumed she, 'I wish very much to accompany my mother to Mr. Anguish's.'

'I should have no objection, my dear,' replied Mr. Barnet, 'if I did not think that Mr. Waller will expect that you should remain at home, when you know that he is arrived. I am convinced that he would be better pleased if you did.'

'Truly, sir, I see no reason for minding what he may expect, or for my remaining at home to please him.'

'I hope you will think it reasonable, however, my dear, to remain to please your father and me,' said Mrs. Barnet, and immediately left the room, stepped into the carriage, and drove away.

On this occasion Mrs. Barnet, perhaps, did not act with her usual prudence; her anxiety about Edward, and a desire that Mr. Waller should not be disappointed of her daughter's company, prevented her from reflecting that she was left in ill-humour; and that considering the temper of the young lady, this ill-humour was likely to influence the reception that she should give him.

Indeed Louisa's reserve was so apparent after Mr. Waller was introduced, that even Mr. Barnet observed it, and he thought proper to make an apology for her. 'My daughter,' said he, addressing Mr. Waller, 'is extremely affected by the accident which has befallen Edward; it is that which puts her in low spirits: is it not Louisa?'

To this appeal she made no answer.

'That is the reason also,' resumed Mr. Barnet, 'for her being so silent at present; for she is not naturally silent, I do assure you, Mr. Waller, any more than other women.'

'I hear,' said Mr. Waller, 'that Mr. Edward is better.'

'Yes, he is so,' replied Mr. Barnet; 'but Louisa is also a little out of humour, because she has been prevented from going with her mother to see him; for she always had a very great regard for him, and I believe her affection now is warmer than ever.'

'I should be sorry to think, madam, that you have altered your design on my account,' said Mr. Waller.

'Make yourself easy, sir,' said she, 'it was in obedience to my mother that I altered it.' Saying this, she left the room.

'I understood,' said Mr. Waller, 'that Miss Barnet passed the most part of yesterday at Mr. Anguish's.'

'Yes, that she did,' said Mr. Barnet; 'but she was desirous of going to-day also, for she is much concerned for Ned, and can think of nobody but him.'

'He is a very happy man,' said Mr. Waller.

'Not at present,' resumed Mr. Barnet; 'for his wound is not quite healed; but it is to be hoped that he will be happy soon.'

'I mean,' said Mr. Waller, 'that he is happy in the concern that Miss Barnet takes in him.'

'My daughter is of an affectionate disposition,' resumed Mr. Barnet, 'and has a great deal of kindness for those she loves, as her husband will find, although she has too much prudence to shew it before marriage.'

Mr. Waller making no immediate answer to this observation, and the conversation afterwards becoming a little languid, Mr. Barnet rung the bell, and desired the servant to tell his daughter to return.

The footman brought for answer that Miss Barnet had a headach.

'A headach!' cried Mr. Barnet; 'I really thought that she had slipped out on quite another account. Did you not think the same, Mr. Waller?'

To this wise question Mr. Waller made no answer; but Mr. Barnet repeated, 'A headach! it must have seized her very suddenly, for she was quite well this morning, only a little sorrowful, as I said before, on account of poor Ned's illness. I knew from the first that her *heart* was greatly affected, but I had no suspicion of her *head*. However, you need not be very uneasy, Mr. Waller; for I am in hopes that her headach will abate when she shall hear that Ned is better; and then, perhaps, she will be able to bear seeing you.'

To this flattering observation Mr. Waller bowed, and soon after took his leave, notwithstanding that Mr. Barnet pressed him very much to stay to dinner, assuring him that he had one of the best turbots that he had seen that season.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

—— Tantum medicamina possunt. Ovid.

Captain Gore arrived at the house of Mr. Anguish two hours before Mrs. Barnet; he found Mr. Sound there, who informed him that Edward had passed a good night; that he was satisfied with the state in which his patient was; but that it would not be proper for him to see any company until a slight degree of feverishness, the usual

consequence of such a wound, was entirely over, which he expected would soon be the case.

The captain was delighted with this account; and after Mr. Sound had taken his leave, he said to Mr. Anguish, 'To tell you the truth, I was a little uneasy when I heard you had sent for Dr. Scribble; for he once attended a young officer of our regiment, and upon my conscience he stuffed the poor lad so unmercifully with potions and draughts, that he continued sick a fortnight after he was quite well; and he cannot pass an apothecary's shop, ever since, without breaking out into a cold sweat.'

'As for the doctor's potions and draughts,' said Mr. Anguish, 'Edward has taken none of them; but they were not altogether lost, for my housekeeper thought proper to give one of them to a sick chambermaid; and what do you think it produced?'

'Sickness and vomiting, I'll be bound,' replied the captain.

'A lusty child!' exclaimed Mr. Anguish.

'The devil it did!' said Gore.

'The poor girl was safely delivered half an hour after she swallowed the draught,' rejoined Mr. Anguish. 'You cannot think what a scandal it created; the most rigid of the maids, with the housekeeper at their head, were for carrying the culprit out of the house, declaring they would not sleep under the same roof with her; but Mrs. Anguish, who forgets the faults of her fellow-creatures when they need relief, told the housekeeper she might sleep where she pleased, but that Margery should remain here until she recovered; and she has been employed ever since in ordering what is necessary for the poor woman in the straw, and for the young guest who has so unexpectedly appeared among us.'

Mr. Anguish had no sooner given this account than Dr. Scribble, who had just visited Edward, came into the room. He said that he had found his patient pretty well, which he imputed to the draughts, and had therefore ordered them to be repeated.

'Upon my word, doctor, those same draughts of your's have produced a wonderful effect,' said Captain Gore.

'They are cooling and fæbrifuge,' replied the doctor.

'They have done in one hour,' added Captain Gore, 'what some worthy pains-taking men of my acquaintance have laboured in vain all their lives to perform.'

'I was convinced that they would produce a very salutary effect,' said the doctor.

'One of them has produced a very healthy child,' rejoined the captain.

'I do not understand your meaning, sir,' said the doctor staring at the captain.

'My meaning is very plain, sir,' said Captain Gore; 'but if you will only step into the chambermaid's room, it will be still plainer; for there you will find a poor woman who, to relieve her of the cholic, took one of your draughts, which operated so effectually, that she was delivered of a healthy child an hour after.'

'The draughts I ordered for Mr. Edward!' repeated the doctor, with astonishment.

'Only one of them,' rejoined Captain Gore; 'if she had taken two, she might, perhaps, have been delivered of twins.'

'I am quite at a loss to make out what this gentleman means,' said the doctor, looking round to the company; 'but I should be glad to know whether or not Mr. Edward has taken the medicines I prescribed.'

'Then, doctor, I will plainly tell you,' replied Captain Gore, 'that he has not, which is thought a piece of great luck; for the effect they have had on this young woman is so wonderful, that people tremble at what they might have produced, if they had been given to a young man.'

To the doctor's great relief, a message came to him from Mrs. Anguish. He readily obeyed the summons, and was soon assured of the full meaning of all Captain Gore's mysterious allusions. He put the best face on the matter he could; but, instead of returning to the company,

he slipped away quietly, very contrary to his usual practice.

Mrs. Barnet arrived just as he was stepping into his carriage; she called to his postillion to stop, as she wished to speak to the doctor; but he, affecting not to hear her, repeatedly ordered him to be gone, and the man drove away.

This behaviour alarmed Mrs. Barnet; she thought he wished to avoid being the first reporter of bad news. She entered the house in trepidation, and was infinitely relieved and comforted when Mr. Anguish met her with a smiling countenance, and told her all was well. Her spirits had been so much agitated, however, that she could not relish the captain's raillery; and being informed that Mr. Sound had required that his patient should see as few people as possible, until the fever should be entirely gone, she made a very short stay, telling Mrs. Anguish that she would probably not return for some time, but would daily send a servant to know how Edward was. On her way home she met Mr. Waller, and expressed her surprise at his having left her husband so soon. As he seemed in low spirits, and did not mention any reason for his sudden departure, she at last suspected the true cause. He had said that he was going to Mr. Anguish's. She hinted, that as strict orders had been given that Edward should be kept very quiet for some days, the company of any stranger would be inconvenient to that family, and pressed him to return to Barnet-hall with her. He consented, gave his horse to his servant, and seated himself in the chariot with her. Miss Barnet met them when they were yet at a considerable distance from the house. She inquired with impatient, yet fearful, concern, how Edward was. Before she had quite finished the question, Mr. Waller answered, 'He is out of danger, and within a short time will be quite well.'

'God Almighty bless you, my dear sir, for that news,' exclaimed Miss Barnet, seizing his hand, and shaking it affectionately in both her's. She then looked eagerly at her mother.

'Mr. Sound has declared, my dear, that all danger is over, and that we shall see Edward very soon,' said Mrs. Barnet.

'Ah! how happy you make me, my dear madam,' cried the daughter, throwing her arms around her mother's neck as soon as she entered the chariot.

'My daughter,' said Mrs. Barnet to Mr. Waller, 'entertains the sentiments of a sister for this young man.'

'He has ever behaved to me like the best of brothers and of friends,' rejoined Miss Barnet. 'I never was fully sensible of his worth until I was tortured with the idea of losing him, and with sensations of remorse; for I acknowledge, my dearest mother, that your reproof was just; Edward's dispute with that wretch Royston *was* owing to my imprudence, and severely have I suffered for it.'

Mrs. Barnet affected, and somewhat surprised at the vehement manner in which her daughter expressed herself, said, 'I am certainly very happy, my dear Louisa, to find that Edward is so well as he really is; but I confess I never thought him in so much danger as you seem to have done.'

Miss Barnet now informed her mother of the very alarming account she had received from the housekeeper, which had preyed on her spirits ever since, and so disturbed my mind, added she, looking with the most expressive kindness at Mr. Waller, 'that I fear I have behaved not only with petulance to the best of mothers, but with impropriety to others.' The extreme vivacity of Louisa Barnet's temper was apt, as the reader must long since have observed, to hurry her into improprieties; but the candid, amiable, and ingenuous manner in which she acknowledged her fault, on the present occasion, was considered as more than a compensation.

Nothing could surpass the satisfaction of Mrs. Barnet, and the happiness of Mr. Waller in consequence of this young lady's behaviour. Mr. Barnet rejoiced to see them

all return in such spirits, and found no difficulty in prevailing on Mr. Waller to remain at Barnet-hall, instead of returning to his own house, or even going to that of Mr. Anguish.

Edward bore his confinement and spare diet with great patience, as long as what is called the symptomatic fever lasted. When that was at an end, however, he became impatient for more liberty; and one morning, after Mr. Sound had dressed the wound, he declared that he felt himself so well, and expressed so much impatience to be allowed to join the company in the parlour, that Mr. Sound agreed to it; and Mr. and Mrs. Anguish were agreeably surprised, when they saw him enter leaning on that gentleman's arm.

Edward's face was pale, and a languor prevailed over those fine features which were wont to display the bloom of health as well as the animated expression of intelligence. He was seated between Mr. Sound and Mrs. Anguish, when Miss Huntly, without knowing he was there, entered the room. She appeared surprised at sight of Edward, who was restrained to his seat by Mr. Sound, on his attempting to rise as she entered.

'I consented to your coming here,' said the surgeon, 'only on condition that you should remain quiet. I must insist on your keeping your seat, therefore, were a queen to come into the room.'

'And I,' replied Edward, keeping his seat, 'give a stronger proof of my obedience than I could if a queen were to enter.'

'However obedient you may make this patient,' said Mrs. Anguish, addressing the surgeon, 'it is plain you cannot prevent him from being gallant.'

'I am sorry for it, madam,' replied Mr. Sound; 'for I do not approve of gallantry in my patients.'

'That is disinterested, however,' said Miss Huntly; 'since it is owing to this gentleman's gallantry to a lady that he is your patient.'

'I object not to the gallantry of any one when he is well,' said the surgeon; 'but I expect that he will abstain from it when he is my patient.'

'That is expecting more than will be granted,' said Mr. Anguish; 'since in the presence of Miss Huntly, even your patients are inspired with gallantry.'

'Now it is time for me to look about me,' cried Mrs. Anguish; 'the contagion of gallantry spreads, and I fear my husband is in danger of being infected.'

Before Mr. Sound took his leave, assuming a more serious air, he recommended that few people should be admitted for some days at least; and that Edward should still keep his own apartment the greater part of the day. Mr. Anguish intending to visit a neighbouring family, rode out at the same time with Mr. Sound; and some visitors, who were not of Miss Huntly's acquaintance, calling soon after, Mrs. Anguish went to entertain them, leaving Edward and Miss Huntly together.

It is probable that neither found the interval tedious; for although it lasted a full hour, yet when Mrs. Anguish returned, they did not think she had been absent above a few minutes; nor did they join in sentiments with her, when she called her visitors troublesome intruders.

For several days after Edward was permitted to come to the parlour, Mrs. Barnet was prevented from visiting him, by company at her own house; and as Mr. Anguish was obliged to spend every forenoon, and sometimes the whole day, in paying visits to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, Edward passed several hours every day with Mrs. Anguish and Miss Huntly, and part of that time with the latter alone when the former was called out for the reception of occasional visitors.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Whence proceeds this weight we lay,
On what detracting people say?
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place. SWIFT.

THE day on which Miss Caroline Huntly had agreed to join Mrs. Nevile was now at hand. Since the death of Mrs. Huntly they never had been so long separate, except during the time that the young lady had accompanied her uncle to France. Caroline's affection for Mrs. Nevile was founded not only on her being the most intimate friend of her mother, but also on her being the most agreeable companion that she herself had ever known. Miss Huntly had even found the pleasure of the most amusing society diminished almost to annihilation in the absence of Mrs. Nevile. Of this an instance occurred soon after that lady left her with Mr. and Mrs. Anguish; for although Caroline highly esteemed that gentleman, and had a sincere affection for his wife, yet she began to think the period tedious that she was passing with them; and she had been sometimes employed in calculating the number of days and hours that were to intervene before she could join her valued friend. Of late, however, Caroline's mind had not been so engaged; and the day appointed for her departure from the house of Mr. Anguish seemed, of a sudden, to approach with awful rapidity; she became at last of opinion, that for her to leave her friend Mrs. Anguish at this time would be in the highest degree improper; she wrote, therefore, the following letter to Mrs. Nevile.—

'MY DEAREST MRS. NEVILE,

'A very unfortunate affair happened at this place the

day after the ball, in consequence of a quarrel between two gentlemen; one of them was dangerously wounded, and brought to Mr. Anguish's house, where he still is. All accounts are in favour of the wounded gentleman, who engaged in this quarrel from the most generous motive, and behaved in the most honourable manner. He is under the care of a skilful surgeon, who, to the joy of every body, gives hopes of his recovery; but, perhaps, he does not entertain all the hopes he communicates; for medical persons are apt to conceal their real opinion: yet this surgeon has much the manner of a man of veracity. I am inclined, therefore, to be of opinion, that he speaks what he thinks. Perhaps, indeed, he himself may be mistaken; yet I can hardly think so neither, as every body talks highly of his professional skill. But it is evident, that the hopes of all around are supported by their wishes, for I confess I never knew a man so much beloved as this young wounded gentleman. I have been the more particular, my dear madam, on this subject, because it explains to you why it would be improper, and, indeed, cruel, to leave Mrs. Anguish at the time I once proposed; for, besides the great solicitude for the recovery of this gentleman, her mind is much agitated by a very disagreeable incident that has occurred in her family. I am fully persuaded that you will approve of my not doing so harsh a thing as to abandon her at a moment when she stands so much in need of a friend and companion.

'I hope, my dear Mrs. Nevile, you pass the time agreeably with the general, to whom I desire to be respectfully remembered. I remain, my dear madam, your affectionate, and ever obliged servant,

'CAROLINE HUNTLY.'

That she should remain on purpose to aid and comfort Mrs. Anguish, on the present emergency, appeared to Caroline so indispensable an act of friendship, that she had no doubt of its being approved of by Mrs. Nevile.

Some days after this, however, while Caroline was sitting with Mrs. Anguish and Edward, who was now allowed more freedom than formerly by Mr. Sound, a letter was delivered to her, which she knew, by the direction, came from Mrs. Nevile. After reading it, she seemed a little disturbed, and was about to retire to her own apartment, when she was prevented by the sudden appearance of Mrs. and Miss Barnet.

As soon as those ladies entered, Edward, forgetting the injunctions of his surgeon, flew into the arms of the former.

Mrs. Anguish reminded him of his wound.

'The presence of this lady,' said he, 'has ever proved a cordial to my heart, and a balm to my severest wounds.'

Mrs. Barnet expressed the greatest satisfaction at seeing him so well. The satisfaction of her daughter was also very evident. They having heard of Edward's being greatly better, had become impatient to see him, and wished to know whether he might not be transported with safety to Barnet-hall. After some conversation, Mrs. Barnet asked Edward, whether he had ventured to take an airing in the carriage?

He answered, 'that he had not, but that he imagined he might safely.'

Mrs. Anguish observed, that the shaking of the carriage might retard the healing of the wound.

'Perhaps,' said Miss Barnet, 'a long journey might; but his being carried slowly to Barnet-hall could not.'

Miss Huntly threw at Miss Barnet a look devoid of that sweetness and benignity which her countenance usually expressed.

'That point,' said Mrs. Anguish, in answer to Miss Barnet, 'must be left to Mr. Sound.'

'I believe Mr. Sound declared that the motion of a carriage would be *prejudicial*,' added Miss Huntly, addressing Mrs. Anguish.

'He certainly did so,' replied that lady, who looking to Mrs Barnet, added, 'I hope there is no intention of

depriving us of the pleasure of Mr. Edward's company, before he can be removed with safety.'

Mrs. Barnet having bowed to Mrs. Anguish, said, 'Well, my dear Edward, my husband's desire and my own to have you with us again must not oppose Mr. Sound's directions; but I hope the hospitality of this family will not prevent your coming to us as soon as you can with safety.'

'The danger is greater, that Mr. Edward will be inclined to leave us too soon, than that he will stay too long,' replied Mrs. Anguish; 'as he will find nothing here to compensate his absence from your family.'

The eyes of Edward, which had been fixed on the ground during this speech, glanced instantaneously at Caroline at its conclusion; and meeting with her's, which had at the same instant been involuntarily directed to him, the collision was felt at the heart of both. The crimson suffusion that this occasioned over their faces did not escape the observation of Louisa Barnet, to whom it fully explained the angry look that Miss Huntly had given her. Louisa had taken an affection for Caroline, and had a great desire to be on a footing of intimacy and friendship with her. Caroline, on the other hand, from a motive which the young lady herself was unconscious of, but which the reader may suspect, received her advances with some degree of coldness. Prevented by this unknown sentiment from having for Louisa all the esteem and affection she merited, and which that young lady professed to have for her, Caroline was too ingenuous to affect what she did not feel; yet, through all the coldness she was able to assume, the native sweetness of her disposition was seen; and from the moment that Louisa suspected the cause of her reserve, she became more anxious than before to remove it, and to acquire Caroline's friendship.

When Mrs. Barnet rose to go, and while the usual compliments were passing between her and Mrs. Anguish, Louisa said to Edward, so as to be heard by Miss Huntly, 'After what Mr. Sound has declared, it would be

madness in you, Edward, to move from this till your wound is perfectly healed. My mother has told you she does not expect you sooner; and I now tell you neither does your *sister*.' She then paid her compliments to Mrs. Anguish, and took her leave of Miss Huntly with an air of frankness and cordiality, which seemed in a great measure to subdue the reserve of that young lady.

Mrs. Barnet and her daughter arrived at Barnet-hall just time enough to dress before dinner, at which there was a good deal of company, particularly one lady, who had been considered as the greatest beauty of the county, until Louisa Barnet divided the public opinion on that subject. As Louisa was some years younger, and at least as handsome as her rival, the majority of suffrages began to be in her favour. Of course Miss Pine, which was the name of the lady, hated Louisa more than any handsome woman in the county, although she hated all the others very much. Her father, who was an old acquaintance of Mr. Barnet, had brought his daughter with him that particular day, notwithstanding the reluctance she had often shewn at being in the company of Louisa Barnet.

Miss Pine had seen Miss Huntly at the ball, and in the course of that single night she conceived fully as much aversion against her as she had accumulated against Louisa in the course of two or three years. What made her consent more readily to accompany her father at this visit, was her being persuaded that Louisa must have as great a dislike of Miss Huntly as she had herself, and would assist in abusing her, an amusement in which she took peculiar pleasure.

When the ladies withdrew after dinner, Miss Pine, who had refrained from mentioning Caroline hitherto, because she found the men prejudiced in her favour, did not finish her first dish of tea till she said, 'Pray, Miss Barnet, what do you think of this Miss Huntly that is come among us?'

'I think her a very beautiful, elegant, and accomplished young woman,' replied Louisa.

'That I am convinced is precisely her own opinion,'

said Miss Pine; 'I was not so certain of its being your's.'

Miss Barnet. It is assuredly my opinion; but I never perceived any thing in that young lady's manner or conversation that led me to suspect that it was her own. I am, therefore, at a loss to know, how you come to be convinced that she thinks so highly of herself.

Miss Pine. O, it is quite evident; the men have turned the girl's head; they tell every woman, as you know very well, my dear, that she is elegant, beautiful, and accomplished.

Miss Barnet. If the men tell this to women whom they do not think beautiful and accomplished, it is not surprising that they should hold the same language to Miss Huntly, whom they must think so in the highest degree.

Miss Pine. I am by no means convinced that this is the men's real opinion, although they tell her so.

Miss Barnet. Don't you remember how loud all the gentlemen were in her praise, when she danced at Mr. Anguish's ball?

Miss Pine. Well, for my part, I do not think the men half such good judges of female beauty as the women; and I heard several ladies object both to Miss Huntly's person and face at the ball; besides, she has too great a quantity of hair, considering how small her head is.

Miss Barnet. What fault did they find with her person?

Miss Pine. She is too tall.

Miss Barnet. She is not above an inch taller than yourself.

Miss Pine. I do not pretend to say she is *a great deal* too tall.

Miss Barnet. Can you pretend to say she is too short?

Miss Pine, (peevishly). She is neither one thing nor the other; one does not know what to make of her.

Miss Barnet. That settles the point of her height; let us now proceed to her face. Do you not find something very engaging in her countenance?

Miss Pine. Engaging do you call it?

Miss Barnet. Yes, I call it engaging. What do you call it?

Miss Pine. She is apt, indeed, to smile; but that is to shew her teeth.

Miss Barnet. She would not smile for that purpose, however, unless she had good teeth; and they are certainly the finest I ever saw.

Miss Pine. What signifies teeth?

Miss Barnet. Well, let us come to her eyes. What do you think of them?

Miss Pine. They are not black.

Miss Barnet. No; but they are the sweetest blue in nature.

Miss Pine. Blue eyes have been long out of fashion; black are now all the mode.

Miss Barnet. It will be fortunate for you and me, if that mode continues; but I have some suspicion that blue ones are coming round again; for those of Miss Huntly are much admired.

Miss Pine. Her fortune would procure her admirers among the men, although she had no eyes at all. I appeal to you, madam, if it would not, (addressing Mrs. Barnet).

Mrs. Barnet. Perhaps it would; but that stroke lights entirely on the men, and misses the person against whom it was aimed.

Miss Pine. Aimed! I have no ill-will against Miss Huntly.

Mrs. Barnet. I am glad to hear it.

Miss Pine. Lord! not I; why should I?

Mrs. Barnet. I am sure I cannot tell.

Miss Pine. She never did me any injury.

Mrs. Barnet. I was afraid she had.

Miss Pine. No, not the least that I know of. I dare

say she is a good enough sort of a girl; but as for beauty, I must acknowledge her pretensions to that are very moderate indeed.

Here the conversation took a different turn, and Miss Pine soon after took her leave, much mortified at being disappointed in the chief object of her visit.

Mrs. Barnet had not taken part in the preceding conversation, till Miss Pine directly appealed to her, because she was delighted to hear her daughter defend Miss Huntly, and to find that the superior beauty of that young lady had produced no such effect on the mind of Louisa, as it had done on that of Miss Pine. No child was, indeed, ever more obliged to a mother than Miss Barnet was to her's; under less skilful management she would have turned out very different from what she now was. Her natural vivacity, encouraged by the indulgence of her father, would have rendered her violent and capricious, had it not been restrained and corrected by the counsels and example of her mother. The original impetuosity of her temper and impatience of controul sometimes appeared, as in the instance when, being prevented from going to Mr. Anguish's, she behaved with impropriety to Mr. Waller; but at that time her mind was greatly agitated with apprehension for Edward, for whom she had the purest friendship, founded upon a knowledge of his excellent qualities, and a strong sense of obligation. The capricious and disobliging manner in which she had spoken to Mr. Waller, while she was under the apprehensions above mentioned, turned out advantageous for that gentleman, for she was desirous of repairing it by the most winning attentions to him afterwards.

solicited her very earnestly to stay: and it naturally followed, in the progress of the young lady's reflections, that it was more friendly to remain spontaneously with Mrs. Anguish on such an emergeney, than after putting her friend to the trouble of pressing her.

In composing an answer to Mrs. Nevile's second letter, Caroline was somewhat embarrassed how to explain the *additional occurrence* to which she had alluded in her own letter, and which Mrs. Nevile in her's said she could not guess the meaning of; for as this entirely referred to the accident which happened to the chambermaid, she was at a loss to make out how she could be of any great utility to Mrs. Anguish on such an occasion. After throwing several unfinished letters into the fire, she resolved to defer answering Mrs. Nevile's letter till the next morning. Caroline then went to bed, but not to sleep, the agitation of her mind kept her awake the greater part of the night. She had never before hesitated to acquiesce in Mrs. Nevile's opinion. If the young lady happened to be in doubt on any subject, the moment that Mrs. Nevile declared her sentiments, Caroline's doubts were at an end. In the present instance, however, she could not help thinking her guardian unreasonable.

The sagacious reader, no doubt, has long since discovered that Miss Huntly's great inclination to comfort Mrs. Anguish by her company proceeded from the interest the young lady took in Edward. And if the reader is of the feminine gender, and distinguished for the austerity of her maxims, and, perhaps, of her countenance, she will declare that this very inducement, namely, the pleasure she took in the company of Edward, ought to have determined her to abandon the house in which she was. Could any thing be more improper, this lady will say, than for a young woman in Miss Huntly's situation to take pleasure in the company of a young man in Edward's circumstances; or, i deed, for a woman in any situation to permit her thoughts to dwell on any man, young or old, without the approbation of her parents or guardians?

We agree in sentiment with the respectable lady who makes these reflections, and moreover admit, that it would be *prudent*, on various occasions, to avoid what is most agreeable; and even to fly from particular persons the moment that we feel a desire to remain in their company. But while we acknowledge the wisdom of the lady's maxims, we cannot help perceiving the difficulty of acting up to them; and although the lady herself, no doubt, would surmount that and every other difficulty, yet we beg leave to put her in mind of the different situation in which she at present is from that in which Miss Huntly was. Pray be so good as to recollect, my dear madam, that you are at present calmly reading in your closet, and making the most of whatever laudable resolutions come into your mind in this state of tranquillity and retirement. Whereas Miss Huntly was in the house of an indulgent friend, in the company of an amiable young man, of whom she had previously received a favourable opinion, and who appeared in a most interesting point of view, having just escaped an imminent danger, into which he had thrown himself from a generous impulse of mind. I will venture also to assert, that although the young woman whose conduct you so much condemn, was not able to *act* with the same prudence which you are certain you should have done, yet she might have had sufficient strength of mind to have given the same good advice. And without laying an improper stress on the difference of your age and Miss Huntly's, you must also admit, my dear lady, that people of all ages are more quick-sighted to the faults of others than to their own; for although your penetration has discovered the secret spell which fixed Miss Huntly to the house of Mr. Anguish, that young lady herself was, in a great measure, unconscious of it, and imputed her unwillingness to leave it to friendship for Mrs. Anguish, and a pure desire of being of use to her at a troublesome period.

When she rose in the morning, Miss Huntly was still undetermined in what terms to write to Mrs. Nevile; she resolved, however, before she wrote at all, to mention to

Mrs. Anguish, that she feared she would be under the necessity of leaving her the next day. This she did at breakfast, in the presence of Edward; but assuredly she did not announce her resolution to go with such a firmness of voice and manner as to preclude all hope of her being to be persuaded to stay; not because she thought it likely that Mrs. Anguish would allow her to go without making some attempt to detain her, but she was not quite sure of being pressed with such earnestness as would fully justify her for delaying to comply with the request of Mrs. Nevile. But Mrs. Anguish surpassed the young lady's expectation, and insisted on her staying, with such friendly warmth, as would have rendered it a difficult matter for her to get away, had she been really desirous of going.

Edward was not an unconcerned witness of this dispute between the two ladies; and the satisfaction visible in his countenance, when Mrs. Anguish obtained the victory, was no way displeasing to Miss Huntly, who directly retired, and wrote to Mrs. Nevile how extremely anxious Mrs. Anguish was for her stay, and how peculiarly distressing it would be to her to be left without a friend and companion at that time, without taking notice of every part of Mrs. Nevile's last letter.

Having finished her epistle, Caroline returned to the parlour, where Mrs. Anguish and Edward still remained. Mr. Anguish had rode out before breakfast, leaving word that, as he would probably be detained to dinner at one or other of the houses where he meant to visit, he would not return till late in the evening.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

—— Securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was about the middle of August, the weather was sultry; Venetian blinds excluded, in some measure, the ardent beams of the sun, and produced a kind of twilight in the room in which Mrs. Anguish, Miss Huntly, and Edward sat. The two latter seemed fully satisfied with their situation, and certainly had no wish to be any where else. Mrs. Anguish, although a friendly and well-disposed woman, was rather an inconvenient companion to people who were inclined to remain where they were; she was apt to disturb enjoyment, by proposing alterations, and generally thought she should be happier or easier where she was not, than where she was. 'Lord!' said she, 'I do not know why we should sit here mewed up in the dark, when we can be as cool, and more comfortable, in the new seat I have made in the garden; for there we shall be equally skreened from the sun, and shall also enjoy the breeze.'

'I believe there is no breeze, my dear,' said Miss Huntly.

'There will be some soon,' rejoined Mrs. Anguish.

'Is it apt to rise about mid-day at this season?' said Miss Huntly.

'We shall be much better at my new seat. Come, Caroline, take my advice, and let us go,' said Mrs. Anguish.

'Allons donc,' cried Caroline, springing from her seat.

'As for this convalescent,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'perhaps it will be better for him to remain where he is.'

'Pardon me,' replied Edward, 'I would rather enjoy with you a little of the *cooling noontide* air.'

They proceeded gaily to the garden, and seated them-

selves in a kind of bower. Caroline and Edward, however unwilling they had been to move, were soon reconciled to their new situation; but Mrs. Anguish recollected that she had no exercise that day, and that exercise was good for nervous complaints, she therefore proposed a walk.

'I hope it will be a very short one, my dear,' said Caroline; 'for the heat of the sun is unsufferable.'

'We shall have nothing to do with the sun,' said Mrs. Anguish; 'for the avenue begins exactly at the back door of the garden.'

They accordingly went out at this back door, and immediately entered an avenue formed of rows of venerable trees, whose intermingling branches excluded the rays of the sun, except in a few spots distinguished by a scanty checkering of light and shade upon the ground.

'Ay, now,' said Mrs. Anguish, 'we shall be better than sitting either in the house or garden; for here we can enjoy walking, without which it is impossible to keep free of nervous complaints.'

Having continued their walk a little way, Mrs. Anguish hinted, that, perhaps, a little exercise in a carriage would be more agreeable; but before any thing farther could be said on that subject, all of a sudden, a large dog, with open mouth and foaming jaws, who had rushed from a neighbouring village, came running directly down the avenue. He was pursued by some cottagers, shouting as they ran, 'A mad dog! a mad dog!'

Mrs. Anguish, who first observed him, immediately turned, and ran with all her might to the garden door, calling to her friend to follow her.

'O, Mr. Edward!' cried Miss Huntly, 'what will become of us?'

'Follow your friend as fast as you can,' cried Edward, 'and you will soon be in safety.'

'But *you*,' cried she; 'what will become of *you*?'

'This will defend me,' said Edward, raising a kind of long staff or pole, which he held in his hand. 'Pray, madam, run! for heaven's sake run!' added he.

Miss Huntly had scarcely taken six steps when, her foot striking against a clod, she fell to the ground, and the enraged animal pushed directly towards her. The staff with which Edward was armed happened fortunately to be one of those poles with an iron spike at one end, which are used in the country as walking staffs. With steady attention he watched the motions of the dog, who, regardless of him, continued his course towards Miss Huntly, and had almost reached her, when Edward struck him with such force on the side, with the armed end of the pole, as broke one of his ribs and overset him at the same time. Before the wounded animal could recover his feet, Edward redoubled his blows so rapidly, that the dog was killed before the peasantry, who were in pursuit of him, came up.

Miss Huntly had sprung from the ground with agility; but throwing back her eyes, and seeing Edward engaged with the dog, instead of continuing her flight, she stopt short, as if by enchantment; her feet were motionless, but all the features of her countenance were in rapid variation, as her hopes and fears rose or fell.

'God Almighty be praised!' exclaimed she, as soon as she saw the furious animal stretched breathless on the ground.

'I hope you are not hurt by the fall,' said Edward.

'Dear sir!' exclaimed she, 'how infinitely I am obliged to you!'

'I am already overpaid,' exclaimed he.

'Never! never! can you be overpaid, sir; you have more than saved my life,' continued she. 'In what a shocking situation might I have now been; a situation far more dreadful than death. Merciful heaven! how I shudder to think of it. From this calamity, at your own risk, you have saved me. My dear sir, I must be your everlasting debtor!'

Those and such like rapturous expressions burst from the lips of this young lady, while her heart yet quivered with a sense of the danger she had escaped; and as often as Edward attempted to undervalue the service he had

rendered her, it drew a new effusion of grateful acknowledgments from the feeling breast of Miss Huntly. This young couple returned to the house in a state of such delightful enthusiasm, as none but minds of exquisite sensibility can form an idea of.

Before Miss Huntly and Edward reached the garden gate, they met the gardener and two labourers running to their assistance; they had been sent by Mrs. Anguish as she passed through the garden. The moment she arrived at the house, she also hurried all the footmen to the protection of her guests; and soon after, being exhausted with fatigue and terror, she fell into repeated fits of fainting, in which state she was carried to bed. In the intervals of the faintings she bewailed the fate of her young friend, exposed to the fury of an enraged animal. Those repeated lamentations had such an effect on the terrified imaginations of the maid and housekeeper, who sat by her bedside, that they thought Miss Huntly must by that time be half devoured by the dog. They were very much alarmed, therefore, when they saw that young lady rush into the room, and they both flew from her with precipitation.

The maid, rolling herself up in one of the bed-curtains, exclaimed, 'For Christises sake, come not near me.'

'Nor me!' cried the housekeeper, from behind a large easy chair, which she kept between her and Miss Huntly.

'What is the matter! Are you mad'? said that young lady.

'We are quite the contrary,' said the maid; 'but it is easy to see what *you* are, by your asking such a question.'

'You ought to get yourself three times dipped in the sea,' cried the housekeeper.

Miss Huntly, who had stopped short at their exclamations, now moved towards Mr. Anguish, on which the maid addressed her in a pathetic tone of voice, 'Pray spare my poor innocent lady, madam; consider, she was once your friend; and a bite of her will not cure you.'

Miss Huntly, smiling at this remonstrance, calmly as-

sured them that nobody had been bit, and that the dog was killed. On which the maid, unrolling herself from the curtains, declared, 'That she had not been half so much afraid on her own account, as on that of her dear lady.' The housekeeper was making a similar declaration in more tedious terms, when Mrs. Anguish, recovering from the consternation which this scene had occasioned, desired them to withdraw.

Miss Huntly then related the circumstances with which her friend was unacquainted, insisting on the generous and intrepid behaviour of Edward.

The narrative exalted the spirits of Mrs. Angiush so much, that, rising from the bed on which she had hitherto reclined, she walked out of the room, exclaiming, 'Where is he? O! where is the brave fellow?' And meeting Edward in the passage, she embraced him, and poured forth the most rapturous expressions of gratitude and admiration. Miss Huntly, who closely followed Mrs. Anguish, was witness, as well as some of the servants, to this scene, which surprised and confused Edward himself so much, that he was unable to pronounce an articulate sentence. Miss Huntly, although her countenance indicated that she partook of Edward's confusion, had presence of mind sufficient to conduct her friend into the drawing-room, where all the three in a short time recovered a greater degree of composure. They passed the rest of the day and the evening in the enjoyment of as pleasing recollections as human nature is acquainted with. The hearts of two of them overflowing with benevolence and gratitude; the third, conscious of having, by a meritorious action, been the cause of their safety and happiness; and all of them rejoicing in the thoughts of having escaped a great and imminent danger.

Mr. Anguish was dining at the house of a gentleman in the county, when the servant arrived with a confused, but alarming story of a mad dog having bit many people in the country, and in particular several of Mr. Anguish's family. He immediately started from the table, and re-

turned home, under great apprehension of some very dreadful catastrophe; where, to his unspeakable satisfaction, he found Mrs. Anguish, Miss Huntly, and Edward, sitting together, as above described. Mrs. Anguish flew into her husband's arms, and hardly giving him time to ask a question, with all the eagerness with which we tell those we love what we know will give them pleasure, related to him the history of that eventful day.

The transition from a state of the most painful apprehension to that full satisfaction he now felt, put Mr. Anguish on a level in point of happiness with the company he had joined.

Mrs. Anguish dwelt with rapture on the praise of Edward, while Caroline, though sparing of verbal panegyric, expressed in her countenance assent and approbation of all her friend uttered. In the fulness of her joy, Mrs. Anguish said, gaily, to her husband, 'You never had reason to be jealous until this day; but I must tell you fairly, I do love this young man.'

'Well, my dear, since it is so,' replied Mr. Anguish, 'I am glad, for your sake as well as mine, that you openly avow your love: and thus shall

> Concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> *Not* feed on your damask cheek.'

'I hate concealment,' Mrs. Anguish replied; 'but were it otherwise, concealment is now out of my power; my passion is known to the whole family; for the instant I saw Edward, when he returned from preserving Caroline, I threw my arms around his neck and saluted him, with as much cordiality as ever I saluted a man in my life.'

'Bravo!' exclaimed Mr. Anguish; 'but I hope this young lady expressed her gratitude to the gentleman in the same manner.'

'If she did not, she shall,' cried Mrs. Anguish, seizing Miss Huntly by the hand, and pulling her towards Edward.

The face of Miss Huntly was instantly covered with

blushes—and resisting her friend, she said, with a disturbed voice,—'Are you mad?'

'No, my dear, not quite,' replied Mrs. Anguish; 'but had it not been for this gentleman, you might have been raving mad; so come, show your gratitude, and thank your deliverer with your *own lips*.'

'Then, I do thank you, sir, from my soul,' said Miss Huntly, with a burst of gratitude, which animated her voice, in some degree overcame her confusion, and made her advance her lovely face a little towards Edward, who, with rapturous emotion, seized the moment, and pressed his lips to hers.

'Now, my dear,' said Mr. Anguish to his lady, 'as Caroline has given the same mark of gratitude that you did, I shall bear the passion you profess for Mr. Edward with a better grace; for I have hopes, that at most you will be able only to divide his heart with her.'

Mr. and Mrs. Anguish continued this kind of sportive dialogue for some time, without interruption from Miss Huntly or Edward; both of whom seemed entirely engrossed with their own reflections, and no way disposed to attend to or join in the conversation.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

——— Quis enim celaverit ignem,
Lumine qui semper proditur ipse suo? Ovid.

THE family of Mr. Anguish did not long enjoy this happiness and tranquillity. When Mr. Sound called the following day, he found his patient feverish; he imputed this to the irritation of the wound by the exertions which Edward had made in killing the dog, but expressed a hope that it would abate in consequence of repose and the regimen he recommended, after having taken some blood from the patient's arm.

The following morning, however, Mr. Sound was informed that Edward had passed a painful and sleepless night, and he found the fever greatly augmented, and, therefore, wished to consult with a physician.

Mr. Anguish expressed much uneasiness on Edward's account, but added, 'that no part of it would be removed by the attendance of Dr. Scribble.'

Mr. Sound said, 'that as Dr. Scribble had already visited the young gentleman, and was usually employed by Mr. Anguish, he should of course be sent for; but that the patient, on whose account he himself had come from London, was attended by a physician of skill and integrity, and, if Mr. Anguish pleased, he would bring him also when he returned in the evening.

Mr. Anguish approved greatly of this proposal. He spoke lightly, however, of Edward's illness to his wife and Miss Huntly. This did not prevent the former from showing concern for her young guest, whose amiable qualities she dwelt upon with gratitude and affection. The latter, unwilling, and, perhaps, unable to express what she felt, retired to her chamber.

Captain Gore, who had called to inquire after Edward, was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Anguish, when the servant who had gone for Dr. Scribble, returned and informed them, that the doctor refused to come, saying he was obliged to visit a gentleman, whom he named, who was in great danger.

'I saw the gentleman yesterday,' said Mr. Anguish; 'he has a slight complaint, and is in no manner of danger.'

'He might be in no danger, yesterday, when you saw him,' said Captain Gore, 'but as the doctor is now called, I am clearly of opinion, that the gentleman is in very great danger.'

Mr. Anguish then informed his wife, that Mr. Sound was to bring another physician with him. On his being named, Mrs. Anguish observed, 'that he was celebrated only for his knowledge in the diseases of women.'

'If he understands the diseases of women,' said Captain Gore, 'it is to be presumed he knows something of those of men also; for after all, there is nothing so like a woman as a man, particularly some men of my acquaintance. But as for Dr. Scribble, I confess that there is only one disease which I would trust to his management, either in man or woman.'

'What disease is that?' Mrs. Anguish asked.

'On my conscience, it is not one of the diseases of women, madam,' replied Captain Gore.

'Well, but what is the name of this same disease; what is it called?' repeated she.

'A locked jaw, madam,' answered he; 'a disease for which Dr. Scribble may safely be allowed to prescribe, because in it the patient can swallow no drugs.'

Mr. Sound arrived sooner than was expected, accompanied by the physician. After having visited Edward, and considered his case, he returned to the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguish waited with anxiety to know his opinion. Without having recourse to the equivocal language so often adopted to conceal ignorance, and suit either event, he honestly told them, that he could not speak with certainty, because he was himself doubtful; that he had ordered some medicines, from which he expected a good effect, although it might not appear so soon as in the course of that night. That Mr. Sound was to call in the evening, and would then determine whether another bleeding might not be necessary; and that he himself would visit the patient again the next morning.

Caroline met him as he was going away, and questioned him respecting the state of his patient; he candidly told his opinion. She returned to her apartment, where she remained during the rest of the day, being, as she said, and as she really was, a good deal indisposed.

Mr. Sound did not return till very late. He had accidentally heard of a poor man, whose leg had been broken and dreadfully lacerated, just as he was going to revisit

Edward. Prompted by that humanity which never forsook him, he hastened, in the first place, to the cottage in which the poor man lay; and having ordered two of his own shirts to be cut into bandages, for the man's use, and given him every necessary assistance, he arrived a good deal fatigued at the house of Mr. Anguish, but found it necessary to take some more blood from Edward, and afterwards declared that he would remain with him that night.

Caroline's maid carried her intelligence of what had passed. When she heard of the second bleeding, she burst into tears. She took some pains afterwards to assure the maid, that she could not hear of any person whatever being brought into danger on her account without being so affected. She then took up a book, saying she would read a little to compose herself, and desired the maid to go to bed.

When the maid disappeared, Caroline threw down the book, and burst again into tears. Her bedchamber was in the storey beneath that of Edward, so that she could hear any uncommon movement in his. Between two and three in the morning his fever rose higher than before; he talked loud and incoherently; the symptoms became so alarming, that a message was sent to Mr. Sound, who went directly to Edward's bedchamber, where he remained a full hour. He was returning to his own, when Caroline, who had waited all that time, met him in the passage, and inquired how his patient did.

Mr. Sound told her that the attendants had been greatly alarmed; but now there was reason to hope that the disorder was beginning to abate.

'You leave him at a critical time,' said she.

'I go to my own chamber for something that is wanted,' replied Mr. Sound; 'but I shall return and remain in his through the rest of the night.'

'You must then think him in a very dangerous condition,' added she.

'That does not follow,' replied Mr. Sound; 'but I do

not choose to leave him at a time which his friends think critical.'

'How good and humane you are!' said Miss Huntly.

'I never was more interested in the recovery of any patient,' said he.

'Ah,' cried she, 'had you the same cause that I have!'

'I know the young gentleman rendered you a great service,' said he.

'He preserved me from worse than death, sir. I should be a barbarian, were I not concerned for any person to whom I lay under such an obligation.'

'The concern you shew is very natural,' answered Mr. Sound; 'and the gratitude you expressed seems to have made a strong impression on *his* mind.'

'On *his* mind!' said she.

'He sometimes talks incoherently, madam,' rejoined Mr. Sound; 'and in his wanderings often pronounces your name.'

Miss Huntly's face became extremely red; her heart beat quick, and she attempted to say something; but, perceiving a tremor in her voice, and that her tears were ready to flow, she turned from the surgeon, and walked into her own bedchamber. Mr. Sound soon after returned to that of Edward. He remained till the morning was far advanced, and left his patient much calmer than he had been in the night.

The physician arrived about the hour of breakfast. Edward had fallen asleep after Mr. Sound had left him, and awaked cool and refreshed a little before the doctor came.

Mrs. Anguish and the attendants imputed this to the medicines which the physician had prescribed, and which Edward had taken regularly.

'Oh, doctor!' cried Mrs. Anguish, the moment she saw him, 'what a blessed effect has your prescription had! your patient is greatly better.'

'He owes his life to you, and you only,' cried the

nurse; 'for he grew better from the moment he began to take the medicines you ordered.'

The physician proceeded to Edward's bedchamber, without making any precise answer. After examining the state of his patient, whom he found in all respects better, he desired the nurse to follow him to the parlour, where Mr. and Mrs. Anguish waited for him.

This physician was a man of strict probity, as well as sense and professional knowledge; he possessed that pride and dignity of mind which makes a man at once despise the praises of ignorance, and disclaim merit which does not belong to him.

'I am happy to be able to confirm your opinion—this young man is, indeed, greatly better.'

'How fortunate it was that you chanced to be in the country at this time,' cried Mrs. Anguish.

'It is so far fortunate, madam,' said the physician, 'that my attendance has made your mind easier than, perhaps, it otherwise would have been.'

'I am persuaded you have saved his life,' cried Mrs. Anguish.

'That is as certain as death,' cried the nurse.

'Believe me, madam,' said the physician, 'we neither save nor destroy lives so often as it is imputed to us. But whatever benefit this young man has had from medicine in the present instance he would most certainly have reaped, whether I had been here or not. The medicines I prescribed, and the method of cure I advised, were what Dr. Scribble would have ordered, had he been here; and exactly what Mr. Sound adopted previous to my arrival, though the good effects had not time to appear till now.'

The physician having said this, left Mr. and Mrs. Anguish delighted with his behaviour.

Miss Huntly was so much indisposed by the fatigue of the preceding night, that she kept her own apartment this and most of the following day; when Mr. and Mrs. Anguish being in the parlour waiting for the physician,

who was with Edward, the arrival of an unexpected guest was announced. This was no other than Mrs. Nevile.

When this lady was writing again to press Caroline's return, she had received an anonymous letter, advising her to remove Miss Huntly, with all possible speed, from the house of Mr. Anguish; insinuating, that she had a partiality for a young man confined there, who had been first received into the family of Mr. Barnet by the contrivance of his wife, an artful woman, who had the entire government of her husband; and that this pretended foundling was supposed to be more nearly related to Mrs. Barnet than she durst avow: but that she was obviously endeavouring to form an union between him and Miss Huntly, and had found means to engage Mrs. Anguish in the plot, over whom the young man was known to have great influence.

This friendly epistle was the production of Miss Pine, who had become infinitely solicitous that Miss Huntly should be removed from the country.

Mrs. Nevile thought it highly probable that malice had dictated this letter; yet it affected her so much, that having another reason for wishing Caroline in London, instead of finishing the letter she had begun, she determined to go herself for her.

Before Caroline knew of Mrs. Nevile's arrival, she informed Mr. and Mrs. Anguish that business of importance required Miss Huntly's immediate presence in London; and begged that they would not object to her setting out the following morning. She repeated this with such earnestness, that both agreed to her request.

Miss Huntly's maid, having at last heard of Mrs. Nevile's arrival, went and told her mistress.

Caroline, who had not thrown off her clothes all the preceding night, sprung from the bed on which she was reposing, entered the parlour, and flew into the arms of her friend, who was struck with the young lady's appearance, her bloom being considerably impaired by the fatigue and agitation of mind and body she had undergone.

Mrs. Nevile took no notice, however, of having remarked this.

Mr. Sound visited Edward in the evening. He confirmed the favourable report that had been made of him in the morning, and repeated the directions formerly given respecting the necessity of keeping his patient secluded from visitors, till the fever, of which there were still some remains, should be entirely removed.

Miss Huntly did not venture to ask any questions of the surgeon before her friend; indeed there was no great necessity, as Mrs. Anguish asked so many. But a person of half Mrs. Nevile's penetration might have remarked in the expressive countenance of Miss Huntly, that she was in no small degree interested in the answers made to these questions by Mr. Sound.

Mrs. Nevile had not yet given any hint respecting the time she intended to return to town. But she informed Caroline, when they retired after supper, that one of her relations, whom she respected the most, had lately come to London, and wished much to see her; that she herself intended to set out the next morning.

Miss Huntly made no immediate answer; but Mrs. Nevile added, 'I do not know how it has been with you, my dear Caroline, but your stay in the country has appeared an age to me.'

Miss Huntly threw her arms around the neck of her friend, in expression of that affection and gratitude which she could not immediately utter. She afterwards, with some confusion and in broken sentences, mentioned the distress in which Mrs. Anguish would have been, had she left her alone on such an occasion; and then added, 'Have you not a desire to see the person to whom I lie under such a weight of obligation?'

'I consider myself as under as great an obligation to that person as you, my dear; for I question whether your life is dearer to yourself than it is to me. I shall have opportunities of seeing him when he is recovered; at present, my seeing him could do no good, and I am positive-

ly engaged to be in town to-morrow, when, as you know, Mrs. Barnet is expected here.'

'True,' cried Miss Huntly, with quickness, as if a painful recollection had occurred; 'she comes to-morrow, and is to stay till he is out of danger.'

'She has written so to Mrs. Anguish,' said Mrs. Nevile.

'He is then in danger still?' rejoined Caroline.

'The surgeon thinks not,' said Mrs. Nevile.

'But Mrs. Barnet fears he is,' added Caroline.

'The surgeon, my dear, is the most competent judge. Mrs. Barnet's regard for this young man makes her fear without cause,' rejoined Mrs. Nevile.

'Mrs. Barnet's regard,' said Caroline, 'is founded on gratitude; he once saved her life. She thinks it would have the appearance of ingratitude to fly from the house in which her benefactor lies dangerously ill. Nothing is so odious as ingratitude!'

Mrs. Nevile had never before observed any opposition or even hesitation in Caroline to follow her advice. The reluctance which the young lady manifested against leaving her present residence, made Mrs. Nevile suspect that there was more truth in at least *one* of the insinuations in the anonymous letter than she had at first believed. This suspicion rendered her more anxious than ever to carry Miss Huntly with her to London.

'Our long separation,' resumed Mrs. Nevile, 'while you were abroad with your uncle, I not only agreed to, but urged, my dear Caroline, for reasons which appeared to me irresistible. I was convinced, that if your excellent mother had been alive, she would have thought that measure expedient.'

As Mrs. Nevile spoke this with more solemnity than usual, Miss Huntly's eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, were quickly directed to the face of her friend, and Mrs. Nevile continued—'But to remain separate from you any longer at present, I should think a proof of my disregard of the request of my beloved friend; I should consider it as a breach of that sacred engagement I made to

your mother on her deathbed. Have you forgot how often and how earnestly she entreated me never to separate myself from you, and the satisfaction she shewed at my assuring her I never would? Even when she had lost the power of speech, on my taking hold of your hand as a token of my intention of adhering to my engagement, can you forget that languid smile of satisfaction immediately before she withdrew her expiring eyes from us, and turned them up towards heaven?'

'Oh, merciful God!' cried Miss Huntly; 'I see her! I see my mother! Dear, dear Mrs. Nevile, I ask your pardon. I will do what you please—let us not be separated—if you must go, I will accompany you—to morrow.'

Mrs. Nevile retired a little after to her own bedchamber, leaving Caroline in a state of great inquietude, determined, however, to set out for London the next day, in case Mrs. Nevile persisted in her resolution of going, but not entirely without hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Anguish would prevail on her to stay a few days longer.

The physician and Mr. Sound called pretty early the next morning. After having visited Edward, they gave a favourable account of his state of health to the company assembled at breakfast, and concurred in opinion, that he was in a fair way of recovery, but that it was still requisite that he should be kept quiet, and see no company.

Mrs. Nevile ordered her carriage a few minutes after they were gone. Caroline looked at Mrs. Anguish, and was equally surprised and disappointed, when that lady said, she was sorry that Mrs. Nevile was obliged to leave them so soon, especially as Caroline was to go with her.

After this cold remark, so different from what she expected from the affectionate and hospitable disposition of Mrs. Anguish, she had no doubt but that Mrs. Nevile had previously prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Anguish not to oppose her going. Dropping all hope, therefore, of being pressed to stay, she sorrowfully followed Mrs. Nevile to her carriage.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness; the common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. SHAKESPEARE.

VERY little conversation passed between Mrs. Nevile and Caroline on their journey to London. The latter still thought Edward in danger: her fears conjured up to her recollection every instance she had ever heard of medical men being mistaken in their prognostication; the number was formidable. Caroline was not satisfied with being thus hurried to town; she imagined that Mrs. Nevile thought too lightly of the important service which Edward had rendered her; and was not sufficiently sensible of the gratitude she owed him; for the inexperienced young woman still believed that gratitude to a benefactor was the only sentiment she harboured in her breast in favour of Edward.

The reason hinted above, which, independent of the anonymous letter, made Mrs. Nevile wish for Caroline's return to London, it will now be necessary to mention. Among the numbers of young men who seemed solicitous to gain the favour of Miss Huntly, although there were several who would have been considered by the world in general as very advantageous connections, none would have had the approbation of Mrs. Nevile. A short time, however, after Caroline's return to England, Lord Brighton arrived also from the continent. He was of an estimable character, agreeable in his person, amiable in his manners, and powerfully connected. He had frequently visited Mr. Morton when he resided in France, and had been equally struck with the beauty of his niece, and delighted with the sprightliness of her conversation. Lord Brighton was about the age of thirty-three at this time; his father was still alive, a venerable nobleman, who, hav-

ing spent his youth, and many years of his manhood, in a manner honourable to himself, and useful to his country, now, in his old age, enjoyed in retirement all the tranquillity of virtue. Lord Brighton lived on the most confidential footing with his father, who, at an early period of the young man's life, had one day said to him, 'I have not the smallest inclination to controul you in the subject of matrimony. If I were certain that you would consent to be the husband of the woman I approve of the most, I would not desire it, unless your heart dictated the same choice; but as young men are apt, on this subject, to think their happiness depends on what often turns out to be the source of their greatest misery, I should wish to have your promise, my dear Brighton, that you never will propose marriage without first acquainting me. It is more than probable that I shall approve of your choice; but if I should not, I will state my reasons; and thus I shall, at least, have the chance of suggesting something that may make you alter your intention; for those who take this important step unknown to their parents, in the hope that they will be conciliated to what they detest because it cannot be mended, act, in my opinion, from the most ungenerous motives. But after you have heard and reflected on what I may urge, should you continue in the same mind, and if there is nothing disgraceful in the connection, which can hardly be supposed, then I promise that you shall have my consent.'

The son agreed very readily to those conditions, and most fortunate was it for him that he did so; for very soon after he was so intoxicated by a worthless woman that he would have yielded to the desire of marrying secretly, had it not been for the word of honour he had pledged to his father; who, on being informed of his intention, stated his objections to the connection with such truth and energy, that the young man dropped his purpose, and was afterwards sensible that in so doing he was saved from endless remorse.

It may be said, that this noble lord's plan can only

be of use to young men who have a sacred regard to their engagements. This is true; but it is equally true, that those young men who have not that regard are not worth keeping out of any scrape whatever.

Long after he had returned from his travels, Lord Brighton became acquainted with Mr. Morton. During a short excursion which he made to France, he visited that gentleman frequently, and was particularly pleased with the appearance of Caroline. He had seen her formerly with Mrs. Nevile; but as she was then a child, she had made no impression on him; whereas now she made a great deal. This he endeavoured, however, to conceal both from the uncle and the young lady herself. But perceiving that Mr. Morton began to suspect what was really the case, and that he seemed pleased with the idea, Lord Brighton became more sparing of his visits, and soon after returned to England, being too much a man of honour to encourage expectations which he had not yet determined to fulfil. He previously had perceived, from the frank gay manner of the young lady, that she had no suspicion of the same nature with that of her uncle.

He returned to England, and on finding that absence seemed rather to inflame than cool his passion, he at last made his father a confident in the terms of agreement which had been made at least ten years before.

The old earl then declared, that he had made the treaty at a period when he thought it might be of use; but that now he considered his son as a more competent judge than himself of whom he ought to marry, and that he would be happy to receive as his daughter-in-law any young lady he was inclined to choose for his wife.

Lord Brighton had occasionally visited Mrs. Nevile ever since her last return from France; and having waited on her while Caroline was at Mrs. Anguish's, he avowed to Mrs. Nevile the sentiments he entertained, and solicited her influence, informing her at the same time, that he had the earl's approbation.

Mrs. Nevile heard this declaration with great satisfaction. Of his lordship's character she had long had a very high opinion, being persuaded that he united more qualities suitable to Miss Huntly's disposition, and calculated for securing her happiness, than any man of her acquaintance. She made no secret of her sentiments to his lordship, and assured him, that she would do all in her power to promote his suit; which, after all, she told him, must depend upon his pleasing the young lady; 'for, amidst the many obliging remarks made by your sex upon ours,' continued she, 'your lordship must have heard, that what is in itself most *probable* becomes *uncertain* when it depends on the fancy of a woman.' Mrs. Neville, however, had little doubt of his being agreeable to Caroline; because, to the advantages above enumerated in this nobleman were united a great fortune and a birth so illustrious, as, even in Mrs. Nevile's eyes, gave additional brilliancy to his character; for rank and birth, which have such infinite weight with the *many*, have also a considerable share with the most judicious of the *few*.

For some time after her return to London, Caroline understood that Edward's health was still in a doubtful state. At length she received a letter from Mrs. Anguish, which informed her that his wound was so nearly healed, that he had been transported to Barnet-hall, and that nothing of his illness remained but a dejection of spirits, which the medical people imputed to his long confinement. And a little after she was informed that Miss Barnet had given her hand in marriage to Mr. Waller; that the marriage had been celebrated with much festivity at Barnet-hall; that Edward had shewn uncommon satisfaction on the occasion, but had afterwards relapsed into that melancholy which had been imputed to his late tedious illness.

Caroline found somewhat in this intelligence rather agreeable to her mind; and she seemed so much more cheerful than she had been since her return to town, that Mrs. Nevile was persuaded that time, absence, and the dis-

sipation of the capital, had produced the effect she expected; and that Caroline was now in a state of mind not unfavourable for the addresses of Lord Brighton. On various pretexts she had hitherto prevented his making a formal declaration. She now hinted to him that he might.

When Caroline saw this nobleman in France, she considered him entirely in the light of a friend and visitor of her uncle. She had previous to that seen him as a man, though a very young one, when she was a mere child. Many men have fallen in love with women, whom, at the age of manhood, they knew as children. But it rarely happens that a woman conceives the same passion for one whom she has known as a man when she was a child. Caroline met Lord Brighton frequently at Mrs. Nevile's, on her return from the country, but she placed his visits to that lady's account, and was a good deal surprised when, on Mrs. Nevile's leaving her alone with him one day, he made her a declaration of love. The confusion which this threw her into gave his lordship time to make it in the fullest manner. She remained silent for a minute, on purpose to recollect herself. It was natural for him to construe this pause in his own favour; he was going to enforce his suit with more confidence of success, when, raising her eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, with a look of serious and calm determination, she said, 'My lord, I think myself highly honoured by the sentiments you express in my favour; for I esteem your character as much as I respect your birth; but it is not in my power to accept of the honour which you have condescended to offer. I hope the good opinion you have expressed of me will be sufficient to convince you that I am superior to disguise or affectation; and that the reasons which preclude me from accepting your proposal are of a nature not to be removed. I do therefore hope that you will drop your suit, because your continuing it will deprive me of the company of one whose virtues I esteem, and whose friendship I wish to retain.'

This answer was of such a nature, and delivered in such a manner, as put an end to all his hopes; he declared his regret, thanked her for her candour, and desired with earnestness that he might ever retain a share in her friendship.

Mrs. Nevile was greatly surprised and vexed when she was informed by his lordship of what had passed between her young friend and him. She even insinuated a fear that Caroline had some secret engagement. 'She could not otherwise account,' she said, 'for the answer the young lady had made to his lordship.'

To this the noble lord said, 'that no such inference could be made merely from the circumstances of her having declined his proposal: But should it be as you suspect,' added he; 'if Miss Huntly's rejection of me proceeds from her partiality in favour of another, I am persuaded that the person so distinguished by her must be a man of merit, and that none of her friends will need to blush at the connection; for a young lady of more judgment and penetration than she seems to be, I confess I never was acquainted with; and I now declare to you, my dear Mrs. Nevile, that even in refusing my suit she has rather risen than sunk in my esteem.'

The more Mrs. Nevile admired the candour of this very distinguished nobleman, the more did she regret the issue of the affair; being convinced, that her young friend neither gave a proof of judgment nor penetration on this occasion. And Mrs. Nevile was strengthened in her suspicion, that Caroline was more deeply impressed in favour of Edward than she at first could have thought possible. She still abstained, however, from speaking, or even giving her any hint about it.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
And thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.
COWLEY.

LOUISA BARNET'S marriage with Mr. Waller was a most joyful event to her father, and proved a source of lasting happiness to Mrs. Barnet, as it secured that of her daughter, on whose lively character the steady good sense, the generous conduct, and amiable manners of her husband had the happiest influence. The head-strong tendency and haughtiness of her temper had been, in a great measure, corrected by the judicious attentions of her mother; and her coquetry fled entirely when she became a wife, without carrying with it that sprightliness which had first caught the fancy of her husband, and which contributed greatly to his as well as her happiness through life.

Amidst the festivity of Barnet-place Edward could not always conceal the melancholy which oppressed his mind. This was imputed to that weakness which is the natural consequence of a severe wound. Mrs. Waller, however, had seen enough to convince her that his sole malady was love. The friendship she entertained for Edward was of the purest nature, founded on a sense of obligation, and a knowledge of his virtuous qualities. She could not see him thus sorrowful without a diminution of her felicity, and actually told him what she suspected to be the cause of his melancholy, asserting at the same time, that he had no reason to be so dejected, since she was convinced that he was by no means an object of indifference to Miss Huntly.

Edward expressed astonishment and regret at finding the secret of his heart discovered. He begged to know whether Mrs. Waller had communicated her suspicion to any other person; she answered, that she had not, even

to her husband. He then said, that although he could have wished that his passion had remained unknown to all the world, yet he would not assert a falsehood, nor would he attempt dissimulation with her, and therefore he acknowledged her suspicion to be well founded, asserting at the same time, that she had in Miss Huntly mistaken the natural gratitude of a benevolent mind for a different sentiment; that for his own part, he was determined to overcome or endure his anguish, without any presumptuous attempt which might render him odious to the lady in question. He earnestly begged Mrs. Waller never to mention the subject of their present conversation to any other person; he concluded by declaring, that it was his invariable resolution never, by word or deed, to make any attempt in consequence of the absurd hope which Mrs. Waller had suggested; and although he was sensible of her friendly motive, yet he entreated that she would never again resume the subject.

Mrs. Waller said nothing in opposition to this request, but she continued in the resolution of serving him, when she could find an opportunity.

Edward had often remarked the ridiculous vanity with which some men interpret in their own favour the most common piece of politeness, or the slenderest attention from a woman. Nothing appeared to him more contemptible than this coxcomical species of self-conceit. Although he was persuaded, therefore, that Miss Huntly had a just sense of gratitude, and, perhaps, over-rated the service he had rendered her, yet he did not indulge the idea that a young lady of her fortune, who was eminently distinguished for beauty, and a variety of accomplishments, thought of him in the manner which Mrs. Waller expressed. He could not bear the idea of being ranked among those despicable adventurers, who, instead of seeking independence by the exertion of talent, or in some useful profession, endeavour to ensnare by marriage some unwary woman, on whose fortune, or by the means of whose connections, they rely through life for an idle and

useless existence. After a great deal of uneasy reflection, he came to the resolution of leaving England, and tearing himself from a person who engrossed his thoughts, and rendered him incapable of every business, while his presence was also injurious to her. From absence alone he expected the cure of his unfortunate passion, and while that should be his chief object, he wished to be considered by the world to be in pursuit of fortune. But as he expected his friend Clifton's return to England, he determined to wait till he should arrive, and then to communicate his decided plan to Mrs. Barnet and him.

While Edward was meditating this project, Mr. and Mrs. Barnet had formed the design of spending some months in London. Mrs. Waller had prompted them to this; and her husband having business in the capital, she set out with him some time before her father and mother, under pretence of preparing things for their accommodation. On this occasion she cultivated that confidential intimacy, which had begun to take place in the country, between her and Caroline. Mrs. Waller was of a disposition not to be at rest herself when she believed her friends to be unhappy. She was continually thinking by what means she could contribute to their relief. She was well acquainted with the sensibility of Edward's mind, and feared that he might take some desperate course in consequence of a passion which *he* considered as hopeless, but which *she* thought would prove so only by his resolution of concealing it. As the mind of Caroline was engrossed with the same person who so much occupied that of Mrs. Waller, he was sometimes the subject of their conversation; and Mrs. Waller, after having thrown out various insinuations of her own suspicions, that he was desperately fond of Caroline, at last made an avowal of what had passed between herself and him on that subject, adding, that she was certain he never would have mentioned his passion to her, if she had not previously discovered and spoken of it to him; that he had interdicted her from ever speaking of it to him again; and she was

convinced he would rather die than reveal it to another. To all this Caroline, though much affected, made no answer.

From the time of Mrs. Huntly's death, until that in which Mrs. Nevile had left Caroline in the country, at the house of Mrs. Anguish, that young lady had hardly ever conceived an idea that she could not communicate to Mrs. Nevile, whom she loved with the tenderest affection, and whom she respected as much as she loved. The case was now altered. Mrs. Nevile perceived that the natural cheerfulness of her young friend was converted into dejection, and her frankness into reserve; she had penetration enough to discover the real sorrow which preyed on the heart of Caroline through the affected ease which she sometimes assumed.

The refusal so decidedly given to a nobleman of Lord Brighton's merit vexed and alarmed Mrs. Nevile so much, that she resolved to unfold all her suspicions to her young friend, and fully to acquaint her with her own sentiments on her late conduct. She had, however, delayed the execution of her project, for some time after she had resolved on it, from the reluctance she felt to begin a painful task. But when she understood that Caroline had frequently met the Barnet family at public places and assemblies, that she was on a very intimate footing with Mrs. Waller, that Edward was entirely recovered of his wound, and had been at an assembly where Caroline had also been, she determined to delay no longer.

One evening, on which they had agreed to remain at home, and to be denied to every visitor, Mrs. Nevile, after a display of more cheerfulness than she felt, and some expressions of that affection which she actually did feel, said, with a frank air to Caroline, 'Well, my dear girl, the number of your adorers seems to be augmented since you came to town.'

From the jocular manner in which Mrs. Nevile spoke, Caroline had no suspicion to what point she was aiming. She answered, without emotion, 'Those you are pleased

to call my adorers, I can assure you, my dear madam, interest me so little, that I have never thought of their number.'

Mrs. Nevile. That powerful baronet, Sir James Plumber, who has an immense fortune, and is considered as a man of good sense, how would you relish him as a husband were he to ask you the question, as I have a notion he intends?

Caroline. I think I should not have been influenced by great riches in the choice of a husband, even although I had remained poor; but my uncle's partiality has rendered additional wealth so very superfluous, that for me to marry from that consideration would be despicable indeed.

Mrs. Nevile. But, besides his riches, I mentioned his good sense and his power; he puts several members into parliament.

Caroline. That is a power, as I am told, that no man ought to possess. Be that as it may, I am certain he does not possess the power of making me happy; and as for his good sense, I call no sense so that is not connected with benevolence.

Mrs. Nevile. What do you think of young Mr. Dashly? He has paid you a good deal of attention of late.

Caroline. I think that he drives a phaeton with great address, but of every thing else, I am told, he is extremely ignorant. And I have heard you say, that, except marrying her groom, nothing can be more mortifying to a woman of any sentiment, than to be the wife of a gentleman who is as ignorant as her groom.

Mrs. Nevile. You cannot make that objection to Mr. Ivey; he was educated for the church; until on the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the family estate, since which he seems inclined to pay his court to you, and is thought a man of learning.

Caroline. I once heard your friend the general observe, that neither the pride of high birth, nor even purse-pride, were so disgusting as the pride of a pedant. I have sus-

picted that Mr. Ivey deserves that name, ever since I heard him criticise a grammatical blunder of a young man with such supercilious malignity, as offended the whole company. I should be afraid to open my mouth before such a man.—*La douce egalité* for me.

Mrs. Nevile. I am glad you have adopted that as a rule; because, although by observing it you will never make a choice above your own sphere of life, it will also prevent you from sinking beneath it.

The apparently careless and cheerful style with which Mrs. Nevile had begun and carried on this dialogue, had made Caroline forget the source of her anxiety, and produced a temporary return of her natural gaiety, which gaiety this last remark of Mrs. Nevile seemed, in some degree, to check: Caroline coloured. This did not escape Mrs. Nevile's observation: resuming a careless air, however, she named another person as an admirer of the young lady, more exceptionable than any of the former. 'Nay,' cried Caroline, 'now I am certain you jest; for nobody would be more concerned than yourself, if you imagined I could ever have any connection with such a man.'

Mrs. Nevile. What would give me pleasure, or concern on this subject, is of no consequence.

Caroline. Of no consequence! What can you mean?

Mrs. Nevile. Have I reason to believe that my opinion, with respect to your choice of a husband, would have any weight with you?

Caroline. Can my dearest and best friend believe that it would not have the greatest?

Mrs. Nevile. Has no man lately made proposals of marriage to you, my dear Caroline, whom you were convinced I wished you to accept of?

Caroline. You allude to Lord Brighton?

Mrs. Nevile. And why did I wish him success, my dearest girl? Was it not from a conviction that he would have made you happy?

Caroline. Of that I am most thoroughly persuaded, but ——

Mrs. Nevile. But what, my dear Caroline? speak openly whatever is on your mind.

Caroline. Then, my dear madam, I will venture to say, that the only thing in the world which I think I know better than you is, what will make me happy.

Mrs. Nevile. Your mother was not of that opinion, Caroline.

Caroline. My beloved mother's opinions, and above all her dying requests, will be ever sacred in my eyes. She desired that I might never marry without your approbation; but I did not understand that she meant that I would marry whomever you approved.

Mrs. Nevile. Certainly not. And had she actually meant and expressed herself so, it would have made no difference; because I should approve of your marrying no man but one whom you yourself loved. But shall we be open, my dear, as we used to be?

Caroline. I am sorry it is made a question.

Mrs. Nevile. Have you, my dear girl, been in reality as open as you used to be to the friend of your lamented mother, to her to whose care she consigned you with her dying breath?—Have you?——Speak.

(Caroline remained silent, with her eyes fixed on the ground).

Mrs. Nevile. I see I distress you;—but have you not first distressed me? Do you imagine, that it has not severely distressed me to observe that your bosom has been shut up from me; to find myself excluded from the confidence of the person I am most interested in—I had almost said the only person on earth in whom I *am* interested—the child of my dearest friend, for whose sake I have been able to support life? to see my place in her esteem occupied by another—that other a stranger, an acquaintance of yesterday! A young man whose—

'Ah! spare me, spare me, for mercy's sake!' cried Caroline, covering her face with her hands—she remained silent for some time without speaking.

Mrs. Nevile thought proper to leave her; and Caroline

retired soon after to her own apartment, in a state of confusion she had never before experienced. The last expressions of Mrs. Nevile had wounded her mind so severely, that she was unable to see her again that evening.

In the course of those reflections in which this young lady passed the night, she viewed her own conduct in a more unfavourable point of light than it will appear, perhaps, to many of the readers.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

La sincerité est une ouverture de cœur; on la trouve en fort peu de gens.
ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CAROLINE, having come to a final resolution in consequence of much reflection, went into Mrs. Nevile's apartment as soon as she understood that she was dressed.

'My dearest girl,' said Mrs. Nevile, embracing her, 'you are pale, and I fear unwell; I have slept as little as you since we parted.'

Caroline, who had prepared herself for this meeting, and intended to have addressed her friend as soon as she entered, found herself unable to speak; the words she attempted to utter stagnated in her throat; and impeded the power of breathing. After a few convulsive sobs, her head sunk on Mrs. Nevile's neck, and she burst into tears. Mrs. Nevile, knowing the relief they would afford, allowed them to flow without interposing a word.

When Caroline found herself able to speak, and had fully recollected herself, she said, 'Now my dearest and best friend, I will endeavour to lay open my whole soul to you; but your penetration and friendly attention has in a great measure already discovered what I ought never to have attempted to conceal from you. Yet with what face could I avow that my affections were placed on a young man unknown to you, and known only very late-

ly to myself? I might urge in extenuation, that this young man had fixed a very great obligation on me, and that love had slipt into my heart in disguise of gratitude; but I have resolved to be sincere, and were I to make that plea, I should be a dissembler: I do confess, therefore, that my heart was his, even before he had laid me under that obligation. I have endeavoured to recollect the progress of the attachment which has given you so much uneasiness: While I was in France, I heard of an adventure greatly to his honour, in which he had been engaged at Paris. The impression in his favour which this made on my mind, was increased by his appearance and conversation when I met him at the house of Mr. Anguish; but when I afterwards beheld him wounded in consequence of a duel with Sir Charles Royston, and heard of the generous motive he had for engaging in that quarrel, and the gallant manner in which he behaved, my heart was no longer my own. Without attempting to justify my not having communicated the first impression to the person whom my mother prevailed on to be my guide and adviser, or denying the weakness of permitting my affections to escape from my own controul, all I shall venture to urge is, that they have been fixed on one who has given proofs of generosity, courage, and humanity, and who has shewn that, whatever his birth may be, his mind is exalted. But in the world's opinion, in the opinion of my own proud relations, and perhaps in your opinion, obscurity of birth overbalances every accomplishment. I am not certain that I should have yielded to the opinion of the world at large, or to that of my own relations, fond as I am to live on terms of kindness with them, but I submit to the judgment of my best friend and beloved guardian; and although it is not in my power to controul my affections, she may rely upon it, that my actions shall be conformable to the injunctions of my mother.'

In consequence of this open and candid declaration, Mrs. Nevile said every thing she could think of to sooth the mind of Caroline, insinuating, 'that the young lady

put more stress on this attachment than there was occasion for; that it would not prove of so durable a nature as she imagined; that the young man would have rendered the same service to any woman in the same circumstances; that it required, however, as ample a return on her part as generosity, under the restraint of a sense of propriety, could exact; and in this return he would see nothing but the natural effect of gratitude, and consider that as the sole source of her regard for him.'

To all this Caroline replied, 'that it would be fruitless to dispute about the nature or probable duration of the attachment which she had avowed; she would only say, because of that she herself was the only judge, that it was very different from *gratitude*, or any other sentiment she had ever experienced; that as for what Mrs. Nevile had hinted, of the young man's ignorance of her sentiments regarding himself, she even doubted of that, because,' added she, in some confusion, 'the concern and agitation of mind which I suffered during his illness could hardly fail to betray the real sentiments of my heart. As to the return which I ought to make to him for the great obligation under which I lie, I wish to be directed by you; the generosity of your mind, and your notions of propriety, will be my guides.'

Mrs. Nevile then informed her, that having heard that the young man had once had a prospect of an establishment abroad, she had spoken to the general, who had considerable interest, not only with administration, but likewise with the directors of the East India Company, with a view to procure ——

'The East Indies!' interrupted Caroline.

'I thought, my dear,' said Mrs. Nevile, 'something of that nature, procured through the interest of your friends, would be more acceptable to a young man of spirit than any pecuniary reward whatever.'

'I am convinced it would,' said Caroline, pleased with the compliment to Edward.

'But,' resumed Mrs. Nevile, 'what the general ob-

ved is just; it will be necessary to know from the ung man himself what would be most to his own taste, d I intend to have him sounded on that subject by a end.'

'Why cannot you speak to him yourself?' said Caro e.

'If you wish it, I shall, my dear,' replied Mrs. Nevile.

'Have you not some desire, my dearest madam, of ing a person who has rendered me so very great a serv- before he leaves Europe—perhaps for ever.'

Caroline's voice underwent a very evident alteration as e finished the sentence.

'You are in the right, my dear girl,' said Mrs. Ne e, taking Caroline affectionately by the hand, 'and I all certainly take that task on myself.'

Miss Huntly was desirous that Mrs. Nevile should see d converse with Edward, because she imagined his ap- arance and conversation would be a better justification her own attachment, than all that could be said in his vour; and perhaps she cherished the romantic expecta- n, that Mrs. Nevile would behold him in the same light which he appeared to herself.

The solemn manner in which Caroline had expressed d conducted herself on this occasion affected Mrs. Ne- e very much. She plainly saw that the impression ade by this young man on the heart of Caroline was of more deep and serious nature than she had apprehend- . That a young woman entitled by fortune, birth, auty, and accomplishments, to the hand of any gentle- an in the kingdom, should fix upon a man in Edward's uation, she thought a very great misfortune. She fore- w that it would expose her to the censure of the world d the indignation of all her relations. She imputed it the fervour of Caroline's mind, kindled into enthusi m by a display of zeal and intrepidity in her defence. e had comfort, however, in the recollection, that enthusi- m was more powerful than permanent, and that when began to lose its influence, love, and its other associates,

like the friends of a tottering minister, would soon disappear. On the other hand, in case Caroline's affection remained fixed on this young man, and if his character was found good, and his conduct through life meritorious, she felt herself at a loss and undecided how she should act. For while Mrs. Nevile was sensible that many women have made most unhappy marriages by mistaking a transient fancy for a permanent passion, she also knew that many have been rendered miserable for life by the tyrannical opposition of parents to the affections of their children, even when fixed on objects of the most intrinsic worth. 'Heaven forbid,' said she, 'that I should make use of the authority and influence which my friend transmitted to me over her child in such a manner as to render her unhappy!'

While the mind of Mrs. Nevile, ever anxious for the permanent happiness of Caroline, was thus undecided by what measure or conduct on her part it was most likely to be promoted, a message was sent to Edward; in consequence of which he called at her house the next day. Mrs. Nevile had desired that she might be refused to every body else; but the general happening to call a little before Edward, the servant considered his intimacy and alliance with his mistress as sufficient reasons for making him an exception, and admitted him. This gentleman was half-brother to Lord Torpid, being the son of the late lord by a second wife. After the death of the present lord's mother, he had entered into the army very early in life, had seen a great deal of service, and was the only one of the family who had shewn any kindness to that sister of Lord Torpid and Lady Lofty, whom they renounced, as was formerly mentioned, on account of her marriage.

The general had long served abroad, and being of a character very different from that of his brother, they never had lived in great intimacy, and were now on rather a colder footing than ever. His lordship had for several years entertained a woman in his house who had the entire government of him, and on that account might with

propriety be called his mistress, though, in other respects, she was by no means *his* exclusively. A numbness, similar to that which from his youth had affected his brain, began a little before the general's return to extend to his lordship's limbs, and now confined him entirely to the house. What rendered this peculiarly unlucky was, that at this very time there were great hopes of the noble lord's being appointed to an important office in administration. The lady who lived with him lamented this as a public loss, because 'his lordship had promised,' she said, 'to provide for several very deserving men of her acquaintance as soon as he should be in place, and that the weakness in his limbs, although it was made the pretext, was no good reason for keeping him out of the office, because his head remained as vigorous as it had ever been; and,' (but that must have been the effect of mere peevishness at her disappointment), she added, 'that his understanding was still equal to that of some members of the cabinet.'

The general having heard that his brother was weaker than usual, and that this lady had formed a plan for taking the advantage of it in a matter of great importance, called on Mrs. Nevile on purpose to consult with her on the proper measures to be taken on such an occasion. But when she informed him who she was then in expectation of, the general said he would take another opportunity of talking to her on the subject that had brought him, but as he had some curiosity to see the young man, he would just stay till he came, and then leave them together.

As soon as Edward was introduced, Mrs. Nevile betrayed signs of emotion and surprise. She surveyed him in the most earnest manner, and then looked at the general, who, as he was going out of the room, had stopped short with his eyes rivetted on Edward, and on directing them to Mrs. Nevile, meeting her look of astonishment, 'By Heavens!' cried he, 'it strikes me as strongly as it does you.'

But to account for the extraordinary way in which both the general and Mrs. Nevile were affected at the sight of a person whom neither had ever seen before, it will be

necessary to acquaint the reader with more of the story of that half-sister to the general, formerly mentioned.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,
Quod possim titulis incedere præter honores.

JUVEN.

THIS lady, although she was full sister to Lord Torpid and Lady Lofty, had more affinity to her half-brother than to either, being of a most benevolent disposition. Her countenance gave the promise of much beauty until she was somewhat more than eleven years of age. She had been inoculated for the small pox in her infancy, and an accidental sickness having then been mistaken for the eruptive fever, although no pustules followed, it was imagined that she would never more be susceptible of the disease. Under this mistake her relations, and the young lady herself, remained until she was seized with the small-pox of a confluent kind at the age above mentioned; she recovered with difficulty, and with the loss of her beauty.

It is observable, that women who have no pretension to beauty are either uncommonly accomplished and agreeable, or peevish and censorious. Those who have natural good sense and energy of character, perceiving that their only chance of pleasing is by the cheerfulness of their temper and their talents, are at pains to exert the one and cultivate the other, and become always more estimable, and often more esteemed, than the most beautiful women who rely on their beauty alone. But those women who, while they are devoid of beauty, are also deficient in temper, and incapable of any exertion to please, are sure of being unhappy in themselves, and peculiarly disagreeable to others. Beauty and deformity thus operate on the characters of women, as riches and poverty on those of mankind; beauty and riches being apt to lull

e mind into indolence; deformity and poverty to insti-
te it to exertion.

The good sense and engaging manners of Lady Lofty's
ter were so conspicuous, that they would have procured
r respect even from the fashionable young men of the
pital of Great Britain, where old women in general, and
ung ones destitute of beauty, are treated with more
glect than in any civilized country on the globe. This,
wever, was never put to the proof; for a relation of
e young lady's mother took her to the country at a dis-
nce from London immediately after her recovery. This
lation was a woman of sense and benevolence, who liv-
l cheerfully on a moderate income, keeping up a friend-
intercourse with the most respectable families in her
eighbourhood. In this retreat the young lady acquired
taste for reading, and the habit of reflecting; she lost
l desire of returning to the capital. Among those who
sited the relation with whom she lived was a young
ergyman of the name of Nevile, agreeable in his person,
niable in his manners, and whose mind glowed with the
enevolence of the religion he taught. Pleased from the
rst with the ingenuous conversation and mild deport-
ient of the young lady, he became every day more fond
f her company. This attachment grew into love of the
urest and most permanent nature: it is not surprising
iat such a man should gain the affections and obtain the
and of such a woman. Her relations in London, who
ad so entirely neglected her, that it was natural to think
ney never more intended to trouble themselves about her,
ffected to be mightly offended at this marriage. Lord
'orpid and Lady Lofty were distinguished by the airs
ney gave themselves on the occasion. They exclaimed
gainst it as a stain on their family, and a disgrace to
iemselves and their illustrious ancestors, without once
inking of the disgracefulness of their own lives, and
iat Mr. and Mrs. Nevile possessed more virtue between
iem, than had ever belonged to themselves and all their
ncestors put together.

Mr. Nevile's living was but moderate, and however

willing his wife was to accommodate herself in all respects to her husband's circumstances, *he* could not bear that she should be deprived of certain distinctions to which she had been accustomed. The greatest error of his life was, that he lived after his marriage at a greater expense than he could support;—he concealed this from Mrs. Nevile. Unaccustomed to housekeeping, she was easily deceived; and from a weakness too frequent in human nature, he dreaded the consequence of his own conduct, without being able to alter it. Mrs. Nevile bore him a son. After this event, her husband's uneasiness on account of his narrow circumstances increased, and preyed upon his spirits with deeper corrosion, because he concealed it from all the world, and more particularly from his wife, whom he continued to love with augmenting affection, and would have willingly suffered any personal inconveniency, and run any danger, to save her from the least mortification or uneasiness. This state of mind, perhaps, rendered him the more susceptible of a fever at that time epidemic in the country, and made the disease more malignant after it had seized him. He died after a short illness, leaving his widow in the deepest affliction, with little more left of her own moderate fortune than was barely sufficient to maintain herself and child in a very economical manner.

The relation with whom she had lived previous to her marriage had died a little before.

It was formerly mentioned, that Lord Torpid's younger brother the general went early into the army. His fortune was but small, and had it been larger he would probably have dissipated it, because he had then no idea of economy, and lent money to all his companions who asked him. When his patrimony was exhausted, and when he found he could recover little or nothing of the money he had lent, he applied to his brother, who, to the young man's astonishment, refused him all pecuniary assistance. Lord Torpid, on his part, was as much surprised at his brother's request, as the young officer had been at his lordship's refusal; for this nobleman thought nothing could

be a greater mark of weakness than for a man, during his own life, to give any considerable sum of money to another. ‘ You read of such things in books, particularly in romances,’ said he; ‘ but that does not make it the less absurd; for in every man's own opinion he has too little money for himself. This being granted,’ said Lord Torpid, ‘ and I never met with one candid man in my life who would deny it, he must be a fool who gives to others any of that of which he has too little himself.’ But although his lordship was not such a fool as to part with his money to serve his brother, he wished him to reap as much benefit as possible from his family influence; in consequence of which, as well as of the personal merit of the brother, he was promoted with great rapidity, and obtained the rank of colonel at an early period of his life. He had been on service abroad when his sister married Mr. Nevile; and when he returned to England, he greatly disapproved of his brother's behaviour and that of Lady Lofty to their unfortunate sister, strongly urging them to wait on the disconsolate widow, and to assist her and her son with their influence and purse. Lord Torpid might have been persuaded to the first had not the second been linked to it; her ladyship could never have been persuaded to either. She told the colonel, in answer to what he urged in favour of her sister, ‘ that it was beneath any of their family to marry a clergyman, even although he had been a bishop; because,’ continued her ladyship, ‘ now when religion is entirely out of fashion, men of family are averse to be of the profession, and therefore there is a necessity to create mean men bishops, because it is better to have any kind of bishops than no bishops at all. But let me tell you, brother,’ added she, with an indignant voice, ‘ for a daughter of Earl Torpid to stoop so low as to an undignified clergyman is a thing never to be forgiven; and you may do as you please, but, as for my part, I am determined never to see her face either in this world or the next.’

‘ Are you sure sister,’ said the colonel, ‘ that it will not be a greater misfortune for you never to see her in

the next world, than it can possibly be to her not to see you in this?'

Having said this he left her abruptly, and set out the following day on a journey to that part of the country in which Mrs. Nevile resided. At the last stage he was informed, that she lived at a small neat house at no great distance from her former dwelling, which had been let to her at a very moderate rent by a gentleman of the name of Grafton, who resided in the same neighbourhood; he was also told that she was universally loved and respected, both on her own account, and from regard to her husband's memory. When the colonel inquired the way to her house, a cluster of villagers, just returned from their labour in the field, all in one voice offered to conduct him.

'It is not,' said the landlord of the inn, 'in the hope of being paid for their trouble that they are so ready to shew you Mrs. Nevile's dwelling, but because they all wish to have an excuse for waiting on her; for, considering how little money she has to spend, it is wonderful to see how much she is honoured.'

'Why wonderful?' said the colonel.

'Because,' resumed the landlord, 'whatever may be the case in London, in this poor parish people are honoured just according to the money they spend.'

The colonel found Mrs. Nevile with her son. After spending three delightful days with them, he proposed that she should reside for the future in London, as, without any inconvenience to himself, he could enable her to do so, having lately received a considerable legacy from a relation; 'which by the way,' added this generous soldier, 'if the old lady had judged right, she would have bequeathed to you, my dear sister, or to my young friend here. But as she has left that duty to me, let it be divided between us while we live, and at our death it is fifty to one that he shall have it all.'

Mrs. Nevile, after expressing a becoming sense of gratitude, gave such reasons for her declining to quit the country for the capital, where she knew the colonel himself

seldom resided, as satisfied him of the propriety of her choice. He waited on Mr. Grafton, with whom he had been long acquainted, to thank him for the attentions which that gentleman and his family had shewn to Mrs. Nevile. And assuring her that he would visit her as often as his affairs would permit, he took leave of his sister and her son, leaving them on a more intimate footing with the Grafton family than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Grafton had two daughters; the eldest was the favourite of the mother, whom she accompanied on all her visits to the neighbouring families. These visits sometimes lasted several days. On such occasions, Maria, the younger, was left to the care of Mrs. Nevile. This lady soon discovered many amiable qualities in the child, who, as might have been expected, became more attached to that lady than to her own mother.

Young Nevile also shewed an evident partiality for Maria Grafton. But what made a lasting impression on the boy's mind was the excessive affliction she manifested at the death of his mother; an event which took place when he was about fourteen years of age, and Maria three years younger. He had been greatly shocked to see people, even those who had expressed much esteem for his mother, going about their business as usual very soon after her death, which he considered as the greatest of all calamities:—this was not the case with Maria. She seemed to have lost a relish for all her former pursuits, and by shewing a degree of sorrow more in unison with his own, filled his mind with gratitude and esteem. The colonel was with his regiment in Ireland at the time of his sister's death. When he returned to England, he took his nephew from the school in which he had been boarded by his mother, and placed him in an academy near London; and having afterwards obtained a commission in the army for the youth, he sent him to join his corps, recommending him to the particular attention of an old officer, a friend of his own, who at that time commanded the regiment.

Mr. Grafton was extremely fond of the country, and had he followed his own inclination, he would have passed three-fourths of the year on his estate; but his lady had a decided taste for a town life. She generally went to London with her eldest daughter a month or six weeks before her husband, and he returned to the country about the same space of time before his wife. During the two last years of his life his young daughter, Maria, remained in the country, and returned to it with him.

The different tastes of Mr. and Mrs. Grafton respecting the town and country disturbed the husband much more than the wife. She could enjoy the amusements of the capital without once troubling herself how he passed his time in the country; but he was not possessed of the same degree of indifference respecting her; and endeavoured sometimes to prevail on her to remain with him after the peroid fixed for her return to the capital. He seldom succeeded; for Mrs. Grafton declared, that she never could breathe with freedom in the country, whereas the air of the town always agreed with her.

During the last illness of her husband, however, she was detained full two months longer than usual with him in the country; but she set out for London immediately after his death, because, as she said herself, the preparations for his funeral would have given additional distress to a mind so overwhelmed with affliction as hers.

In the capital, Mrs. Grafton seemed as sorrowful as the deepest weeds could make her; but although she avoided public amusements for some time, she could not help condemning a custom which deprived people in her situation from what was so well adapted for alleviating their grief. When the mournful period was over, she plunged into fashionable dissipation with a degree of keenness that proved destructive to her constitution, which had always been rather delicate. Her physicians advised her to go to Nice; and she set out accordingly, accompanied by both her daughters.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam ?
Quum bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit.

TIBULLUS.

From the time that young Nevile entered the army, he applied himself to the duties of his profession, and to whatever could tend to accomplish him as an officer, with diligence and success. By the interest of his uncle, he was, in a few years, promoted to the rank of captain in a regiment at Gibraltar, which he directly joined. When the regiment was ordered home, Captain Nevile was prevailed on by a young nobleman who had visited that garrison to accompany him to England through Spain and France. Soon after their arrival at Paris, the captain received a letter from his uncle, advising him to remain two or three months at that capital; because, since accident had thrown him there, he would be sorry to see him return without being a little acquainted with the manners and disposition of its inhabitants. He sent him at the same time a sufficient remittance to enable him to fulfil what was expected of him. The colonel had no fondness for the married state, which he thought almost inconsistent with the duties of a military life. In his letters to his nephew, he warned him against a folly, 'which,' he said, 'had blasted the glory of many a hopeful officer.' He placed the condition of a soldier, entangled with a wife and children, in a hundred ridiculous points of light; and assured his nephew, that if he fell into that snare before he had obtained a regiment, he must lay his account with losing his friendship for ever.

As Captain Nevile's predominant wish was to acquire knowledge in his profession, and as he had not the least desire to be married, he assured his uncle that he would not accept a regiment to-morrow, if a wife were to be clogged to it.

A very short time afterwards, however, he was informed, that Mrs. Grafton, with her two daughters, were at Paris in their way to Nice. The eldest Miss Grafton was much of her mother's disposition, fond of dissipation, continually flying from place to place, and preferring that which was most crowded. Her favourite *solitary* amusement was dancing before a looking-glass.

Mrs. Grafton, at her first arrival in Paris, usually spent the forenoon in driving to various public places in that city and its environs; in the evenings she took her daughters to the opera, or some other of the theatres. A young English gentleman generally accompained them; he seemed to have a partiality for the eldest of the young ladies, which she returned with less equivocal marks of attention to him.

As Maria Grafton had been quite a child when Captain Nevile left her in the country, the attachment he had to her could not be called love, yet he had ever retained a very tender remembrance of her; and when he met her on the present occasion, the improvement of her looks, and the rising beauties of her person, were most likely to communicate to his breast all the warmth of that passion. Her complexion was pale, her eyes sweetly penetrating; there was much mind in her countenance, which, on the whole, had a melancholy cast, exciting a desire in all who saw her to know the source of her melancholy, and a strong wish to remove it.

As this young lady had a great inclination to improve herself in the knowledge of the French language, she sometimes declined driving out with her mother and sister, and staid at home to read, or to converse with the landlady of the hotel and her daughter, both agreeable women. This was the usual way in which she spent the forenoon previous to the arrival of Captain Nevile at Paris. He called one morning after Mrs. Grafton had driven out, and found Maria with the landlady and her daughter. He passed two hours with her, although they did not seem half the time. When Mrs. Grafton returned, Maria,

with her usual ingenuousness, mentioned her having had a long visit from Captain Nevile, who had promised to breakfast with them the following day. Mrs. Grafton received him with kindness; and after breakfast, when the carriage was announced, she said, that as she had promised to call for a gentleman and lady to carry them to St. Cloud, she could not take Maria and the captain in her carriage. So saying, she left them together, and went away with her eldest daughter; in the same manner she left them in the evening, as often as the English gentleman above mentioned attended them to the play or opera; but when he was not to be of the party, she invited Nevile to accompany her with both daughters. This, however, happened seldom, and few days passed in which he did not spend several hours with Maria. The pleasure he took in her company and conversation augmented every day.

Nothing can more strongly mark how much the love of dissipation can deprive a woman of reflection and every sense of duty, than the conduct of Mrs. Grafton, in leaving her daughter in this manner, on the most slippery of all declivities, down which so many young women inadvertently slide to irretrievable ruin.

With every opportunity of visiting and being with Maria alone, while Nevile's expressions marked the most devoted attachment, and his looks all the ardour of love, his behaviour was under the restraint of delicacy, the laws of which were in his eyes the more sacred, because he was convinced that, with every virtuous sentiment, love was intermingled in her breast, and because he saw that her confidence in his honour was unbounded.

But while the thoughtlessness and levity of Mrs. Grafton exposed her daughter to the most imminent danger, Captain Nevile began to reflect on his own situation, and that of the woman whom he loved. He plainly perceived now, that he would have no reluctance against accepting a regiment burdened by Maria for his wife. But his sole dependence being on his uncle, whose favour he was persuaded would be lost for ever by his marrying, he could

not think of making so rash a proposal. How then could he answer for continuing this intimacy, and playing with the affections of a virtuous woman? He resolved to withdraw from her, and to do it with delicacy, and by degrees. But he executed this resolution with so very great delicacy, that Maria herself had no suspicion that he had ever formed it. Every day, however, as he was on his way to visit her, he determined that he would not go so early the next, and that he would not go at all the day following; yet the next day, and the day following, and the day following *that*, he regularly found himself at the gate of th hotel, a little after the carriage drove from it with Mrs. Grafton and her eldest daughter. So far from being able to diminish the number, or shorten the length of his visits, he became more impatient every day till the hour of his visit should arrive, and was as unwilling to end each, as he had been impatient to begin it. At length, entirely forgetting the injunctions of his uncle, he made a proposal of marriage.

Maria was not ignorant that Nevile's fortune depended on his uncle. She well knew the colonel's prejudices against marriage. She remembered to have heard her father repeat some of his sarcasms against the state in general, and the peculiar ridicule which attended young officers of the army who were entangled in it. She put the captain in mind of all this; and while she avowed her regard for him, she stated that her own fortune was at best but small, and, from what she had heard, not quite secure. She concluded by saying, that she was convinced her mother would be as averse to his proposal as his uncle.

When the young lady stated those reasons against their marrying, she was sensible they could not be answered; yet she was pleased to hear him attempt it. The imprudence of what they were about to do was too obvious for either not to perceive it; they proceeded notwithstanding. In this instance, therefore, the head was not the *dupe*, but the *victim* of the heart. They were privately married by a young English clergyman who happened at that time

to be at Paris, who was bound by the strongest engagements to keep it secret until he should have liberty from one or other of the parties to divulge it.

Captain Nevile had obtained six months leave of absence from his regiment; but long before it was expired, he received a letter from his uncle, in the presence of Maria. All his endeavours to conceal the contents from her were fruitless. By this letter he was informed, that the colonel was appointed to a command abroad with the rank of brigadier-general, and proposed to take him as his major of brigade. He concludes in these words.—'I will frankly tell you, my dear Edward, that I once intended another for that office, who has more experience than yourself; but being just informed that he has been blockhead enough to marry, I have fixed on you; for, in my opinion, no experience can compensate the folly of a soldier's adding a wife to his baggage. I know how happy this news will make you; for there is every reason to believe from the present appearance of public affairs, that we shall soon be in action, and that you will have early opportunities of distinguishing yourself as you have long wished.'

No man delighted more in the 'neighing steed, the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, and ear-piercing fife,' than Captain Nevile; but his passion did not stop there. He was not one of those who vapour in the trappings, knowing that they are not to be exposed to the dangers of war. With a breast panting for military renown, *laudumque immensa cupido*, he would have had no pleasure in praise, except he had been conscious of having deserved it.

Maria had from her childhood known that such was his turn of mind. This was, perhaps, one source of her love; for she herself was somewhat of an ethusiast. When she saw him silent and pensive after persuing the letter, 'Fear not any opposition from me, my dearest Nevile,' said she. 'The part I have to act is painful, but it requires no hesitation. I knew what I was liable to be exposed to when I gave you my hand, but I had

given you my heart before; and I believe I should not have been able to prevent myself from taking the nearest interest in you, even although I had not been your wife. On the present occasion I think as you do. Your honour is dearer than your life to me; and I am clearly convinced, that it is now more necessary than ever that our marriage should be concealed from your uncle, and for that reason from all the rest of the world.'

Nevile said every thing that love could dictate in answer to this; encouraging her with the hope of reconciling the mind of his uncle to their marriage as soon as the war should be ended, and putting her in mind that they must have been separated during its continuance at all events. But a little afterwards, seeing tears falling from her eyes, he said, 'My dearest love, if, on reflection, you wish that our marriage should be immediately declared, I will inform my uncle, and it is not impossible but he may be persuaded to ——'

'My friend,' said she, interrupting him; 'my regretting the necessity of concealing our marriage does not imply that I wish it revealed, neither is my sorrow at the thoughts of your leaving me a presumption that I wish you to stay. I would pluck this fond flutterer from my breast,' added she, laying her hand on her heart, 'rather than endeavour to influence you to any measure contrary to duty and honour.'

A short time after this, having arranged a plan of corresponding by letters, they separated. Those who with equal love and sensibility have been in a similiar situation, will have a just idea of the agony of this separation.

The colonel and his nephew embarked a very short time after the latter arrived at London. It happened fortunately for Maria, that at this time Mrs. Musgrave, a widow lady and elder sister of Mrs. Grafton, came to Paris. She had left England on hearing that her sister was worse, with the design of accompanying her to Nice. This was by no means agreeable either to Mrs. Grafton or her eldest daughter. They were meditating by what

means they might make her change her resolution, when Maria being seized with occasional fits of sickness, attended sometimes with fainting, the physician declared that the journey to Nice would be improper for her. On which Mrs. Musgrave proposed, that her sister, with her eldest daughter, should proceed directly to Nice, and that she herself would remain at Paris with Maria until she was fully recovered, and then either go to Nice or return to England, as it might be judged proper. This was precisely what Mrs. Grafton and her eldest daughter wished, and they set out on their journey accordingly.

To save her husband from additional uneasiness, Maria had concealed from him that she had reason to believe herself with child; but on her complaints continuing, and some alteration in her shape being discernible, Mrs. Musgrave was alarmed. She questioned her niece, who being incapable of prevarication, her real situation was discovered. During this humiliating scene, Maria never dropped an expression that could give reason to believe that she was married. The heart of Mrs. Musgrave, therefore, was wrung with anguish at the ruinous condition to which she thought a relation, whom she had hitherto held in the highest esteem, and for whom she still had the most tender affection, was reduced. She allowed no upbraiding expression, however, to fall from her lips, but said every thing that she thought could tend to sooth her niece's mind, and alleviate her affliction. 'I am too well acquainted with your virtuous inclinations, my dear Maria,' said she, 'to have any doubt but that the most perfidious art has been employed against you; I am convinced you must have been seduced by the snares of some perjured villain.'

'Ah, no, no,' cried the ingenuous girl; 'there was no seducer but my own heart. I am connected with no villain, but with the most honourable of mankind.'

'Heaven be praised! you are then married!' exclaimed the aunt.

'I do not say so,' replied Maria; 'I will say nothing unless you promise, unless you swear to me in the most solemn manner, to conceal what I am to declare from my mother, and never to divulge it to any of the human race without my consent.'

Mrs. Musgrave having given her all the assurances she exacted, Maria informed her of the whole, and thereby infinitely relieved the distressed spirit of her aunt, who had the best opinion of Nevile, knew how he was circumstanced with respect to his uncle, of whose being reconciled at some future period to the marriage she had little doubt. She turned her whole attention, in the mean time, to the arrangements necessary for concealing the state in which her niece was, and adopted in all respects that conduct and behaviour she thought most likely to support her spirits. She hired a house in the neighbourhood of Paris, without giving up her lodgings in town; she went to the one or the other, as was most conducive to the end she had in view. When Maria was removed to the house of an *accoucheur*, it was believed at her lodgings that she was in the country, and in the country it was thought she was in town. She was delivered of a boy; a wet nurse had been previously provided, who carried the child to her own house. When it could be done with safety, Maria was transported to the country, and did not appear in town till she was fully recovered; the *accoucheur* and nurse not knowing the name, connections, or even the country of the lady; indeed they imagined her a native of Germany, because the person who was Mrs. Musgrave's principal agent in the whole transactions was a German. The house of the nurse was in a healthy situation in the skirts of the city. Mrs. Musgrave and Maria went there frequently: at their first visit they were introduced by the German as friends of the child's mother, who would call occasionally to see him. He was christened by the name of Edward, by the same clergyman who had married his parents. This ceremony was performed at the house of the German, who was a Protestant, none being present but

the mother, the aunt, and him. The nurse returned with the child, without knowing what had happened.

Notwithstanding all the precautions that were used to conceal from the nurse that the young lady who visited her was the mother of the child she suckled, yet the frequency of Maria's visits, the looks of melting fondness she threw on the infant, the rapturous manner in which she caressed him, the tears that sometimes fell from her eyes on leaving him, must have given her the strongest suspicions. This reflection gave uneasiness to Mrs. Musgrave, and she earnestly advised her niece to go to the child seldomer, and to conduct herself with greater circumspection when she went. Maria was not able to observe her aunt's injunctions in either of these points; she persisted in visiting the child, and the real character of a mother was always bursting through the assumed personage of a mother's friend. Mrs. Musgrave proposed sending the child to England; Maria would not agree to this, until they received a letter from Mrs. Grafton, informing them that instead of proceeding, she was about to return, and desiring them not to leave Paris till she should arrive there. Maria becoming apprehensive that what she was so anxious to conceal would be discovered, agreed to Mrs. Musgrave's proposal. That lady had already written, concerning the child, to a confidential person who lived in a remote part of England, and had received a satisfactory answer, that every thing would be arranged as directed for the child's reception. The next important measure was to find a proper person to conduct the nurse and child to England. The German, who had hitherto been Mrs. Musgrave's confidential agent, could not leave Paris at that particular time; he heard however of a person who acted as butler to an English family lately arrived. This family was going to the south of France, where they intended to reside two years on a plan of economy. The master had reason to suspect his butler of fraudulent practices, which although he had not a complete proof of, inclined him to get rid of the man. This fellow, whose

name was Grimstone, had been engaged for a year, but being aware of his master's suspicions, conscious that they were well founded, and at the same time hearing that the German had been inquiring after a person to execute a commission in England, he informed his master, that if he would give him a very good character to the German, he was ready to leave his service on his paying his wages till that day.

The master did not hesitate to subscribe a declaration prepared by Grimstone himself, that he was a *diligent and honest servant worthy of all trust.* Had this declaration only asserted that Grimstone was just as honest a man as his master, the latter might have signed it with a safe conscience.

The Germain having shown Mrs. Musgrave this paper, Grimstone was engaged, and ordered to prepare for the journey.

Maria had employed a jeweller to engrave in cipher the initial letters of her husband's name and her own on a small plate of gold, and afterwards to cut it in such a manner, that one-half of each letter remained on each division of the plate; the two divisions, with some of her own hair interwoven with the child's, were inclosed in two golden cases of the shape of hearts, one of which she kept, the other she suspended to the neck of the child, desiring the nurse to be particularly careful of it. Maria's chief amusement for some time had been making and preparing clothes for the child; what part she thought would be needed on the journey, she delivered to the nurse, to be put into her own trunk, the remainder she put with twenty guineas and some other things into a box of a particular construction, strengthened with hoops of brass; anagrammatizing the surname Nevile, she ordered the words *Edward Evilen* to be engraved on the lid, as the name of the proprietor. The key of this box, being inclosed within a letter and sealed, was directed to the person to whose care the infant was to be consigned, and delivered to the nurse along with the box, which was not

to be opened until they were at the end of their journey. The German repeatedly recommended to the nurse in Grimstone's hearing to be particularly careful that this box should not be stolen, insisting a little too much on its value.

On the day of their setting out, Maria having wept over her child, and embraced him a thousand times, put five louis into the nurse's hand, telling her that the mother of the child sent them, with a promise to give her much more after her return; but when she began to caress the infant anew, Mrs. Musgrave, fearing that the nurse might suspect what in reality she was already convinced of, forced her away, sobbing as if her heart had been ready to break.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

> The love of wicked friends converts to fear,
> That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
> To worthy danger, and deserved death.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

A VERY short time after the departure of the child, Mrs. and Miss Grafton arrived at Paris; the former was evidently in a worse state of health than when she left it; her strength had rapidly declined; she was quite unable to attend public amusements, and staid mostly at home; but her eldest daughter's strength was unimpaired, and her taste for all kinds of dissipation being as violent, she indulged it as much as ever: she said her own health required exercise just as much as her mother's needed confinement. While Mrs. Grafton had enjoyed good health, and carried her eldest daughter to every scene of public or private amusement, she found her a most complying child and agreeable companion; but when weakness and distemper obliged her to keep her bedchamber, and when

she had no resource but this daughter's company, the unhappy mother discovered that the young lady was quite the reverse. This discovery shocked her greatly, and she would have written to Mrs. Musgrave to join her at Geneva, had she not taken a notion, that her disease had become worse by the ill treatment of foreign physicians, which determined her to return at all risks to Paris, in the view of having her sister's and Maria's company to England, the only country, as she firmly believed, in which the art of medicine was at all understood.

Maria was exceedingly moved at the emaciated and sickly appearance of her mother, to whom she behaved with an affectionate solicitude and attention, that the unhappy woman had of late been little accustomed to.

This contrast in the behaviour of her two daughters, joined to the remorse she now felt for her own conduct to a very indulgent husband, stung her conscience severely; at one time she was so overpowered with those painful reflections, that in the presence of Mrs. Musgrave, just as her eldest daughter, dressed for the opera, was entering the room, she threw her arms around the neck of Maria, and exclaimed, 'Oh, my child, my *only* child, how ungrateful have I been, how blind! to prefer the most unfeeling of women to thee?'

This produced a new glow of affection in the breast of Maria, and fresh effusions of tenderness from the eyes of both.

Miss Grafton, who had distinctly heard her mother's exclamation, stood for some moments speechless, and being quite at a loss how to behave, she slunk out of the room, leaving her mother and sister, neither of whom had perceived her, locked in each others arms. The elder sister returned a good deal confounded to her own room, her heart vibrated between remorse and self love; she tried to find caprice and injustice in her mother's conduct, to palliate the ingratitude of her own. She hesitated whether she should go to the opera; but a servant announcing, that the person who was to carry her waited in

a carriage at the gate, this decided the contest; she went to the opera.

In the meantime, Grimstone proceeded by short journeys, as he had been instructed, to Calais; there he found a ship ready to sail, in which he embarked with the nurse and the child; they all arrived safely a few hours after at Dover. This fellow, as artful as wicked, although he was an entire stranger to the nurse when they began the journey, became too intimate with her before the end of it. London lay in the road from Dover to the abode of the person under whose care the child was to be put. As the nurse had been strongly enjoined to proceed with all convenient speed to the end of the journey, Grimstone found some difficulty in prevailing on her to pass a few days in the capital. He had often told her, that the amusements and public buildings and wild beasts of London, were far more elegant and magnificent and finer than those of Paris; to prove which, he wished to carry her to Sadlers Wells, to the Monument, and to the Tower; but it was necessary to find a proper person to take care of the child. He was informed of a woman, whose child, a few months old, had died that morning of a fit, and who wished to be engaged as a wet nurse. Grimstone went to her directly; she was a healthy looking woman. When he told her the object of his visit, she fell a-crying; he said something to comfort her for the loss of her child; she told him that it was not so much the death of the child that distressed her, as her not having money sufficient to defray the expense of his burial; for although she did not scruple to receive charity herself, yet she could not bear the thought that her child, now a saint in Heaven, should be buried at the expense of the parish. Grimstone assured her that he would spare her that mortification, and immediately settled the affair of the burial with an undertaker. This quite consoled her; and the French nurse devolved the care of her infant on this woman, when she herself happened to be on parties of pleasure with Grimstone. The imprudent hints that had fallen from the

German respecting the value of the box, had made a deep impression on Grimstone, which was augmented by his having heard the nurse say, that besides the necessaries for the child, she had seen the lady put a purse of louis into the box, immediately before she delivered her the key sealed up. He determined to be master of the box, and for this purpose persuaded the nurse to remain for some days at London. As this box had been consigned to her particular care, it was placed in a press of which she had the key. One day the box was missing; when, after much search it could not be found, Grimstone affected great uneasiness for the loss, and some anger at the nurse for her carelessness, which he said would bring them to great trouble if they remained in England; he therefore proposed, as the only measure they could adopt with safety, that they should both return to Paris, and declare that they had been robbed of the box, which was true; and as an excuse for not carrying the child to its place of destination, pretend that he had died of one of those convulsion fits which infants are liable to.

'But what then is to become of the child?' said the nurse.

'He must be left with the woman,' replied Grimstone; 'who will put him into the Foundling Hospital.'

The nurse, although in many respects a worthless creature, was hurt at the idea of abandoning an infant, for which, from habit or perhaps from having suckled it, she had some affection. She therefore insisted on their proceeding to the person to whom they had been instructed to deliver the child, and to whom, she said, she would acknowledge that she had lost the box. Grimstone then swore, that he had lost the letter, and would have infinite difficulty in finding that person out, and, on seeing her still hesitate, 'As to your pretending that you have lost a box with which you were intrusted and warned of its value, that will not pass for any excuse; you will infallibly be considered as the thief; and by the laws of this country, a theft of much less consequence is punished

with death. If you were an English woman indeed, or even a German, you might get off with the pillory, or a whipping, but as you are a French woman, you may depend on being hanged.'

The woman seeming astonished at this, he assured her with many oaths, that this, with a few other marks of distinction of the same nature, were the only privileges granted by the courtesy of England to the natives of France of either sex.

Grimstone would have made his own escape, without troubling himself about the nurse, had he not still looked for the reward that had been promised him at his return to Paris; but which he suspected the German would scruple to give, unless she was with him, to confirm the tale he had invented. And, besides, he had a certain attachment to the woman, which made him unwilling to abandon her so soon. Partly by threats, and partly by entreaties, he at length prevailed on the nurse to agree to whatever he proposed.

A weak woman always becomes the passive tool of the man on whom she places her affections; he is able to persuade her into measures entirely opposite to the natural bent of her disposition; for although there are more instances of men of sense, who act foolishly or ridiculously through the influence of women, than there are of women who behave in that manner through the influence of men, yet the instances of women being led into acts of great wickedness or atrocity through the influence of men, are more frequent than of men being impelled to deeds of that nature, by the instigation of women.

Grimstone wrote to the German an account of the sudden death of the child, dwelling on his own grief and that of the nurse; but postponing other circumstances until his arrival at Paris, which, he added, might be expected soon, as they had hardly money sufficient to defray the expense of their journey, which was to commence the day after that on which his letter was dated. Having secretly taken their places in the Dover coach, the French woman

tied the little golden locket around the child's neck, telling the woman with whom she left him, that she would be absent the whole of that day and the following, but would return on the forenoon of the third: she then gave her some money and departed.

Grimstone, as the reader no doubt would conjecture, was the person who removed the box; on examination he found nothing in it for his use, except the twenty louis above mentioned; its other contents consisted of clothes for the child, which he had not time to convert into money. When the nurse, therefore, had come to the inn from which the Dover coach sets out, stepping to the place where the box was secured, he sent it with the key by a porter to the poor woman. As Grimstone retained all that he could safely make use of, and sent back only what was of no service to himself, some may think the circumstance not worth mentioning; but as it was the most disinterested action of the man's whole life, it would have been unfair to have omitted it.

Finding that Grimstone and the nurse did not return at the time appointed, the poor woman's money being nearly exhausted, she applied to the overseers of the parish, who, when the circumstances of her story were confirmed by the landlord and others, relieved her of the child. The woman, on delivering him to the matron of the house in which he was placed, gave her the box with his clothes, and a small silken cape, on which was embroidered the same name that was inscribed on the box. She gave to the matron also the golden locket, which she had been instructed to tie about the child's neck every day after he was washed.

The trustees or overseers of the house ordered the child to be registered by the name of Edward Evilen, and directed the matron to be careful of the box and locket, as by them the child might be identified, in case his parents or relations should make any inquiry about him. From those circumstances, the matron was impressed with the notion that the child belonged to people of fortune; and,

in hopes of a future reward, she bestowed more care on him than the share of humanity she possessed would otherwise have prompted her to. But year after year having passed without any inquiry being made, she began to think, that the future reward she expected was likely to be postponed to a future state, which being a later period than she had calculated on, put her into bad humour, and prompted her to treat the boy with harshness. His spirit revolted against oppression, and disdained that fawning behaviour which alone can conciliate the favour of the low minded, when they happen to be in power, whether in a palace or an hospital. The increased harshness of her treatment, though it could not break the spirit, it injured the constitution of the boy; he seemed in a declining condition, and was sent to the country for the benefit of a better air, under the care of that old woman with whom Mrs. Barnet found him in a stage-coach on the high road: For the reader has no doubt long since conjectured that this son of Captain Nevile was the very Edward whose story we have been narrating.

When Grimstone and the nurse arrived at Dover, they were detained several days on account of the violence of the weather, which prevented the packets from going to sea. During this interval, he took pains to instruct her respecting her behaviour when they should see the German, and suggested the answers she should make to the questions he might be supposed to put. This pains, however, proved superfluous; for as Grimstone was walking one day in the street, he happened to see a person whom he had formerly swindled out of a considerable sum, and now supposed to have come to Dover for the purpose of arresting him; he returned to his quarters, unseen by the man he dreaded, and hearing of a vessel that was directly to put to sea, for the weather, though still boisterous, was somewhat calmer than it had been, he agreed for their passage, and went aboard. But soon after the vessel had got out of the harbour, the winds arose to their

former fury, and after struggling many hours, the vessel was wrecked, the crew were saved, some by swimming, and some by a fisher-boat, which came to their assistance. Grimstone attempted to get into the boat, leaving the nurse behind; she laid hold of him, as he made a last effort; he endeavoured with all his might to shake her off, and in the struggle they were both drowned.

CHAPTER XC.

——— I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water into a sieve.
———Men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which themselves do not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm aches with air, and agony with words.
SHAKESPEARE.

BEFORE the letter which Grimstone had written came to the hands of the German, Mrs. Grafton received a new shock from the conduct of her eldest daughter, who ran off with a young Englishman without fortune, and equally destitute of understanding; the same who had so assiduously attended her when she first arrived at Paris. Had Mrs. Grafton been in good health, the idea of the impending misery of one who had behaved with so much ingratitude would not have given her great or lasting uneasiness. But her heart was now softened by misfortune; her vanity was at an end; but the feelings of a mother remained, and the thoughts of that unhappiness which awaited her ungrateful child brooded over her mind, and increased her disease. Maria, who hardly ever left her mother's chamber, palliated the errors of her sister, and endeavoured to sooth the sorrows of her mother by every

means she could devise. Mrs. Musgrave was continually endeavouring to assuage the afflictions of both.

The German called one morning and read her Grimston's letter, announcing the death of the infant. Notwithstanding that her mind was then much engrossed with the approaching fate of her sister, she felt this acutely on account of the shock it would give to Maria. She desired the German to keep out of her sight, being deing determined to conceal the news for some time at least from her. While she was speaking to him, she received a message to go to her sister who was worse. When she entered the bedchamber, she perceived the head of Mrs. Grafton reclined on the breast of Maria, who was sitting on the bed behind her mother. She had been supporting her in this manner for some time, when the sick lady becoming suddenly pale and fainting, her head fell back on her daughter's breast, and occasioned the alarm which made Mrs. Musgrave be called for. Mrs. Grafton in a short time revived.

All the fatigue which Maria Grafton underwent in attendance on her mother did not preclude a thousand anxious thoughts concerning her infant. Mrs. Musgrave cautiously avoided speaking to her on that subject. On Maria's asking one day, whether the German had heard lately from Grimstone, Mrs. Musgrave said she supposed he had; but that her mind had of late been so entirely occupied with her poor dying sister, that she had hardly been able to bestow a thought on any other subject; so saying she burst into tears. Maria felt something like a reproach in these words, for being more occupied with her child who was in no danger, than with her mother who was in the utmost; and she imputed her aunt's tears to a quick recollection of her sister's danger; whereas they really flowed from reflecting on the death of the infant, and the sorrow which awaited Maria on that account. Mrs. Grafton continued in a languishing state; her chief consolation was the presence of Maria, who never left her except when she was asleep. One day she

fell into a slumber, in which, as she continued longer than usual, Maria leaving her to the care of the maid, stepped into her aunt's bedchamber, and being almost exhausted with watching, and dejected with grief, she said, "Oh, aunt! what a wretched world is this! How many and how permanent are the sources of sorrow; how few and transient those of happiness! In my opinion, those who depart from life are more to be envied than those they leave behind. Many who enter life amidst the smiles of fortune, and pass through it with every means of enjoyment, confess that they have more solicitude than happiness. What, then, has my child to expect, whose hardships begin at his birth, and who must be so much exposed to the neglect and insults of an unjust and unfeeling world?'

Mrs. Musgrave before this had been informed by the German, that an English vessel had been shipwrecked on the coast, and all the crew saved, except one man and woman, whose description indicated Grimstone and the French nurse. Having no hopes therefore of learning more particulars respecting the child's death, Mrs. Musgrave had been striving to muster up strength of mind sufficient to acquaint her niece with that fatal event; for it occurred to her, that Maria would support it better at a period when her views of life were gloomy than at any other time. Yet as often as she had hitherto attempted to execute what her reason dictated, a sudden pang pierced her heart, and made her shrink from her purpose; but being encouraged by hearing her niece express herself in this manner, Mrs. Musgrave said, 'Since you are of that just way of thinking, my dear Maria, I will venture to inform you, that *the hardship's of your child's life are over.*'

Maria, who while she thus borrowed the language of philosophy, and allowed her fancy to soar a little beyond its natural sphere, had a full conviction that her child was in perfect health, no sooner heard this sentence, than her whole thoughts were recalled from the clouds to the earth, and her heart throbbed with all the feelings of a

mother; she stood motionless, her eyes fixed on her aunt, as if they implored an explanation of what her tongue was afraid to repeat. Yes, my dear niece, resumed Mrs. Musgrave; the sufferings of your child are ended, and his felicity is begun, his pure and innocent spirit enjoys the happiness of heaven.'

Starting from the rigid posture she had before retained, and seizing the arm of her aunt with both hands, her eyes still fixed on Mrs. Musgrave's countenance, she pronounced with a trembling voice, 'What! dead?'

Mrs Musgrave at that moment bursting into tears, Maria uttered a wild and piercing scream, and fell senseless on the floor. In this state she was put on the bed; and when her aunt perceived that her recollection was returning, she dismissed the maids who had placed her there. After looking wildly around, Maria's first exclamation, as Mrs. Musgrave had foreseen, regarded her child; every soothing consideration was suggested by the humanity and prudence of that good woman; they were frequently interrupted by messages from Mrs. Grafton, who, on awaking, called impatiently for her daughter; on hearing these messages, Maria beseeched her aunt to go to her mother, and leave one whose anguish could not be alleviated, either by the sympathy she felt or bestowed.

Filial affection and sentiments of duty however prompted her, after a short interval, to resume her attendance on her dying mother, whose sufferings increasing, commanded Maria's compassion more and more, and by preventing her mind from brooding entirely on *one* object, saved it perhaps from lasting derangement.

At the end of a few weeks, Mrs. Grafton expired in the arms of her daughter. After which Mrs. Musgrave returned to England with her niece, who retained her maiden name, though she kept up a constant correspondence with her husband. His letters were so replete with affection, and, after he was informed of the child's death, so full of every suggestion which could convey comfort, that they proved the best balm to her wounded heart.

On their return to England, Mrs. Musgrave chose to go directly to Bath, where they resided in a private manner, until hearing of a convenient house in the delightful vale of Towy in South Wales, she proposed to her niece to take a journey thither. Mrs. Musgrave was pleased with the situation, and Mrs. Nevile delighted with the idea of enjoying that complete retirement, in which she wished to live until the return of her husband. She had enjoyed it almost without interruption for two years, when a lady of the name of Huntly, with her daughter of nine or ten years of age, took a neat cottage in the neighbourhood. An intimate friend of Mrs. Musgrave, in one of her letters, mentioned this lady in such advantageous terms as induced the aunt and niece to pay her a visit. What particularly inclined the latter to this step was, the circumstance of the lady's husband being an officer at that time on foreign service, and as the place was mentioned in the letter, Mrs. Nevile knew that he must be in the same army with her own husband. In consequence of this visit, Mrs. Huntly and Mrs. Nevile were mutually inspired with a fondness for each other, which was the commencement of a friendship that lasted for life.

Mrs. Huntly was the wife of a Scottish officer, and of the same country with her husband; both were of families more distinguished for antiquity than opulence,—a circumstance not very unusual in their country. Her relations thought that her beauty and accomplishments entitled her to a husband possessed of riches as well as rank, and his being of opinion that although he stood in need of wealth, the family to which he belonged required no additional lustre from that of his wife, the adherents of both houses were highly dissatisfied, when they understood that the young couple had married without considering any circumstance but their mutual love. He was at that time a captain in the army, and her portion was but moderate; strict economy they considered as the price they paid for the pleasure of living together, and

they both thought they had a cheap bargain. Their income being known and avowed, they contrived to live gaily and happily within it, esteemed by all their acquaintance, and highly respected by the officers of the regiment to which Captain Huntly belonged. When that regiment was ordered abroad, she accompanied her husband to that part of the English coast at which the troops embarked, and then separated from him for the first time since their marriage. On her coming to London, Lady Northerland, an amiable and accomplished woman, invited her in the kindest manner to live with her till Captain Huntly's return. Although Mrs. Huntly had much regard for this lady, who was the only one of her own relations who had kept up a friendly intercourse with her since her marriage; yet the melancholy of Mrs. Huntly's mind ill accorded with that gaiety which her friend had the rare art of uniting with the magnificence in which she lived. This consideration determined Mrs. Huntly to refuse an invitation, which at another time would have been highly agreeable; but instead of returning to her native country, she set out for Carmaerthenshire, according to a plan which she had formed with the approbation of her husband. After she and her daughter were settled at the cottage where Mrs. Nevile first met them, Lady Northerland often renewed her invitation, and urged it with so much kindness and warmth, as nothing but the charm of Mrs. Nevile's society and friendship, joined to that of sympathy from similarity of situation, could have enabled Mrs. Huntly to resist. They would have selected each other as friends, had they become acquainted in the capital, amidst the bustle of numerous assemblies; no wonder, therefore, that two women, nearly of the same age, in the same circumstances, both of benevolent and enlightened minds, though somewhat of different tempers, should form a friendship in this sequestered spot.

Mrs. Nevile informed her husband, who had now obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, of the pleasure

she enjoyed in the society of Mrs. Huntly, the wife of an officer serving with him, and with whom he was unquestionably acquainted?

In answer to which Colonel Nevile acquainted her, that the gentleman she had mentioned had the rank of major, was his intimate friend; that both had been highly gratified with the knowledge of the friendship subsisting between their wives; that Major Huntly and he were on such a confidential footing, that he had acquainted him with his marriage: at the same time he informed her, that he had written a circumstantial narrative on the same subject, which he intended soon to lay before his uncle, being fully convinced that he now enjoyed so much of his good graces, that he ran no risk of losing them by the discovery.

Mrs. Nevile, who had been known to her friend hither to by the name of Miss Maria Grafton, now gladly acquainted her with all her story. A knowledge of the friendship subsisting between their husbands was a new bond of union between those virtuous women, in whose fond imaginations many structures of happiness were reared, and many plans of enjoyment sketched in expectation of their being verified at their husbands return. The hopes of Mrs. Huntly were the least intermingled with fears, her temper being naturally more gay, and her spirits higher than those of her friend. To the former, not only where the hopes of the future more cheering, but the recollection of the past was likewise more pleasing. She had spent her childhood and the early part of her youth in continued good humour and gaiety; the only man who ever inspired her with love was equally fond of her; the first sorrow of a permanent nature that had ever sensibly touched the gay heart of Mrs. Huntly, was her separation from her husband, and even then her spirits were supported by the company of her daughter, whose person and disposition promised whatever could flatter the hopes of a mother.

The youthful years of Mrs. Nevile had been spent dif-

ferently; she had undergone many mortifications in the lifetime of her mother, and much affliction during her illness and at her death; memory could supply her with few happy recollections; the most delightful was that of her union with Colonel Nevile; but that was intimately linked with the death of her child, an event too recent to admit of undisturbed enjoyment from the happiest sources that memory could supply, as is finely expressed by the poet.

> For not till time has calm'd the ruffled breast,
> Are those fond dreams of happiness confest,
> Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
> Is heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.*

The afflicted mind of Mrs. Nevile began to acquire some degree of tranquillity, when it was again disturbed by the death of Mrs. Musgrave. All that this worthy woman had to leave, she bequeathed to her niece; although this was no great sum, it put Mrs. Nevile in easy circumstances. Some time after this event, she begged of Mrs. Huntly to quit the cottage, and with her daughter to reside entirely at her house, at least until both their husbands should return. This proposal was made with such cordiality, and urged with such earnestness, as might have satisfied delicacy and overpowered refusal. Mrs. Huntly could not long withstand the solicitations of her friend; they lived as one family, and the young Caroline seemed as much the child of Mrs. Nevile as of Mrs. Huntly.

CHAPTER XCI.

> Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
> Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.
>
> TIBULLUS.

THE active character of Mrs. Huntly and long habit rendered early rising and exercise highly agreeable to her; she

* The Pleasures of Memory, a poem.

found this practice conducive to her health, and had been at pains to give her daughter Caroline the same taste; they generally returned from a morning walk of two or three miles about the time that Mrs. Neville was dressed for breakfast.

During one of those walks which Mrs. Huntly had prolonged more than usual, she observed a woman with a child sitting under a tree by the side of the road; as Mrs. Huntly advanced, she heard the woman's voice; she was singing, and seemed to address the burden of the song in a pathetic manner to the child which lay on her knee. 'O dear mamma, it is a Scotch tune,' exclaimed Caroline, and sprung from her mother's side towards the woman, from whose eyes the tears dropt, as gazing affectionately on her child, she quavered the words, '*we'll may be return to Lochaber no more.*'

The poor woman was so much absorbed in tender feeling and reflections, that she did not observe the approach of Caroline, until she addressed her in these words, 'Poor woman, are not you a Scotch woman?'

'Yes, my bonny bairn, that is what I am,' replied the woman.

'And is this a Scotch child?' resumed Caroline.

'That is more than he can quite pretend to,' said the woman, 'for I bore him in Ireland.'

'I wonder you did not rather bear him in Scotland!' replied Caroline.

The account which the woman gave of herself to Mrs. Huntly was, 'that she had followed her husband to Ireland, after he had inlisted as a soldier; that when the regiment to which he belonged was embarked for foreign service, they were obliged to separate; that one of the officers had paid for her passage in a ship from Cork to Bristol, where she had a friend who could procure her the means of returning to Scotland; that the vessel had been obliged by stress of weather to put into Milford Haven, from whence, being terrified with the dangers of the sea, she had gone to Carmaerthen, and was on her way to

Landilo, where she expected to find an opportunity of going by the waggon to Breaknock, intending to remain with a relation she had in that town, until she could find means of being transported to Bristol and from thence to Scotland; that having set out very early that morning, and being fatigued, she had sat down, and had been trying to banish more painful thoughts by the pleasing melody of one of her own country's songs.'

As the poor woman was much fatigued, Mrs. Huntly detached Caroline to desire Mrs. Nevile to send the chaise. Meanwhile she herself remained with the woman and infant. But before Caroline could arrive at the house, the morning, which had been remarkably fine, began to overcast, and soon after it rained with excessive profusion. In this emergency, Mrs. Huntly, taking the infant in her arms, desired the mother to follow her, and, in spite of all her remonstrances, persisted in carrying it until they met the chaise. They had been drenched for above a mile with the rain. The poor woman, although relieved of the weight of her child, had with difficulty been able to keep up with Mrs. Huntly, who had walked very fast. It would have been prudent for her to have continued to *walk* the whole way to the house; instead of which, heated by the exercise, she stepped into the chaise, where she was suddenly chilled by the cold of her wet clothes.

The soldier's wife and child were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Nevile for a week, and afterwards had their passage in the coach to Bristol paid, besides receiving a present of money.

The natural vigour of Mrs. Huntly's constitution, and her uninterrupted good health, had rendered her neglectful of necessary precautions respecting it. She had caught a slight cold a few days previous to her meeting with the soldier's wife, which she had concealed from her friend. This was exceedingly aggravated by the incidents of that morning, and very alarming symptoms followed soon after. Whether they of themselves would have ended fatally cannot be known, because, while she

still laboured under them, she and Mrs. Nevile received the dismal news that both their husbands were killed in the same action.

Lieutenant-Colonel Nevile, with a detachment under his command, had been attacked by a greatly superior body of troops. The action continued several hours, the detachment maintaining their post with the most obstinate valour. Major Huntly, after receiving two severe wounds, continued to encourage the men by his words and example, until sinking from the loss of blood, he died on the field. The soldiers were animated to fresh exertions by their spirited commander; but the instant before the enemy gave way, he received a wound of which he died the same evening in the arms of his uncle, who, as soon as he received intelligence of the attack, had set out with reinforcements; but after a very rapid march, he had not arrived till after the enemy were repulsed.

It would be painful to describe the sufferings of these two unfortunate women. The shock was equally felt by both; but Mrs. Huntly perceived that her sorrows would soon be ended. Mrs. Nevile, in the bitterness of her grief, often declared that she abhorred the idea of prolonging a miserable life, and her conduct proved that she wished for death with ardour. Maternal affection would have reconciled the former to the thoughts of living, but she felt the hand of death upon her; leaving her beloved daughter friendless included all that was painful to her mind in dying.

A worthy and sensible woman of the name of Nielson, in whom Mrs. Musgrave had placed great confidence, happened to be in the house, and took upon herself the entire management of the household affairs for some time. The two widows were so overwhelmed with grief, that they kept their separate apartments, and did not see each other until they were brought together by the address of Mrs. Nielson, who naturally thought that the presence of each would be of use to the other. They had several meetings, however, without being able to converse; the

ime they were together being spent in weeping, sighs, nd ejaculations. But Mrs. Huntly, conscious of her wn approaching dissolution, spoke at last in the follow- ng terms.—' I feel, my dearest friend, that I must ave you very soon. I know you envy me, and wish to ccompany me in death; that however is not in your ower; for you have too just a sense of religion to draw pon yourself the guilt of contributing directly or indi- ectly to your own destruction. Perhaps I am not free rom blame, in having through carelessness shortened my ife, especially as the happiness of my daughter was so ntimately connected with it. You, my sweet friend, who excel me in many things, will not imitate me in this; ou will live to be the guide and protector of my child, who loves you as dearly as she does me, and who will oon have no mother but you.'

Mrs. Nevile was too much affected to make any an- wer. Having attempted in vain to articulate a few ords, with a look of inexpressible affection, she gently queezed the hand of her friend, and retired to her own edchamber. The following morning she was informed, hat Mrs. Huntly had been insensible through great part f the night, and that when she endeavoured to speak he was not understood. Mrs. Nevile hastened to her ying friend, who had fallen into a slumber which seem- d of a less lethargic nature than her dozings in the ight. This continued sometime, and when she waked he saw Mrs. Nevile watching with composed sorrow, nd her daughter weeping bitterly by the side of the bed. lthough her recollection had returned, the powers of fe were so much enfeebled, that she was unable to an- wer some questions put by the attendants, otherwise ian by looks. Mrs. Nevile, remarking this, made them esist, and, in a most affectionate manner laying hold of aroline's hand, raised it before the eyes of her mother, ho, with a look of gratitude surpassing the eloquence of ords, seemed to give thanks to her friend; and then owly turning her failing eyes from Mrs. Nevile to Ca-

roline, she moved them back, and again rested them with the same grateful look on the countenance of the former. Mrs. Nevile in exquisite emotion threw her arms around the neck of Caroline, pressed her with fervour to her breast, and, in reply to the expressive look of her dying friend, exclaimed, ' Precious as my own soul shall this dear pledge of your love ever be to me !'

A ray of delight seemed for a moment to play on the countenance of the expiring lady. She then raised her eyes to heaven—there they seemed to fix ;—the white only appeared, and she breathed her last without a groan.

A paper was afterwards found in her escritoir addressed to Mrs. Nevile, in which she was conjured to be the guide and guardian of Caroline; with admonitions to the latter, as she regarded her own happiness, and the dying request of her mother, to attend to Mrs. Nevile's advice, and particularly not to marry without her approbation.

In the letters which Mrs. Nevile received from her husband's uncle, the general, he addressed her by the appellation of his beloved niece; assured her that he should ever consider her as such; that he regretted having been kept ignorant of her marriage so long; that he had heard it with satisfaction; and as it was now known to his nephew's friends in the army, and had been communicated to their correspondents in England, it would be proper for her to assume the name of Nevile. He enlarged upon the military conduct of his nephew with exultation, and did the fullest justice to that of his friend Major Huntly; saying, they had both died a death to be envied by soldiers, fighting in the cause of their country, covered with glory, admired and regretted by the whole army; adding every suggestion that he thought could alleviate her affliction, or give her the least consolation.

The last request of her friend, and a sense of duty, were the incitements which enabled Mrs. Nevile to struggle successfully against that benumbing melancholy which often threatened to overpower her. Although she remain-

ed a considerable time in the country, and avoided all societies, except that of Caroline, which alone threw occasional rays of satisfaction across the gloom which overcast the afflicted lady's mind, and at length roused and enabled her to remove to London, in the sole view of finding the best means of improving the taste and talents of her young ward. There Mrs. Nevile received the visits of a few friends, and assumed an air of more cheerfulness than she felt. While she thus sacrificed her inclination to what she thought her duty, the engaging manners and amusing conversation of Caroline rendered the sacrifice smaller every day.

CHAPTER XCII.

Apurenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux depens de celui qui l'écoute.
LA FONTAINE.

WHEN Caroline Huntly had nearly attained the age of sixteen, Mr. Morton, a brother of her mother, arrived from the East Indies with a large fortune, and a broken constitution. He was acquainted with the intimacy and friendship that had subsisted between his sister and Mrs. Nevile, and expressed a great sense of obligation to the latter for the attention she had paid his niece; of whose beauty and accomplishments he became so vain, that he wished to have her continually with him. But as the number of company he entertained, and the magnificence of his entertainments did not suit the present complexion of Mrs. Nevile's mind, and as Caroline never liked to dine at Mr. Morton's without her, he endeavoured to persuade the young lady to live altogether with him; telling her, she should have a splendid equipage, a large sum for her personal expenses, and the entire direction of his family. This she positively refused; but promised to use her in-

fluence with Mrs. Nevile to visit him oftener than she had hitherto done.

Among Mr. Morton's most constant visitors was a Mr. Ruby, a man of immense fortune, and sufficiently handsome to make him, whose vanity surpassed even his wealth, think himself the handsomest man in England. This gentleman lived in a style of ostentatious hospitality that has hardly ever been equalled in this island. He had a little before expressed an intention to marry, and as his most constant guests, whom he regarded also as his most sincere friends, had often assured him that no woman in the kingdom, and *in her senses*, would refuse his hand in marriage, it became a matter of great deliberation and nicety with him on whom he ought to bestow it. He hesitated between Lady —— —— and Lady —— ——, two young women not only of the most illustrious birth, but the most admired for beauty of any in Great Britain. His preference of those two was approved of by all the guests to whom he communicated it, but none of them would venture to advise on which he ought to fix, lest Mr. Ruby should have a bias for the other. When he first saw Caroline at the house of Mr. Morton, her beauty made a very deep impression on his fancy. He strove for some time against this sudden passion; he could not at once think of preferring a simple spinstress to the highest connections in the kingdom. But he dreamt every night of Caroline, and he spoke of nobody else to his confidential guests. They no sooner perceived on what he was determined, than they told him, one after another, 'that the unbounded friendship they had for him obliged them to declare, that the wisest measure he could adopt was to ask Miss Huntly in marriage; that she was without exception the prettiest girl in Great Britain, and evidently in love with him; that this was an essential point, and fell to few men's lot. What signified birth and great connections in comparison with mutual love and lasting happiness?' &c. &c. &c. Mr. Ruby was thus confirmed in his resolution, and told his friends that 'as he knew that Mrs. Nevile and

r. Morton were sincerely desirous of Miss Huntly's ho-
ur and happiness, he had no more doubt of their ap-
obation than of the young lady's own; but he wished to
joy the first sparklings of delight and surprise that would
ow in the lovely countenance of Caroline on hearing
s proposal, before he mentioned the glad tidings to them.'

Caroline, who inherited the ingenuousness of her mother's
aracter, was also distinguished for that kind of natural
ankness which the French term *naïveté*. Mr. Ruby,
ho watched for an opportunity of explaining himself to
e young lady, found her one forenoon sitting alone in
r uncle's library. That the whole might be settled be-
re Mrs. Nevile and Mr. Morton, who had walked into
e garden, should return, he lost no time in declaring
s passion, which he did in the most laconic manner; and
hile with an assured and smiling countenance, he said
at he should be happy to receive her fair hand at the
tar, he held forth his own with that gracious air, which
me people of great importance in their own eyes assume
hen they mean to be obliging to those they consider their
feriors.

Caroline, who had stared with some degree of astonish-
ent in the man's face while he was pronouncing his
ort love-speech, no sooner perceived his approaching
and, than she threw her own, with great quickness, be-
ind her back, saying, 'I beg to be excused.'

'I do assure you, Miss Huntly,' said he, 'that I am
rious.'

'Indeed, sir,' answered she, 'so am I.'

'What I mean, madam,' resumed he, 'is a *proposal of arriage*.'

'I understood it so,' replied she.

'Do you mean to refuse my hand in marriage, ma-
am?' said he with astonishment.

'Yes, sir,' answered she, without emotion.

'This seems quite unaccountable?—But pray, Miss
Iuntly,' added he, after a minute's reflection, 'have you
rmed a resolution *never* to marry?'

'No, sir,' replied she.

'Then, madam, permit me to ask if you have any particular reason for refusing me.'

To this she answered in an humble tone, that she must acknowledge she had.

'May I presume to inquire,' said he, with an ironical accent, 'what that reason may be?'

She mildly answered, 'he might if he pleased.'

'Then pray, miss, what in the name of wonder is it?'

'It is,' replied she, 'because I do not like you well enough to marry you.'

'Not like me well enough! that seems very odd. But pray do you like any other man better?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the ingenuous girl, 'a great many.'

The suitor retired abruptly, and on joining his guests, who were assembled to wish him joy, he informed them that Miss Huntly was *out of her senses*, desiring they would ask no more questions on the subject.

In the meantime Mr. Morton's health continued to decline; he was advised to pass the ensuing season at Montpellier, and he earnestly requested that his niece might accompany him. Mrs. Nevile at that time had expectations of the general's arrival in England, and in answer to the hint he had given of his intention, she had written to him that he might rely on finding her in London; but, after advising Caroline to comply with her uncle's request, she prevailed on Mrs. Nielson to accompany her. Soon after their arrival at Montpellier, Mr. Morton's health seemed improved by the journey and climate, but he was liable to relapse on the least irregularity, and a change of scene and variety of company was necessary to keep him in spirits.

The beauty of the niece and hospitality of the uncle rendered his house agreeable not only to the British, but to the best company of the towns in which they resided. They remained in France near two years, generally in some town of the south, except during three of the hotest months which Mr. Morton loved to pass at Paris.—About

the end of the second year, he insisted on going there earlier than formerly, and while *winter yet lingered on the lap of May*, he was there seized with complaints of an alarming nature. Caroline wrote such an account of this to Mrs. Nevile, as convinced her he was in imminent danger. Her relation the general had been detained abroad much longer than he expected, but had arrived in London a considerable time before she received this letter, which she immediately shewed him. He was then recovering from a severe fit of the gout; and he regretted that he could not attend her to Paris, where she was determined to go, in the view of being of use to her young friend on the present occasion. Mrs. Nevile was accompanied however by a confidential friend of Mr. Morton, who had received the same account of his danger. On their arrival at Paris they found Mr. Morton in a very weak state, but still perfectly sensible; he informed them, that by a will which he had made before he came from England, and placed in the hands of trustees, Caroline was left heiress of all his fortune, burdened with certain legacies to some other relations.

Mr. Morton did not long survive this declaration. Mrs. Nevile and Caroline returned to England immediately after his death. Mr. Morton's friend, who was also named one of the executors of his will, remained to arrange certain affairs, and then followed them.

This great accession of fortune made no alteration in the manners or character of Caroline; she was as much disposed to submit to the opinions and act by the directions of Mrs. Nevile as ever; the warmest wish of the young lady's heart was to soften the sorrow, and her chief ambition to gain the approbation of the friend of her mother. The general had been prepared to love Caroline by his regard for the memory of her father, and by the affectionate style in which he had often heard Mrs. Nevile speak of her: her appearance and behaviour soon confirmed the prepossession he had in her favour. After their return from France, Mrs. Nevile took a very genteel house, and

maintenance of destitute children; there I remained for several years, and have often heard what I have just told you from the mistress of that house and from others belonging to it, who also informed me that the name Edward Evelin was wrought on a cap.'

'Oh heavenly powers!' exclaimed Mrs. Nevile, 'Pray continue, pray continue.'

'The name Edward Evilen,' continued he, 'was embroidered on the cap I wore, when left with the poor woman, who delivered it, with many articles of an infant's clothes, to those who had the direction of the institution, and the same name was likewise engraved on the box that contained them, which I remember to have seen.'

'Have you that cap? have you that box?' said Mrs. Nevile, with a wild and quick voice.

'No, madam,' answered he, 'I have neither: all I have of what was delivered to the directors of the workhouse, as belonging to me, is a small locket which was tied around my neck, and which I have carefully kept.'

'Where is that locket?' said Mrs. Nevile.

'Here it is,' said Edward, opening the breast of his waistcoat, and shewing the small golden heart, which, from some idea that it had belonged to his mother, he constantly carried about him.

Mrs. Nevile with trembling hands seized it, pressed the spring, and when she discovered the little golden plate with half the cipher of the letters N. G. engraved upon it, throwing her arms in ecstasy around the neck of Edward, she exclaimed, 'You are, you are my long lost'—— her voice failing, she fainted in his arms.

The general called for assistance.

Caroline was in the adjoining room, and had overheard part of what had passed; she rushed in, and was followed by Mrs. Nevile's maid.

'Press not around her,' cried the general; 'let her have free air, she is overcome with joy—she recovers.'

Mrs. Nevile opened her eyes, her recollection returned gradually, she saw Caroline, the general, and the maids;

but Edward, having placed her on a couch, had moved behind when the general called to give her air, and was supporting her head, so that she did not see him when she began to recover. After looking at every face, she said in a plaintive accent, 'Alas! it was a dream.'

'I hope,' said the general, drawing Edward forward, 'it is reality.'

Mrs. Nevile gazed with delight in his countenance, and on a second glance of the locket, unloosing a ribbon that was tied around her neck, she drew from her bosom the golden heart that contained the counterpart of the cipher, and applying the one half to the other, 'They fit exactly,' cried Caroline, who knew every circumstance of Mrs. Nevile's story, and had often wept over the locket while they were related; 'they fit exactly,' cried she.

'They do, indeed,' said Mrs. Nevile, raising her eyes and hands to heaven.

'I remember your mentioning to me,' said the general, 'a mark resembling a mulberry near the elbow of the right arm of your son.'

'That may be long since effaced,' said Caroline.

'Such marks,' resumed he, 'never are effaced, they remain through life.'

'Not always perhaps,' said Caroline.

Edward, whose breast was agitated with tumultuous passions, and who had been on the stretch to seize the meaning of the mysterious scene in which he was an uninstructed actor, no sooner heard what fell from the general, than, unbuttoning the sleeve of his coat, he stript his right arm to the elbow, and the mark appeared, which, as soon as Mrs. Nevile saw, she eagerly pressed her lips upon it; then throwing again her arms around Edward's neck, she exclaimed with rapture, and at intervals, 'O my son, my son, whom I have so long mourned—what happiness! to find thee restored—to find thee thus—the image of thy gallant father—Ah, my Nevile! why art thou not present to share the joy of this blessed moment?' Every person present sympathized with the rapturous effusions of Mrs. Nevile.

Edward's ideas were absorbed in wonder and the most delightful sensations. But the recollection of her husband checked the joyful expansion of Mrs. Nevile's heart, and cast a cloud over the sunshine that had begun to diffuse itself over her mind. She profoundly sighed, and tears flowed down her cheeks. All perceived and respected the cause of her grief. At length the general wiping his eyes, addressed her in these words.—'Lament not, dearest lady, the glorious fate of my nephew; he and his intrepid companion, the gallant Huntly, exerting themselves like British officers, fell on the field of honour.

and sunk to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!'

This apostrophe roused the desponding spirits of Mrs. Nevile. With emotion she said, 'Excuse, my brave and honoured friend, the weakness of a woman;' and then added, in a more solemn voice, and with her eyes directed upwards, 'O ever wise and gracious providence, forgive my repining at thy decrees, and render me ever thankful for thy mercies!' Having pronounced this, she again embraced Edward, and afterwards Caroline, who stood bathed in tears at the mention of her father.

The general, fearing the effect of such violent agitation, endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Nevile to go to bed, which, after a short conference with Edward, she agreed to, and retired with Caroline.

The general then accompanied Edward to Mrs. Barnet, whose joy was little inferior to that of the mother, when she was informed of what had passed.

The following day, Mrs. Nevile waited on Mrs. Barnet. This was the first time those two virtuous women had seen each other; the scene between them was affecting; the one pouring out blessings on the other as the preserver and protector of her son; the other exalting the merits of that son, declaring that he had been a continual source of happiness to Mr. Barnet and herself, ever since they had known him; 'which,' added Mrs. Barnet,

'would have overpaid all we have done, even although he had not saved our lives at the imminent risk of his own in the noble manner he lately did.'

It was afterwards discovered, that the mistress of the workhouse in which Edward had been received when an infant, was still alive. Mrs. Nevile, Mrs. Barnet, the general, and Edward waited on her; Edward knew her immediately, and she soon recollected the features of the boy, who had been several years under her care. Edward had little to thank her for; but he was of a disposition to forgive injuries. Those who saw the manner in which he behaved to her, would naturally have believed that she had treated him with tenderness in his childhood. The woman burst into tears and wept bitterly, partly from a consciousness of not having deserved the kindness she received. She had carefully kept the box which had been delivered to her with him, and which she now produced. Mrs. Nevile seized the box with eagerness, and bathed with her tears the plate on which the name Edward Evelin was engraved, a name that gave birth to a thousand tender recollections; and making a present to the woman, which she had not merited, she took the box into the carriage with her.

Mrs. Nevile was for some time indispensably exposed to numerous visits and formal congratulations on this extraordinary occasion; but she found real comfort in the society of Mrs. Barnet, who met her advances with reciprocal esteem and cordiality.

In the meantime, the general became every day more pleased with Edward's company and conversation, the appearance and manners of the youth, in themselves captivating, derived additional charms in his eyes, by recalling the memory of a nephew whom he had loved affectionately, and whose death he deeply regretted. He at length declared, that as he had long formed the resolution never to marry, he intended to leave the greater part of his fortune to Edward.

CHAPTER XCIV.

——— Facili saevitia negat.
Hor.

AMIDST this flow of prosperity, Edward's passion for Caroline was still a source of solicitude. Nothing is more distrustful and timid than sincere love.

In spite of the encouraging hints of Mrs. Waller, he still feared that the solicitude which Caroline had shewed for him during his illness proceeded entirely from a strong sense of obligation in a mind naturally benevolent. He was strengthened in this apprehension by remarking a greater degree of reserve in her behaviour to him from the time that the general spoke of him as his intended heir. This alteration did not arise from the spirit of coquetry, of which Caroline was devoid, but from the delicacy and becoming pride of the female character. Her sentiments were the same, but his situation was very different.

Mrs. Nevile remarked this alteration in Caroline's behaviour towards her son, and guessed the cause. She knew that he never had made any declaration of love hitherto, and thought he would now be restrained by Caroline's apparent coldness.—She hardly loved Edward himself better than she did the daughter of her friend; she thought them formed for the happiness of each other, was conscious that a great share of her's depended on theirs, and she saw both in a state of painful solicitude, from mistaking or not knowing each other's sentiments. She determined to put an end to this mistake and their solicitude.

She took an opportunity one day, when Edward was with her alone, to mention Caroline in a manner that would lead to the *eclaircissement* she wished.—He could no longer resist pouring the effusions of his heart into the

breast of his mother; he declared his love for Caroline with all the fervour of passion and the openness of truth, enumerating her fine qualities with enthusiasm; avowing, that all the fair prospect that had been so suddenly opened before his eyes, the honour of being the son of the most gallant of men, the felicity of calling Mrs. Nevile his mother, and the friendship of the general, would not prevent him from being wretched without the heart of Miss Huntly.———

Here their conversation was interrupted by the general himself, who called for Edward to accompany him in his morning ride as he had promised.

Caroline had been writing letters in an adjoining room, when the conversation between Mrs. Nevile and Edward began; she had heard the whole pretty distinctly, and with the most pleasing agitation.—But when the general was announced, she had stepped to a distant apartment, carrying her writing utensils with her; for though she had heard what passed by accident, she wished to avoid being thought a listener. When the general and Edward were gone, Mrs. Nevile went to the room where she knew Caroline had been, and thought she still was. She was at first surprised at not finding the young lady, but could not help smiling on perceiving that she had carried away her pen, ink, and paper, and had left no trace of having been there that morning. A little afterwards, Mrs. Nevile followed her into the room to which she had removed, and found her sealing her letters, and with an assumed air of tranquillity, endeavouring to conceal emotion.—She rose, to send a footman, as she said, to the post-house with her letters, but in reality, that Mrs. Nevile might not observe her agitation.—'There is no occasion, my dear, for your leaving the room on that account,' said Mrs. Nevile, ringing the bell, 'here comes Tom.'

After the footman had gone with the letters,—'I wish to have some conversation with you, my dear Caroline,' said she, 'about Edward; the air of coldness you have

assumed to him of late renders the poor youth quite miserable. After having shewn him some *little* partiality, when nobody knew who he was, it would appear rather whimsical should you take a dislike to him merely because he is now known to be my son; you can have no doubts of his love, or if you ever harboured any, they would have been removed by the passionate declarations he made to me this morning—and which you would have overheard, had you been in the green-room where you usually write; indeed I wish you had, my dear, because—'

Here Caroline perceived something in Mrs. Nevile's voice and countenance, which convinced her that she suspected or rather knew the real state of the case; on which, her countenance all glowing with blushes, she threw her arms around Mrs. Nevile's neck, and in broken sentences uttered,—' I did—I did overhear—you know I did—and well you know that Edward—that the son of my best and most beloved friend—possesses my whole heart.'——

When Edward next saw Caroline, all coldness and distrust was fled; her looks and manner were expressive of esteem and affection, and his tongue at length told her that tale of love which hitherto she had read only in his eyes.

It might have been feared, that the prejudice which the general had formerly harboured against matrimony might have formed an obstacle to the expected union of Edward with Caroline; but he had become almost as fond of the latter as of his nephew; and his dislike to matrimony was so entirely subsided, that after he became acquainted with Mrs. Barnet, he declared, that if he had met with her when he was of a marrying age, he should certainly have proposed marriage to her, provided he had not been actually under orders for another service.

In this state of affairs, without farther detail, the reader must foresee that a marriage between Edward and Caroline would be soon determined on; but when every thing was arranged for that purpose, an unexpected, though not a very extraordinary incident, made it be postponed for a

considerable time.—Mr. Barnet happened to be invited by some of his old city acquaintance, to a corporation dinner. At this sumptuous feast, he found in the same course his three favourite dishes, namely, stewed carp, turtle, and venison, any one of which, as he himself used to say, were sufficient with a few other plain dishes for his dinner at any time. But unfortunately on the present occasion, meeting with all the three at once, he indulged so much in each that he was seized that same evening with an indigestion of which he died next day.

Mr. Barnet had always had a horror at the idea of making a will—he thought that after such a measure, *it stood to reason* that he should immediately die. It surprised many, therefore, when a will was found among his papers, dated several years before his death. Mrs. Barnet had taken pains to convince him, that a person's being prepared for a journey did not absolutely oblige him to set out directly. And that he himself, on the contrary, would have more comfort, and probably would live the longer, on account of having made certain arrangements which she pointed out as highly expedient; that he had only to mention them to his attorney, who would draw up a deed accordingly, after which he would have no farther trouble than to sign it. Nothing could be a greater proof at once of Mrs. Barnet's address and benevolence, than her being able to carry this very delicate and difficult point. By this will, Mr. Barnet bequeathed five thousand pounds to Mrs. Temple, ten thousand, divided in various proportions, among several of Mr. Barnet's relations who were in narrow circumstances, and one thousand to certain families in his neighbourhood which were known to be in peculiar distress.—When it was first mentioned that a will had been found, every body, being persuaded that Mrs. Barnet only could have had sufficient influence to prevail on her husband to make one, many concluded, that she of course would be very well taken care of. 'Yes, yes,' said some, nodding their heads, 'let her alone; she is a sensible woman, she knows what

she is about!' &c. &c. But when it was afterwards known that there was no legacy for herself, and that her jointure remained what it had been fixed by her marriage-contract, without the least addition, though it had been always thought too moderate, those sagacious people were much astonished; and Sir Mathew Mawkish was heard to declare, 'that although many people passed, for a time, for more understanding than they had, yet they generally betrayed themselves by some foolish action at last. As for his own part he had always thought Mrs. Barnet a very weak woman.'

Without troubling herself about what the opinion of others might be, and without a wish for a larger income, Mrs. Barnet was only solicitous to employ what she had in the most useful and benevolent manner. She lived respected by every sensible and virtuous person who knew her, happy in the affection of her daughter, in intimate friendship with Mrs. Nevile, Mr. Temple, the general; and in seeing the increase of Mrs. Waller's family and that of Edward, in which she took an equal interest.

Sometime after Edward's marriage with Miss Huntly had taken place, Mrs. Barnet had a very interesting conversation with the former, in which many past scenes were alluded to; at the end of which, she expressed herself in these words.—'You supported adversity, my dear Edward, even during childhood, with the steadiness of a strong and virtuous mind; I hope and trust that you will maintain the same in prosperity. Although you are now in sunshine, I hope you will never forget what your feelings were while you was in the shade. I hope you will never forget that you were once poor and friendless; that you have experienced the bitterness of neglect; that your young heart has swelled with impotent indignation at the scorn of vanity, and the contempt of pride. Remember that many worthy people are now in the situation in which you were formerly; that one of the views of providence in their being so situated is, perhaps, to give occasion for the exercise of benevolence, and of the virtues of charity and generosity,

so acceptible to heaven. That you will never be led by fashion into the paths of vice, nor allow indolence to obstruct the efficacy of your virtues, there is more reason to believe than ever, my dear Edward; because the best security for a man's good conduct, as well as happiness through life, is the possession of a good-humoured, sensible, accomplished, and virtuous wife.'

The reader may have a curiosity to know what became of some of the other persons mentioned in this narrative. Lord Fillagree, having by the death of his father become Earl Torpid, returned to Italy, and to a woman who had lived with him in that country as his mistress, but who was so attached to her own country and relations, that she would on no account leave them; whereas his lordship having no partiality of that nature, but an unsubdued hankering for her, was obliged to go back to Italy, where he resides with the whole family, consisting of her grandfather, her mother, her brother, and two sisters; the three latter being all younger than his lordship's mistress.

Mr. Carnaby Shadow having spent all the fortune he ever had in possession, and most part of what he had in reversion, having failed in all his projects of repairing his fortune, or even acquiring a maintenance by marriage, now laughs at the fools who are drawn into that snare, and declares that he is determined to die a bachelor. He is occasionally gratified by his being seen lounging with men of quality, a few young people of that rank still admitting him into their company; some from compassion, others from their need of a hanger on. From the latter he is exposed to frequent mortifications, which he bears on account of their coming from those who are also a source of his vanity. He is supplied privately with money by Edward and Clifton, neither of whom knows that he has applied to the other; but both are endeavouring to put him into some situation where he will be little exposed to temptation, and where he may exist in a manner less despicable.

Long habit has rendered the society and amusements of

the capital necessary to Wormwood; yet he is continually railing against the noise and the smoke, *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*, and praising the tranquillity of the country, where, however, he cannot remain three days without being ready to expire with weariness. His most intimate acquaintance are Mr. Temple and Edward, who both discover much real benevolence beneath the apparent misanthrophy of his conversation.

Mr. Clifton was detained longer abroad than was expected by an indisposition with which his mother was seized at Dijon, during which he behaved with the most affectionate attention; and after the danger was over, w[illegible] Lady Anne was confined by a long state of convalescence, he rejected all his usual amusements, and dedicated his whole time to her, conversing with her when it was proper, reading to her when she could listen, and striving by every means he could contrive to ward off that langour and depression of spirits to which she was at this time peculiarly subject. This had a happy effect on the character of both. By his continued endeavours to strengthen the mind of his mother, Clifton not only succeeded in that, but he himself became of a character more sedate and steady, without being less amiable. He had kept up a constant correspondence with Edward during his mother's indisposition, and did not leave the continent until her recovery was complete.

They arrived in London a short time after Caroline's marriage; and, to the felicity of possessing the woman he loves, Edward joins that of finding in the generous and beloved companion of his childhood, the friend he can trust.

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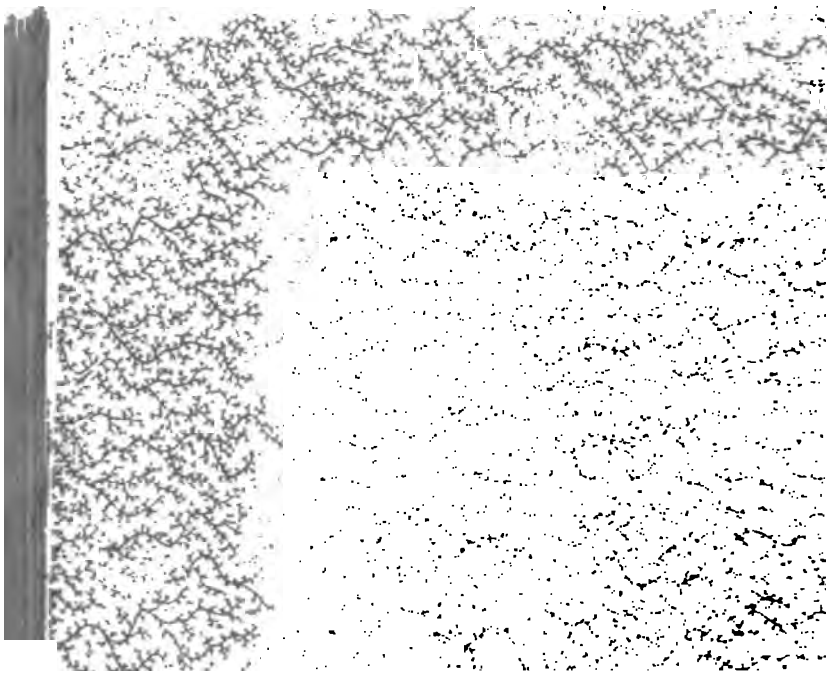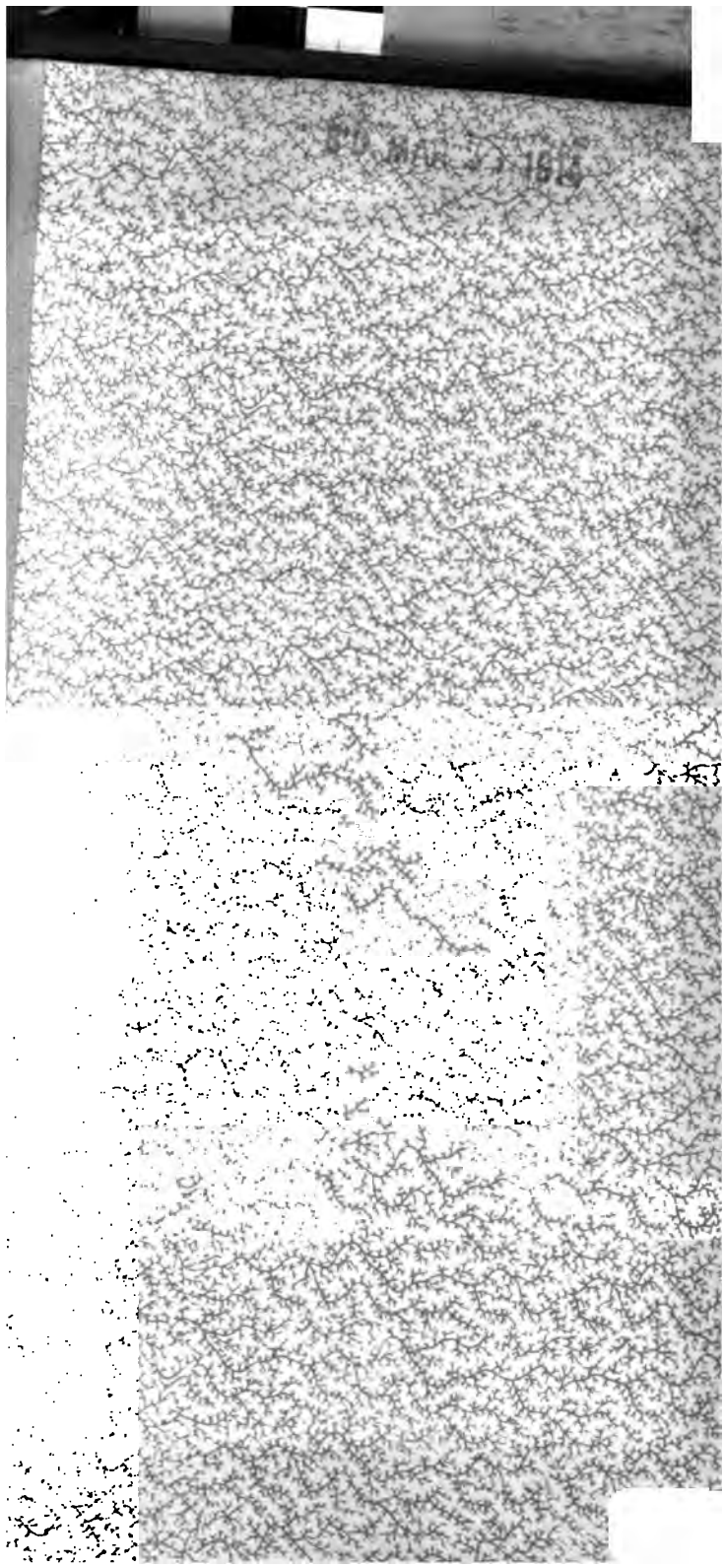
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